







CHAPMAN'S DRAMATIC WORKS.





THE COMEDIES AND TRAGEDIES OF GEORGE CHAPMAN
NOW FIRST COLLECTED WITH
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND A
MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR IN
THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME THE SECOND



LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1873

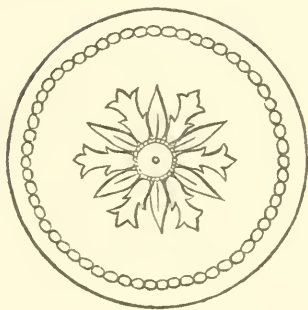
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Bussy D'Ambois :
A
TRAGÉDIE :
As
it hath been often presented
at Paules.




LONDON,
Printed for *William Aspley*,
1607.

[*The Text of the Edition of 1641, "much corrected
"and amended by the Author before his death,"
has been mainly followed, and the variations of
the original, when of any importance, have been
given in footnotes.*]

P. B.
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*Prologue.**

 *Not out of confidence that none but wee
Are able to present this Tragedie,
Nor out of envie at the grace of late
It did receive, nor yet to derogate
From their deserts, who give out boldly, that
They move with equall feet on the same flat;
Neither for all, nor any of such ends,
Wee offer it, gracious and noble friends,
To your review, wee, farre from emulation
(And charitably judge from imitation)
With this worke entertaine you, a peece knowne
And still beleev'd in Court to be our owne,
To quit our claime, oubt'ing our right or merit,
Would argue in us poverty of spirit
Which we must not subscribe to: Field is gone,
Whose Action first did give it name, and one
Who came the neereſt to him, is denide
By his gray beard to shew the height and pride*

* First published in the edition of 1641.

Prologue.

*Of D'Ambois youth and braverie ; yet to hold
Our title still a foot, and not grow cold
By giving it o're, a third man with his best
Of care and paines defends our interest ;
As Richard he was lik'd, nor doe wee feare
In personating D'Ambois, hee'll appeare
To faint, or goe lesse, so your free consent
As heretofore give him encouragement.*



Buffy D'Ambois.

A

TRAGEDIE.

Actus primi Scena prima.

Enter Buffy D'Ambois poore.



Fortune, not Reason, rules the state of
things,
Reward goes backwards, Honor on his
head ;
Who is not poore, is monstrous ; only Need
Gives forme & worth to euery humane feed.
As Cedars beaten with continuall¹ stormes,
So great men flourish ; and doe imitate
Vnskilfull statuaries, who suppose
(In forming a Coloffus)² if they make him
Stroddle enough, stroote, and looke big, and gape,

¹ As Cedars beaten with incessant stormes. 1607.

² In forging a Coloffus. 1607.

Their worke is goodly : fo men meereley great³
 (In their affected grauitie of voice,
 Sowerneffe of countenance, maners crueltie,
 Authoritie, wealth, and all the spawne of Fortune)
 Thinke they beare all the kingdomes worth before
 them ;

Yet differ not from those Colofficke Statues,
 Which with Heroique formes, without o'respread,
 Within are nought but mortar, flint and lead.
 Man is a Torch borne in the winde ; a Dreame
 But of a shadow, fumm'd with all his substance ;
 And as great Seamen vsing their wealth
 And skils in Neptunes deep inuisible pathes,
 In tall ships richly built and ribd with brasse,
 To put a Girdle round about the world,
 When they haue done it (comming neere their Hauen)
 Are glad to giue a warning peece, and call
 A poore staid fisher-man, that neuer past
 His Contries fight, to waft and guide them in :
 So when we wander furthest through the waues
 Of Glassie Glorie and the Gulfes of State,
 Topt with all Titles, spreading all our reaches,
 As if each priuate Arme would sphere the earth ;
 Wee must to vertue for her guide resort,
 Or wee shall shipwracke in our safest Port. *Procumbit.*

Monsieur with two Pages.

There is no second place in Numerous State
 That holds more than a Cypher : In a King
 All places are contain'd. His worde and lookes
 Are like the flashes and the bolts of Ioue,
 His deedes inimitable, like the Sea
 That shuts still as it opes, and leaues no tract,
 Nor prints of President for poore mens facts :
 There's but a Thred betwixt me and a Croune ;

I would not wish it cut, vnlesse by nature ;
Yet to prepare mee for that possible Fortune,
Tis good to get resolued spirits about mee.⁴
I followed *D'Ambois* to this greene Retreat ;
A man of spirit beyond the reach of feare,
Who (discontent with his neglected worth)
Neglects the light, and loues obscure Abodes ;
But he is yoong and haughtie, apt to take
Fire at aduancement, to beare state and flourish ;
In his Rise therefore shall my bounties shine :
None lothes the world so much, nor loues to scosse it,
But gold and grace will make him surset of it.
What, *D'Ambois* ?

Buff. He sir.

Monf. Turn'd to Earth, aliue ?

Vp man, the Sunne shines on thee.

Buff. Let it shine.

I am no more to play in't, as great men are.

Monf. Think'st thou men great in state, motes in
the funne ?

They say so that would haue thee freeze in shades,
That (like the grosse Sicilian Gurmundist)
Emptie their Noses in the Cates they loue,
That none may eat but they. Do thou but bring
Light to the Banquet Fortune sets before thee,
And thou wilt loth leane Darkeness like thy Death,
Who would beleue thy Mettall could let sloth
Rust and consume it ? If *Themistocles*
Had liued obscur'd thus in th' Athenian state,
Xerxes had made both him and it his slaues.
If braue *Camillus* had lured so in Rome,
He had not fve times beene dictator there,
Nor soure times triumpht. If *Epaminondas*
(Who liu'd twice twentie yeeres obscur'd in Thebs)
Had liu'd so still, he had beene still vnnam'd,

⁴ Yet to prepare mee for that likely Fortune,
Tis fit I get resolued spirits about mee. 1607.

And paid his Countrie nor himfelfe their right :
 But putting foorth his ftrength, he refcude both
 From imminent ruine ; and like Burnifht Steele,
 After long vfe he fhin'd ; for as the light
 Not only ferues to fhew, but render vs
 Mutually profitable ; fo our liues
 In a \dot{c} ts exemplarie, not only winne
 Our felues good Names, but doth to others giue
 Matter for vertuous Deedes, by which wee liue.

Buff. What would you wifh me ?⁵

Monf. Leaue the troubled ftreames,
 And liue as Thriuers doe at the Well head.

Buff. At the Well head ? Alas what fhould I doe
 With that enchanted Glaffe ? See diuels there ?
 Or (like a flumpet) learne to fet my lookes
 In an eternall Brake, or pra \dot{c} tife iuggling,
 To keepe my face ftill faft, my hart ftill loofe ;
 Or beare (like Dames Schoolemiftreffes their Riddles)
 Two Tongues, and be good only for a fhift ;
 Flatter great Lords, to put them ftill in minde
 Why they were made Lords : or pleafe humorous
 Ladies⁶

With a good carriage, tell them idle Tales,
 To make their Phyficke worke ; fpend a mans life
 In fights and vifitations, that will make
 His eies as hollow as his Miftrefse heart :
 To doe none good, but thofe that haue no neede :
 To gaine being forward, though you breake for hafte
 All the Commandements ere you breake your faft ?
 But Beleue backwards, make your Period
 And Creedes laft Article ; I beleue in God :
 And (hearing villanies preachd) t'vnfold their Art
 Learne to commit them, Tis a great mans Part.
 Shall I learne this there ?

Monf. No, thou needft not learne,

5 What would you wifh me doe? 1607.

6 portly Ladies. 1607.

Thou hast the Theoric, now goe there and practise.

Buff. I, in a thridbare fuit ; when men come there,

They must haue high Naps, and goe from thence bare :
A man may drowne the parts of ten rich men

In one poore fuit ; Braue Barks, and outward Glosse
Attract Court Loues,⁷ be in parts ne're so grosse.

Monf. Thou shalt haue Glosse enough, and all things fit

T'enchase in all shew, thy long smothered spirit :

Be rul'd by me then. The rude Scythians

Painted blinde Fortunes powerfull hands with wings,

To shew her gifts come swift and suddenly,

Which if her Fauorite be not swift to take,

He loses them foreuer. Then be wise :⁸ *Exit Monf.*

Stay but a while heere, and I'll send to thee.

Manet Buffy.

Buff. What will he send ? some Crounes ? It is to fow them

Vpon my spirit, and make them spring a Croune

Worth Millions of the feede Crounes he will send :

Like to disparking noble Husbandmen,

Hee'll put his Plow into me, Plow me up :

But his unsweating thrift is policie,

And learning-hating policie is ignorant

To fit his feed-land soyl ; a smooth plain ground⁹

Will neuer nourish any politicke feede ;

I am for honest Actions, not for great :

If I may bring vp a new fashion,

And rise in Court for vertue ; speede his plow :

The King hath knowne me long as well as hee,

Yet could my Fortune neuer fit the length

⁷ Attract Court cics. 1607.

⁸ Then be rul'd. 1607.

⁹ For the above five lines there is only one in the edition of 1607 :—

But hee's no husband heere ; A smooth plaine ground.

Of both their vnderstandings till this houre.
 There is a deepe nicke in times restlesse wheele
 For each mans good, when which nicke comes it
 strikes :

As Rhetoricke, yet workes not perswasion,
 But only is a meane to make it worke :
 So no man riseth by his reall merit,
 But when it cries Clincke in his Raifers spirit :
 Many will say, that cannot rise at all,
 Mans first houres rise, is first steppe to his fall.
 It's venture that ; men that fall low must die,
 As well as men cast headlong from the skie.

Ent. Maff.

Humor of Princes. Is this wretch indu'd
 With any merit worth a thousand Crounes ?
 Will my Lord haue me be so ill a Steward
 Of his Reuenue, to dispose a summe
 So great with so small cause as shewes in him ?
 I must examine this : Is your name D'Ambois ?

Buff. Sir.

Maff. Is your name D'Ambois ?

Buff. Who haue wee heere ?

Serue you the Monsieur ?

Maff. How ?

Buff. Serue you the Monsieur ?

Maff. Sir, y'are very hot. I doe serue the Monsieur ;

But in such place as giues me tha Command
 Of all his other seruants : And because
 His Graces pleasure is, to giue your good
 His Pasle through my Command ; Me thinks you
 might

Use me with more respect.¹⁰

Table Chesbord & Tapers behind the Arras.

Buff. Crie you mercie.

Now you haue opened my dull eies, I see you ;
 And would be glad to see the good you speake of :

What might I call your name ?

Maff. Monsieur Maffe.

Buff. Monsieur Maffe ? Then good Monsieur Maffe,

Pray let me know you better,

Maff. Pray doe so,

That you may vse me better, For your selfe,
By your no better outside, I would iudge you
To be some Poet ; Haue you giuen my Lord
Some Pamphlet ?

Buff. Pamphlet ?

Maff. Pamphlet sir, I say.

Buff. Did your great Masters goodnesse leaue the
good¹¹

That is to passe your charge, to my poore vse,
To your discretion ?

Maff. Though he did not sir,
I hope tis no bad office to aske reason,
How that his grace giues mee in charge, goes from me ?

Buff. That's very perfect sir.

Maff. Why very good sir ;

I pray then giue me leaue : If for no Pamphlet,
May I not know what other merit in you,
Makes his compunction willing to relieue you ?

Buff. No merit in the world sir.

Maff. That is strange.

Y'are a poore souldier, are you ?

Buff. That I am sir.

Maff. And haue Commanded ?

Buff. I, and gone without sir.

Maff. I see the man : A hundred Crounes will
make him

Swagger, and drinke healths to his Graces bountie ;
And sweare he could not be more bountifull.
So ther's nine hundred Crouns, fast ; heere tall souldier,
His grace hath sent you a whole hundred Crounes.

¹¹ Did his wife excellencie leaue the good. 1607.

Buff. A hundred fir ? naie doe his Highnes right ;
 I know his hand is larger, and perhaps
 I may deferue more than my outside shewes ;
 I am a scholar, as I am a fouldier,
 And I can Poetife ; and (being well encourag'd)
 May sing his Fame for giuing ; yours for deliuering
 (Like a most faithfull Steward) what he giues.

Maff. What shall your subiect be ?

Buff. I care not much,
 If to his bounteous Grace I sing the praise
 Of faire great Noses, And to you of long ones.¹²
 What Qualities haue you fir (beside your chaine
 And veluet Iacket) Can your worship dance ?

Maff. A merrie Fellow faith : It seemes my Lord
 Will haue him for his Iester ; And berlady
 Such men are now no fooles, Tis a Knights place :
 If I (to faue my Lord some Crounes) should vrge him
 T'abate his Bountie, I should not be heard ;
 I would to heauen I were an errant Affe,
 For then I should be fure to haue the Eares
 Of these great men, where now their Iesters haue
 them :

Tis good to please him, yet Ile take no notice
 Of his preferment, but in policie
 Will still be graue and serious, lest he thinke
 I feare his wodden dagger: Heere fir Ambo,

D'Amb. How, Ambo fir ?

Maff. I is not your name Ambo ?

D'Amb. You call'd me lately *D'Amboys*, has your
 Worship

So short a head ?

Maff. I cry thee mercy *D'Amboys*.
 A thousand Crounes I bring you from my Lord ;

¹² If to his excellence I sing the praise
 Of faire great Noses, And to your Deferts
 The reuerend vertues of a faithfull Steward ;—1607.

If you be thriftie and play the good husband, you may make

This a good standing living, Tis a Bountie,
His Highnes might perhaps haue bestow'd better.

D'Amb. Goe, y'are a Rascall ; hence, Away you Rogue.

Maff. What meane you sir ?

D'Amb. Hence ; prate no more ;
Or by thy villans blood thou prat'st thy last :
A Barbarous Groome, grudge at his masters Bountie :
But since I know he would as much abhorre
His hinde should argue what he giues his friend,
Take that Sir, for your aptnesse to dispute. *Exit.*

Maff. These Crounes are sown in blood, blood be
their fruit. *Exit.*

*Henry, Guise, Montfurry, Elenor, Tamyra,
Beaupre, Pero, Charlotte,
Pyra, Annable.*

Henr. Dutcheffe of Guise, your Grace is much
enricht,
In the attendance of that English virgin,
That will initiate her Prime of youth,
(Dispos'd to Court conditions) vnder the hand
Of your preferd instructions and Command,
Rather than anie in the English Court,
Whose Ladies are not matcht in Christiendome,
For gracefull and confirm'd behaiours ;
More than the Court, where they are bred is equall'd.

Guif. I like not their Court forme, it is too crest-
falne ;

In all obseruance ; making Demi-gods
Of their great Nobles ; and of their old Queene
An euer-yong, and most immortall Goddesse.

Mont. No question shee's the rarest Queene in
Europe.

Guif. But what's that to her Immortality ?

Henr. Assure you Cofen Guife, fo great a Courtier,
 So full of majestie and Roiall parts,
 No Queene in Christendome may vaunt her felfe,¹³
 Her Court approoves it, Thats a Court indeede ;
 Not mixt with Clowneries vs'd in common houfes ;¹⁴
 But, as Courts should be th' abstracts of their king-
 domes,
 In all the Beautie, State, and Worth they hold ;
 So is hers, amplie, and by her inform'd.
 The world is not contracted in a man,
 With more proportion and expreffion
 Than in her Court, her Kingdome : Our French Court
 Is a meere mirror of confufion to it :
 The King and subiect, Lord and euerie flauē
 Dance a continuall Haie ; Our Roomes of State,
 Kept like our stables ; No place more obseru'd
 Than a rude Market place : And though our Custome
 Keepe this assur'd confufion from our eyes,¹⁵
 Tis nere the leffe essentiallie vnfightlie,
 Which they would soone see, would they change their
 forme
 To this of ours, and then compare them both ;
 Which we must not affect, because in Kingdomes,
 Where the Kings change doth breede the Subiects
 terror,
 Pure Innouation is more grosse than error.
Mont. No Question we shall see them imitate
 (Though a farre off) the fashions of our Courts,
 As they haue euer Ap't vs in attire ;
 Neuer were men so wearie of their Skins,
 And apt to leape out of themfelues as they ;
 Who when they trauell to bring forth rare men,
 Come home deliuered of a fine French fuit :

¹³ boast her felfe. 1607.

¹⁴ Rudeness vs'd in common houfes. 1607.

¹⁵ Keepe this assur'd deformitie from our sight. 1607.

Their Braines lie with their Tailors, and get babies
For their most compleat issue ; Hee's sole heire!¹⁶
To all the morall vertues, that first greeates
The light with a new fashon, which becomes them
Like Apes, disfigur'd with the attires of men.

Henr. No Question they much wrong their reall
worth,
In affectation of outlandish Scumme ;
But they haue faults, and wee more ; They foolish-
proud,
To jet in others plumes so haughtely ;¹⁷
We proud, that they are proud of foolerie,
Holding our worthes more compleat for their vaunts.

Enter Monsieur, D'Ambois.

Monf. Come mine owne sweet heart I will enter
thee,
Sir, I haue brought a Gentleman to court ;¹⁸
And pray, you would vouchsafe to doe him grace.

Henr. D'Ambois, I thinke.

D'Amb. Thats still my name, my Lord, though I
be something altered in attire.

Henr. I like your alteration, and must tell you,
I haue expected th'offer of your seruice ;
For we (in feare so make milde vertue proud)
Vse not to seeke her out in any man.

D'Amb. Nor doth she vse to seeke out any man.
He that will winne, must wooe her.¹⁹

16 Hee's first borne. 1607.

17 To be the Pictures of our vanitie. 1607.

18 Sir, I haue brought this Gentleman t' attend you. 1607.

19 He that will winne, must wooe her ; shee's not shamelesse.
1607.

Monf. I vrg'd her modestie in him, my Lord, and gaue her those Rites, that he saies shée merits.

Henr. If you haue woo'd and won, then Brother weare him.

Monf. Th'art mine, sweet heart ; See here's the Guises Duches. The Countesse of Mountsurreaue ; Beaupres, come I'll enscame thee ; Ladies, y'are too many to be in Counsell : I haue heere a friend, that I would gladlie enter in your Graces.

D'Amb. 'Save you Ladyes.

Duch. If you enter him in our Graces, my Lord me thinks by his blunt behauiour, he should come out of himselfe.

Tam. Has he neuer beene Courtier, my Lord ?

Monf. Neuer, my Ladie.

Beaup. And why did the Toy take him inth' head now ?

D'Amb. Tis leape yeere, Ladie, and therefore verie good to enter a Courtier.

Henr. Marke Duchesse of Guise, there is one is not bashfull.

Duch. No my Lord, he is much guilty of the bold extremity.

Tam. The man's a Courtier at first sight.

D'Amb. I can sing prickesong, Ladie, at first sight ; and why not be a Courtier as suddenly ?

Beau. Heere's a Courtier rotten before he be ripe.

D'Amb. Thinke mee not impudent, Ladie, I am yet no Courtier, I desire to be one, and would gladly take entrance (Madam) vnder your Princely Colours.

Enter Barriſor, L'Anou, Pyrlot.

Duch. Soft fir, you must rise by degrees, first being the seruant of some common Lady or Knights wife, then a little higher to a Lords wife : next a little higher to a Countesse ; yet a little higher to a Duchesse, and then turne the ladder.

D'Amb. Doe you allow a man then foure mistresses,

when the greatest Mistresse is allowed but three servants?

Duch. Where find you that statute sir?

D'Amb. Why be judged by the Groome-porters.

Duchesse. The Groome-porters?

D'Amb. I Madam, must not they judge of all gamings i' th' Court?

Duchesse. You talke like a gamester.

Gui. Sir, know you me?

D'Amb. My Lord?

Gui. I know not you: Whom doe you serue?

D'Amb. Serue, my Lord?

Gui. Go to Companion; Your Courtship's too saucie.

D'Amb. Saucie? Companion? Tis the Guife, but yet those termes might haue beene spar'd of the Guiferd.

Companion? Hee's ieaious by this light: are you blinde of that side Duke? Ile to her againe for that. Forth princely Mistresse, for the honour of Courtship. Another Riddle.

Gui. Cease your Courtshippe, or by heauen Ile cut your throat.

D'Amb. Cut my throat? cut a whetstone; good *Accius Næuius*, doe as much with your tongue as he did with a Rasor; cut my throat?

Bar. What new-come Gallant haue wee heere, that dares mate the Guife thus?

L'An. Sfoote tis D'Ambois; The Duke mistakes him (on my life) for some Knight of the new edition.

D'Amb. Cut my throat? I would the King fear'd thy cutting of his throat no more than I feare thy cutting of mine.

Gui. Ile doe't by this hand.

D'Amb. That hand dares not doe't; y'aue cut too many

Throaties already Guife; and Robb'd the Realme of Many thousand Soules, more precious than thine owne. Come Madam, talke on; Sfoote, can you not talke?

Talke on I say. Another Riddle.²⁰

Pyr. Heere's some strange distemper.

Bar. Heere's a sudden transmigration with *D'Ambois*, out of the Knights ward, into the Duches bed.

L'An. See what a Metamorphosis a braue fuit can worke.

Pyr. Slight step to the Guife and discouer him.

Bar. By no meanes, let the new fuit worke, wee'll see the issue.

Gui. Leauē your Courting.

D'Amb. I will not. I say mistresse, and I will stand vnto it, that if a woman may haue three seruants, a man may haue threescore mistresses.

Gui. Sirha, Ile haue you whipt out of the Court for this insolence.

D'Amb. Whipt? Such another syllable out a th' preface, if thou dar'st for thy Dukedome.

Gui. Remember, Poultron.

Monf. Pray thee forbear.

Buff. Passion of death! Were not the King heere; he should frow the Chamber like a ruff.

Monf. But leauē Courting his wife then.

Buff. I will not: Ile Court her in despight of him. Not Court her! Come Madam, talke on; Feare me nothing: Well maist thou driue thy master from the Court; but neuer *D'Ambois*.

Monf. His great heart will not downe, tis like the Sea

That partly by his owne internall heat,
Partly the starr's dailie and nightly motion,
Their heat and light,²¹ and partly of the place,
The diuers frames; but chiefly by the Moone,
Bristled with furies, neuer will be wonne,
(No, not when th' hearts of all those powers are burst)

²⁰ Talke on I say, more Courtship, as you loue it. 1607.

²¹ Ardor and light. 1697.

To make retreat into his fetled home,
Till he be croun'd with his owne quiet fome.

Henri. You haue the mate. Another.

Gui. No more. *Flourish short.*

Exit Guise, after him the King, Monf. whispering.

Bar. Why heer's the Lion, skard with the throat of
a dunghill Cocke ; a fellow that has newlie shak'd off
his shackles ; Now does he crow for that victorie.

L'An. Tis one of the best Iigges that euer was
acted.

Pyr. Whom does the Guise suppose him to be
troe ?

L'An. Out of doubt, some new denizond Lord ;
and thinks that fuit newly drawne out a th' Mercers
bookes.

Bar. I haue heard of a fellow, that by a fixt ima-
gination looking vpon a Bulbaiting, had a visibie paire
of hornes grew out of his forehead : and I beleue this
Gallant ouerioied with the conceit of Monfieurs cast
fuit, imagines himfelfe to be the Monsieur.

L'An. And why not ? as well as the Ass, stalking
in the Lions case, beare himfelfe like a Lion, braying
all the huger beasts out of the Forrest ?

Pyr. Peace, he lookes this way.

Bar. Marrie let him looke fir, what will you say
now if the Guise be gone to fetch a blanquet for him ?

L'An. Faith I beleue it for his honour sake.

Pyr. But, if *D'Ambois* carrie it cleane ?

Bar. True, when he cruets in the blanquet.

Pyr. I marie fir.

L'An. Sfoote, see how he stares on's.

Bar. Lord bleffe vs, let's away.

Buff. Now fir, take your full view : how does the
Obiect please ye ?

Bar. If you aske my opinion fir, I thinke your
fuit fits as well as if't had beene made for you.

Buff. So fir, and was that the subiect of your ridiculous iolitie ?

L'An. What's that to you fir ?

Buff. Sir, I haue obseru'd all your fleerings ; and resolue your felues yee shall giue a strickt account for't.

Enter Brisac, Melynell.

Bar. O miraculous jealousy!²² Doe you thinke your selfe

Such a singular subiect for laughter, that none can fall into

The matter of our merriment but you ?

L'An. This ieaousie of yours fir, confesses some close defect in your selfe, that wee neuer dream'd of.

Pyr. We held discourse of a perfum'd Affe, that being disguis'd with a Lions case, imagin'd himselfe a Lion : I hope that toucht not you.

Buff. So fir : Your descants doe maruellous well fit this ground, wee shall meete where your Buffonly laughters will cost yee the best blood in your bodies.

Bar. For lifes sake let's be gone ; hee'll kill's outright.

Buff. Goe at your pleasures, Ile be your Ghost to haunt you, and yee sleepe an't, hang mee.

L'An. Goe, goe fir, Court your mistresse.

Pyr. And be aduis'd : we shall haue odds against you.

Buff. Tush, valour stands not in number : Ile maintaine it, that one man may beat three boies.

Bris. Nay you shall haue no ods of him in number fir ; hee's a gentleman as good as the proudest of you, and yee shall not wrong him.

Bar. Not fir.

Mely. Not fir : Though he be not so rich, hee's a better man than the best of you ; And I will not endure it.

²² O strange credulitie. 1607.

L'An. Not you fir?

Brif. No fir, nor I.

Buff. I should thanke you for this kindneffe, if I thought these perfum'd muske-Cats (being out of this priuiledge) durst but once mew at vs.

Bar. Does your confident spirit doubt that fir? Follow vs and trie.

L'An. Come fir, wee'll lead you a dance.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.

Actus secundi Scena prima.

Henry, Guise, Montfurry, and Attendants.

Henry. **T**HIS desperate quarrell sprung out of their
enuies

To *D'Ambois* fudden brauerie, and great spirit :

Gui. Neither is worth their enuie.

Henr. Lesse then either

Will make the Gall of Enuie ouerflow ;

She feedes on outcast entrailles like a Kite :

In which foule heape, if any ill lies hid,

She flicks her beake into it, shakes it vp,

And hurl's it all abroad, that all may view it.

Corruption is her Nutriment ; but touch her

With any precious ointment, and you kill her :

When she findes any filth in men, she feasts,

And with her blacke throat bruits it through the
world ;

(Being found and healthfull) But if she but taste
 The slenderest pittance of commended vertue,
 She sursets of it, and is like a flie,
 That passes all the bodies foundest parts,
 And dwels vpon the fores ; or if her squint eie
 Haue power to finde none there, she forges some :
 She makes that crooked euer which is strait ;
 Call's valour giddinesse, Iustice Tyrannie :
 A wise man may shun her, she not her selfe ;
 Whither soeuer she flies from her Harmes,
 She beares her foe still claspt in her owne Armes :
 And therefore coufen Guife let vs auoid her.

Enter Nuncius.

What *Atlas*, or *Olympus* lifts his head
 So farre past Couert, that with aire enough
 My words may be inform'd ? And from his height
 I may be seene, and heard through all the world ?
 A tale so worthie, and so fraught with wonder,
 Sticks in my iawes, and labours with euent.

Henr. Com'st thou from *D'Ambois* ?

Nun. From him, and the rest

His friends and enemies ; whose sterne fight I saw,
 And heard their words before, and in the fray.

Henr. Relate at large what thou hast seene and
 heard.

Nun. I saw fierce *D'Ambois*, and his two braue
 friends

Enter the Field, and at their heeles their foes ;
 Which were the famous fouldiers ; *Barrisfor*,
L'Anou, and *Pyrrhot*, great in deedes of Armes :
 All which arriu'd at the euenest peece of earth
 The field afforded ; The three Challengers
 Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and stood ranckt :
 When face to face the three Defendants met them,
 Alike prepar'd, and resolute alike,
 Like bonfires of Contributorie wood :
 Euerie mans looke shew'd, Fed with eithers spirit,

As one had beene a mirror to another,
Like formes of life and death, each tooke from other;
And so were life and death mixt at their heights,
That you could see no feare of death, for life;
Nor loue of life, for death: But in their browes
Pyrrho's Opinion in great letters shone:
That life and death in all respects are one.

Henr. Past there no sort of words at their encounter?

Nun. As *Hector*, twixt the Hosts of Greece and Troy.

(When Paris and the Spartane King should end
The nine yeeres warre) held vp his brazen lance
For signall, that both Hosts should cease frome Armes,
And heare him speake: So *Barrifor* (aduis'd)
Aduanc'd his Naked Rapier twixt both sides,
Ript vp the Quarrell, and compar'd fix liues,
Then laid in ballance with fix idle words,
Offer'd remission and contrition too;
Or else that he and *D'Ambois* might conclude
The others dangers. *D'Ambois* lik'd the last;
But *Barrifors* friends (being equally engag'd
In the maine Quarrell) neuer would expose
His life alone, to that they all deseru'd.

And (for the other offer of remission)
D'Ambois (that like a Lawrell put in fire,
Sparkl'd and spit) did much much more than scorne,
That his wrong should incense him so like chaffe,
To goe so soone out; and like lighted paper,
Approoue his spirit at once both fire and ashes:
So drew they lots, and in them Fates appointed,
That *Barrifor* should fight with fire *D'Ambois*;
Pyrrot with *Melynell*; with *Brifac L'Anou*:
And then like flame and Powder they commixt,
So spritely, that I wisht they had beene spirits,
That the n'ere shutting wounds, they needes must
open,

Might as they open'd, shut and neuer kill:
But *D'Ambois* sword (that lightned as it flew)

Shot like a pointed Comet at the face
 Of manly *Barrifor* ; and there it stucke :
 Thrice pluckt he at it, and thrice drew on thrusts,
 From him, that of himselfe was free as fire ;
 Who thrust still as he pluckt, yet (past beliefe !)
 He with his subtile eie, hand, bodie, scap't ;
 At last the deadly bitten point tuggd'd off,
 On fell his yet vndaunted Foe so fiercely,
 That (only made more horrid with his wound)
 Great *D'Ambois* shrunke, and gaue a little ground ;
 But soone return'd, redoubled in his danger,
 And at the heart of *Barrifor* seal'd his anger :
 Then, as in Arden I haue scene an Oke
 Long shooke with tempests, and his loftie toppe
 Bent to his roote, which being at length made loose
 (Euen groaning with his weight) he gan to Nodde
 This way and that : as loth his curled Browes
 (Which he had oft wrapt in the skie with stormes)
 Should stoope : and yet, his radicall fiuers burst,
 Storme-like he fell, and hid the feare-cold Earth.
 So fell stout *Barrifor*, that had stoode the flockes.
 Of ten set Battles in your Highnesse warre,
 Gainst the sole souldier of the world, Nauarre.

Gui. O pitious and horrid murther !

Beau. Such a life

Me thinkes had mettall in it to furuiue
 An age of men.

Henr. Such, often soonest end.

Thy felt report cals on, wee long to know
 On what euent the other haue arriu'd.

Nun. Sorrow and furie, like two opposite fumes,
 Met in the vpper Region of a Cloud,
 At the report made by this worthies fall,
 Brake from the earth, and with them rose Reuenge,
 Entring with fresh powers his two noble friends ;
 And vnder that ods fell furcharg'd *Brifac*,
 The friend of *D'Ambois*, before fierce *L'Anou* ;
 Which *D'Ambois* seeing, as I once did see
 In my yoong trauels through Armenia,

An angrie Vnicorne in his full carier
Charge with too swift a foot²³ a Ieweller,
That watcht him for the Treasure of his browe ;
And ere he could get shelter of a tree,
Naile him with his rich Antler to the Earth :
So *D'Ambois* ranne vpon reueng'd *L'Anou*,
Who eying th' eager point borne in his face,
And giuing backe, fell backe, and in his fall
His foes vncurbed sword slopt in his heart :
By which time all the life strings of the tw'other
Were cut, and both fell as their spirits flew
Vpwards : and still hunt Honour at the view.
And now (of all the fix) sole *D'Ambois* stood
Vntoucht, saue only with the others blood.

Henr. All slaine outright but hee ?

Nun. All slaine outright but he,
Who kneeling in the warme life of his friends,
(All freckled with the blood, his Rapier rained)
He kist their pale cheekes, and bade both farewell ;
And see the brauest man the French earth beares.

Enter Monsieur, D'Amb. bare.

Buff. Now is the time, y'are Princely vow'd my
friend,

Performe it Princely, and obtaine my pardon.

Monf. Elfe Heauen, forgiue not me : Come on
braue friend.

If euer Nature held herselfe her owne,
When the great Triall of a King and subiect
Met in one blood, both from one bellie springing :
Now prooue her vertue and her greatnesse One,
Or make the t'one the greater with the t'other,
(As true Kings should) and for your brothers loue,
(Which is a speciall species of true vertue)
Doe that you could not doe, not being a King.

Henr. Brother I know your fuit ; thefe wilfull
murthers

Are euer paſt our pardon.

Monf. Manly ſlaughter
Should neuer beare th'account of wilfull murder ;
It being a ſpice of iuſtice, where with life
Offending paſt law, equall life is laid
In equall ballance, to ſcourage that offence
By law of reputation, which to men
Exceedes all poſitiue law, and what that leaues
To true mens valours (not prefixing rights
Of ſatiſfaction, ſuited to their wrongs)
A free mans eminence may ſupplie and take.

Henr. This would make euerie man that thinks
him wrongd,

Or is offended, or in wrong or right,
Lay on this violence, and all vaunt themſelues.
Law-menders and ſuppliers though meere Butchers ;
Should this fact (though of iuſtice) be forgiuen ?

Monf. O no, my Lord ; it would make Cowards
feare

To touch the reputations of true men,
When only they are left to impe the law,
Iuſtice will ſoone diſtinguiſh murderous mindes
From iuſt reuengers : Had my friend beene ſlaine,
(His enimie ſuruiuing) he ſhould die,
Since he had added to a murder'd fame
(Which was in his intent) a murdered man ;
And this had worthily beene wilfull murder :
But my friend only ſau'd his fames deare life,
Which is aboue life, taking th'vnder value,
Which in the wrong it did, was forfeit to him ;
And in this fact only preferues a man
In his vprightneſſe ; worthie to ſuruiue
Millions of ſuch as murder men, aliuie.

Henr. Well brother, riſe, and raiſe your friend
withall

From death to life : and *D'Ambois*, let your life
(Refin'd by paſſing through this merited death)

Be purg'd from more such soule pollution ;
Nor on your scape, nor valour more prefuming,
To be againe so daring.²⁴

Buff. My Lord,
I loth as much a deeде of vniust death,
As law it selfe doth ; and to Tyrannise,
Because I haue a little spirit to dare,
And power to doe, as to be Tyranniz'd ;
This is a grace that (on my knees redoubled)
I craue to double this my short lifes gift ;
And shall your royall bountie Centuple,
That I may so make good what God and nature
Haue giuen mee for my good : since I am free,
(Offending no iust law) let no law make
By any wrong it does, my life her slaue :
When I am wrong'd and that law failes to right me,
Let me be King my selfe (as man was made)
And doe a iustice that exceedes the law :
If my wrong passe the power of single valour
To right and expiate ; then be you my King,
And doe a Right, exceeding Law and Nature :
Who to himselfe is law, no law doth neede,
Offends no Law and is a King indeede.

Henr. Enioy what thou intreat'st we giue but
ours.

Buff. What you haue giuen, my Lord, is euer
yours.

Exit Rex cum Beau.

Gui. Who would²⁵ haue pardon'd such a murther ?
Exit.

Monf. Now vanish horrors into Court attractions,

²⁴ To be againe so violent. 1607.

²⁵ Mort dieu, who would, &c. 1607.

For which let this balme make thee fresh and faire.²⁶
 And now forth with thy service to the Duchesse,
 As my long love will to Montfurries Countesse.

Exit.

D'Amb. To whom my love hath long been vow'd
 in heart,
 Although in hand for shew I held the Duchesse.
 And now through bloud and vengeance, deeds of
 height,
 And hard to be atchiev'd, tis fit I make
 Attempt of her perfection, I need feare
 No check in his Rivalry, since her vertues
 Are so renown'd, and hee of all Dames hated.

Exit.

Montfur. Tamyra, Beaupre, Pero, Charlotte, Pyrha.

Mont. He will haue pardon fure.

Tam. Twere pittie else:

For though his great spirit something ouerflow,
 All faults are still borne, that from greatnesse grow :
 But such a sudden Courtier saw I neuer.

Beau. He was too sudden, which indeede was
 rudenesse.

Tam. True, for it argued his no due conceit
 Both of the place, and greatnesse of the persons :
 Nor of our sex: all which (we all being strangers
 To his encounter) should haue made more maners
 Deferue more welcome.

Mont. All this fault is found
 Because he lou'd the Dutchesse and left you.

Tam. Ahlas, loue giue her ioy ; I am so farre

²⁶ After this line the scene thus closes in the edition of 1607:—

Buff. How shall I quite your loue?

Montf. Be true to the end:

I haue obtain'd a Kingdome with my friend.

Exit.

From Enuie of her honour, that I fweare,
Had he encounterd me with fuch proud sleight :
I would haue put that proiect face of his
To a more test, than did her Dutcheffhip.

Be. Why (by your leaue my Lord) Ile fpeake it
heere,
(Although ſhe be my ante) ſhe ſcarce was modeſt,
When ſhe perceiued the Duke her husband take
Thoſe late exceptions to her ſeruants Courtſhip
To entertaine him.

Tam. I, and ſtand him ſtill.
Letting her husband giue her ſeruant place :
Though he did manly, ſhe ſhould be a woman.

Enter Guiſe.

D'Ambois is pardond : wher's a king ? where law ?
See how it runnes, much like a turbulent ſea ;
Heere high, and glorious, as it did contend
To waſh the heauens, and make the ſtars more pure :
And heere ſo low, it leaues the mud of hell
To every common view : come count Montfurry
We muſt conſult of this.

Tam. Stay not, ſweet Lord.

Mont. Be pleaſed, Ile ſtraight returne.

Exit cum Guiſe.

Tamy. Would that would pleaſe me.

Beau. Ile leaue you Madam to your paſſions.
I ſee, ther's change of weather in your lookes.

Exit cum ſuis.

Tamy. I cannot cloake it : but ; as when a fume,
Hot, drie and groſſe : within the wombe of earth
Or in her ſuperficies begot :
When extreame cold hath ſtroke it to her heart,
The more it is compreſt, the more it rageth ;
Exceeds his priſons ſtrength that ſhould containe it,
And then it toſſeth Temples in the aire ;
All barres made engines, to his inſolent fury :

So, of a sudden, my licentious fancy
 Riots within me : not my name and house
 Nor my religion to this houre obseru'd
 Can stand aboue it : I must vtter that
 That will in parting breake more strings in me,
 Than death when life parts : and that holy man
 That, from my cradle, counfeld for my soule ;
 I now must make an agent for my bloud.

Enter Monsieur.

Monf. Yet, is my Mistresse gracious ?

Tamy. Yet vnanswered ?

Monf. ²⁷Pray thee regard thine owne good, if not
 mine,

And cheere my Loue for that ; you do not know
 What you may be by me, nor what without me ;
 I may haue power t'aduance and pull downe any.

Tamy. Thats not my study : one way I am sure
 You shall not pull downe me : my husbands height
 You crowne to all my hopes : and his retiring
 To any meane state, shalbe my aspiring :
 Mine honour's in mine owne hands, spite of kings.

Monf. Honour, whats that ? your second maiden-
 head :

And what is that ? a word : the word is gone
 The thing remains : the rose is pluckt, the stalke
 Abides : an easie losse where no lack's found :
 Beleeue it ther's as small lacke in the losse,
 As there is paine ith losing : archers euer
 Haue two strings to a bow : and shall great *Cupid*
 (Archer of archers both in men and women)
 Be worfe prouided than a common archer ?
 A husband and a friend all wise wiues haue.

Tamy. Wife wiues they are that on such strings
 depend,

27 Here this Scene opens with the words—" *Enter Monsieur, Tamyra and Pero with a Booke,*" in the edition of 1641, from which the fifty-nine preceding lines are entirely omitted. *Ed.*

With a firme husband, ioyning a love friend.²⁸

Monf. Still you stand on your husband, so doe all
The common sex of you, when yare encounterd
With one ye cannot fancie : all men know
You liue in court heere by your owne election.
Frquenting all our solemne sports and triumphs,
All the most youthfull companie of men :
And wherefore doe you this? To please your husband?

Tis grosse and fulsome : if your husbands pleasure
Be all your Obiect, and you aime at Honour,
In liuing close to him, get you from Court,
You may haue him at home ; these common Puttofs
For common women serue : my honor? husband?
Dames maritorious, ne're were meritorious :
Speake plaine and say I do not like you Sir,
Y'are an illfaur'd fellow in my eie,
And I am answer'd.

Tamy. Then I pray be answer'd :
For in good faith my Lord I do not like you
In that fort you like.

Monf. Then haue at you heere :
Take (with a politique hand) this rope of Pearle ;
And though you be not amorous : yet be wise :
Take me for wisdom ; he that you can loue
Is neere the further from you.

Tamy. Now it comes
So ill prepar'd, that I may take a poison,
Vnder a medicine as good cheape as it :
I will not haue it were it worth the world.

Monf. Horror of death : could I but please your
eie,
You would giue me the like, ere you would loose me :
Honor and husband?

Tamy. By this light my Lord

²⁸ weighing a dissolute friend. 1607.

Y'are a vile fellow : and Ile tell the King
 Your occupation of dishonouring Ladies
 And of his Court : a Lady cannot liue
 As she was borne ; and with that sort of pleasure
 That fits her state : but she must be defam'd
 With an infamous Lords detraction :
 Who would endure the Court if these attempts,
 Of open and profest lust must be borne ?
 Whose there ? come on Dame, you are at your booke
 When men are at your mistresse ; haue I taught you
 Any such waiting womans qualitie ?

Monf. Farewell good husband.

Exit. Monf.

Mont. Farewell wicked Lord.

Enter Mont.

Mont. Was not the Monsieur heere ?

Tam. Yes, to good purpose,
 And your cause is as good to seeke him too
 And haunt his company.

Mont. Why whats the matter ?

Tam. Matter of death, were I some husbands
 wife :

I cannot liue at quiet in my chamber
 For opportunities almost to rapes
 Offerd me by him.

Mont. Pray thee beare with him :
 Thou know'st he is a Bachelor, and a Courtier,
 I, and a Prince: and their prerogatiues
 Are, to their lawes, as to their pardons are
 Their reseruatiens, after Parliaments
 One quits another : forme giues al their essence :
 That Prince doth high in vertues reckoning stand
 That will entreat a vice, and not command :
 So far beare with him : should another man
 Trust to his priuiledge, he should trust to death :
 Take comfort then (my comfort) nay triumph,
 And crown thy selfe, thou part'st with victory :
 My preface is so only deare to thee,

That other mens appeare worfe than they be.
For this night yet, beare with my forced abfence :
Thou know'ft my bufineffe ; and with how much weight,
My vow hath charged it.

Tam. True my Lord, and neuer
My fruitlefle loue fhall let your ferious honour,
Yet, fweet Lord, do not flay, you know my foule
Is fo long time without me, and I dead
As you are abfent.

Mont. By this kiffe, receiue
My foule for hoflage, till I fee my loue.

Tam. The morne fhall let me fee you :

Mont. With the funne
Ile vifit thy more comfortable beauties.

Tam. This is my comfort, that the funne hath left
The whole worlds beauty ere my funne leaues me.

Mont. Tis late night now indeed : farewell my
light. *Exit.*

Tam. Farewell my light and life : But not in him,
In mine owne dark love and light bent to another.
Alas, that in the waue of our affections
We fhould fupplie it with a full difsembling,
In which each yoongeft maid is growne a mother,
Frailtie is fruitfull, one finne gets another :
Our loues like fparkles are that brighteft fhine,
When they goe out ; moft vice fhewes moft diuine :
Goe maid, to bed, lend me your booke I pray :
Not like your felfe, for forme, Ile this night trouble
None of your feruices : Make fure the doores,
And call your other fellowes to their reft.

Per. I will, yet I will watch to know why you
watch. *Exit.*

Tam. Now all the peacefull regents of the night,
Silently-gliding exhalations,
Languifhing windes, and murmuring fals of waters,
Sadneffe of heart, and ominous fecureneffe,
Enchantments, dead fleepes, all the friends of reft,
That euer wrought vpon the life of man,
Extend your vtmoft ftrengths ; and this charm'd houre

Fix like the Center ; make the violent wheeles
 Of Time and Fortune stand ; and Great Existens
 (The Makers treasure) now not seeme to bee,
 To all but my approaching friends and mee :
 They come, alas they come, feare, feare and hope
 Of one thing, at one instant fight in mee :
 I loue what most I loath, and cannot liue
 Vnlesse I compasse that which holds my death :
 For life's meere death loving one that loathes me,²⁹
 And he I loue, will loth me, when he sees
 I flie my sex, my vertue, my Renowne,
 To runne so madly on a man vnknowne.³⁰
 See, see a Vault is opening that was neuer
 Knowne to my Lord and husband, nor to any
 But him that brings the man I loue, and me ;
 How shall I looke on him ? how shall I liue
 And not consume in blushes, I will in ;
 And cast my selfe off, as I ne're had beene.

*Exit.**Ascendit Frier and D'Ambois.*

Frier. Come worthiest sonne, I am past measure
 glad,
 That you (whose worth I haue approou'd so long)
 Should be the Obiect of her fearefull loue ;
 Since both your wit and spirit can adapt
 Their full force to supplie her vtmost weakenesse :
 You know her worths and vertues, for Report
 Of all that know, is to a man a knowledge :
 You know besides, that our affections storme,

29 For loue is hatefull without loue againe. 1607.

30 This Scene thus closes in the Edition of 1607 :—
 See, see the gulfe is opening, that will swallow
 Me and my fame for euer ; I will in,
 And cast my selfe off, as I ne're had beene.

Exit.

Rais'd in our blood, no Reason can reforme.
 Though she seeke then their satisfaction,
 (Which she must needes, or rest vnſatisfied)
 Your iudgement will esteeme her peace thus wrought,
 Nothing lesse deare, then if your selfe had fought :
 And (with another colour, which my Art
 Shall teach you to lay on) your selfe must seeme
 The only agent, and the first Orbe Moue,
 In this our fet, and cunning world of Loue.

Buff. Giue me the colour (my most honour'd
 Father)

And trust my cunning then to lay it on.

Frier. Tis this, good sonne ; Lord *Barriſor* (whom
 you flew)

Did loue her dearely, and with all fit meanes
 Hath vrg'd his acceptation, of all which
 She keepeſ one letter written in his blood :
 You muſt ſay thus then, That you heard from mee
 How much her ſelfe was toucht in conſcience
 With a Report (which is in truth diſperſt)
 That your maine quarrell grew about her loue,
 Lord *Barriſor* imaginig your Courtſhip
 Of the great Guiſes Duchefſe in the Prefence,
 Was by you made to his elected miſtreſſe :
 And ſo made me your meane now to reſolue her,
 Choſing (by my direction) this nights depth,
 For the more cleere auoiding of all note,
 Of your preſumed preſence, and with this
 (To cleere her hands of ſuch a louers blood)
 She will ſo kindly thanke and entertaine you,
 (Me thinkes I ſee how) I, and ten to one,
 Shew you the confirmation in his blood,
 Leſt you ſhould thinke report and ſhe did ſaine,
 That you ſhall ſo haue circumſtantiall meanes,
 To come to the direct, which muſt be vſed :
 For the direct is crooked ; Loue comes flying ;
 The height of loue is ſtill wonne with denying.

D'Amb. Thankes honoured Father.

Frier. She muſt neuer know

That you know anything of any loue
 Sustain'd on her part : For learne this of mee ;
 In any thing a woman does alone,
 If she dissemble, she thinks tis not done ;
 If not dissemble, nor a little chide,
 Giue her her with, she is not fatisf'd ;
 To haue a man thinke that she neuer seekes,
 Does her more good than to haue all she likes :
 This frailtie sticks in them beyond their sex ;
 Which to reforme, reason is too perplex :
 Vrge reason to them, it will doe no good ;
 Humour (that is the charriot of our foode
 In euerie bodie) must in them be fed,
 To carrie their affections by it bred.
 Stand close.

Enter Tamyra with a Book.

Tam. Alas, I feare my strangeness will retire him.
 If he goe backe, I die ; I must preuent it,
 And cheare his onfet with my sight at least,
 And thats the most ; though euerie step he takes
 Goes to my heart, Ile rather die than seeme
 Not to be strange to that I most esteeme.

Frier. Madam.

Tamy. Ah !

Frier. You will pardon me, I hope,
 That, so beyond your expectation,
 (And at a time for visitants so vnfit)
 I (with my noble friend heere) visit you :
 You know that my acceffe at any time
 Hath euer beene admitted ; and that friend
 That my care will presume to bring with mee,
 Shall haue all circumstance of worth in him,
 To merit as free welcome as my selfe.

Tamy. O father, but at this suspicious houre
 You know how apt best men are to suspect vs,
 In any cause, that makes suspicious shadow
 No greater than the shadow of a haire :

And y'are to blame: what though my Lord and husband

Lie soorth to night? and since I cannot sleepe
When he is absent, I sit vp to night,
Though all the doores are sure, & all our seruants
As sure bound with their sleepes; yet there is one
That wakes aboue, whose eie no sleepe can binde:
He sees through doores, and darkenesse, and our thoughts;

And therefore as we should auoid with feare,
To thinke amisse our felues before his search;
So should we be as curious to shunne
All cause that other thinke not ill of vs.

D'Amb. Madam, tis farre from that: I only heard

By this my honour'd father, that your conscience
Made some deepe scruple with a false report;
That *Barrifors* blood should something touch your honour,³¹

Since he imagin'd I was courting you,
When I was bold to change words with the Duchesse,
And therefore made his quarrell, his long loue
And service, as I heare, being deeply vowed
To your perfections which my ready preface
Presum'd on with my father at this season,
For the more care of your so curious honour
Can well resolue your Conscience, is most false.

Tam. And is it therefore that you come good fir?

Then craue I now your pardon and my fathers,
And sweare your preface does me so much good,
That all I haue, it bindes to your requitall:
Indeede fir, tis most true that a report
Is spread, alleaging that his loue to mee

31 Was something troubled with a false report:
That *Barrifors* blood should something touch your hand.

Was reason of your quarrell, and becaufe
 You shall not thinke I faine it for my glorie,
 That he importun'd me for his Court seruice,
 He shew you his owne hand, fet downe in blood
 To that vaine purpose : Good Sir, then come in.
 Father I thanke you now a thousand fold.

Exit Tamira and D'Amb.

Fryar. May it be worth it to you honour'd daugh-
 ter. *Descendit Fryar.*

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus Tertij Scena Prima.

Enter D'Ambois, Tamyra, with a Chaine of Pearle.

D'Amb. Sweet Mistresse cease, your conscience is
 too nice,
 And bites too hotly of the Puritane spice.

Tam. O My deare seruant, in thy close embraces,
 I haue set open all the dores of danger
 To my encompast honor, and my life :
 Before I was secure against death and hell ;
 But now am subiect to the hartlesse feare,
 Of euery shadow, and of euery breath,
 And would change firmnesse with an aspen lease :
 So confident a spotlesse conscience is ;
 So weake a guilty : O the dangerous siege
 Sin laies about vs? and the tyranny
 He exercises when he hath expugn'd :
 Like to the horror of a winters thunder,
 Mixt with a gushing storme, that suffer nothing

To stirre abroad on earth, but their own rages ;
Is sin, when it hath gathered head aboue vs :
No roofe, no shelter can secure vs so,
But he will drowne our cheeks in feare or woe.

D'Ambois. Sin is a coward Madam, and insults
But on our weaknesse, in his trueſt valour :
And ſo our ignorance tames vs, that we let
His ſhadowes fright vs : and like empty clouds
In which our faulty apprehenſions forge
The formes of Dragons, Lions, Elephants,
When they hold no proportion : the ſlie charmes
Of the witch policy makes him, like a monſter
Kept onely to ſhew men for Servile money :
That falſe hagge often paints him : in her cloth
Ten times more monſtrous than he is in troth :
In three of vs, the ſecret of our meeting,
Is onely guarded, and three friends as one
Haue euer beene eſteem'd : as our three powers
That in our one ſoule, are, as one vnited :
Why ſhould we feare then ? for my ſelfe I ſweare
Sooner ſhall torture, be the Sire to pleaſure,
And health be grieuous to one long time ſicke,
Than the deare iewell of your fame in me,
Be made an outcaſt to your infamy ;
Nor ſhall my value (ſacred to your vertues)
Onely giue free courſe to it, from my ſelfe :
But make it ſlie out of the mouths of kings
In golden vapours, and with awfull wings.

Tam. It reſts as all kings ſeales were ſet in thee.
Now let us call my Father, whom I ſweare
I could extreemly chide, but that I feare
To make him ſo ſuſpicious of my loue
Of which (ſweet ſeruant) doe not let him know
For all the world.

D'Amb. Alas ! he will not think it ?

Tam. Come then—ho ! Father, ope, and take
your friend.

Aſcendit Frier.

Frier. Now honour'd daughter, is your doubt resolu'd.

Tam. I Father, but you went away too soone.

Frier. Too soone ?

Tam. Indeed you did, you should haue staid ;
Had not your worthy friend beene of your bringing,
And that containes all lawes to temper me,
Not all the fearefull danger that besieged us,
Had aw'd my throat from exclamation.

Frier. I know your serious disposition well.
Come sonne the morne comes on.

D'Amb. Now honour'd Mistresse
Till farther service call, all blisse supply you.

Tamy. And you this chaine of pearle, and my love onely.

Descendit Frier and D'Amb.

Ta. It is not I, but vrgent destiny,
That (as great states men for their generall end
In politique iustice, make poore men offend)
Enforceth my offence to make it iust :
What shall weake Dames doe, when th' whole worke
of Nature

Hath a strong finger in each one of vs ?
Needs must that sweep away the filly cobweb
Of our still-vndone labours ; that laies still
Our powers to it : as to the line, the stone,
Not to the stone, the line should be oppos'd ;
We cannot keepe our constant course in vertue :
What is alike at all parts ? euery day
Differs from other : euery houre and minute :
I, euery thought in our false clock of life,
Oft times inuerts the whole circumference :
We must be sometimes one, sometimes another :
Our bodies are but thicke clouds to our soules ;
Through which they cannot shine when they desire :
When all the starres, and euen the sunne himselfe,
Must stay the vapors times that he exhales

Before he can make good his beames to vs :
O how can we, that are but motes to him,
VVandring at randon in his orderd rayes,
Disperfe our passions fumes, with our weake labors,
That are more thick & black than all earths vapors ?

Enter Mont.

Mon. Good day, my loue: what vp and ready too !

Tam. Both, (my deare Lord) not all this night
made I

My selfe vnready, or could sleepe a winke.

Mont. Ahlasfe, what troubled my true loue ? my
peace,

From being at peace within her better selfe ?

Or how could sleepe forbear to feize thine eyes³²

VVhen he might challenge them as his iust prize ?

Tam. I am in no powre earthly, but in yours ;

To what end should I goe to bed my Lord,

That wholly mist the comfort of my bed ?

Or how should sleepe possesse my faculties,

VVanting the proper clofer of mine eies ?

Mont. Then will I neuer more sleepe night from
thee :

All mine owne Businesse, all the Kings affaires

Shall take the day to serue them : Euerie night

Ile euer dedicate to thy delight.

Tam. Nay, good my Lord esteeme not my desires

Such doters on their humours, that my iudgement

Cannot subdue them to your worthier pleasure :

A wiues pleas'd husband must her obiect be

In all her acts, not her sooth'd fantasie.

Mont. Then come my loue, Now pay those Rites
to sleepe

Thy faire eies owe him : shall we now to bed ?

Tam. O no my Lord, your holy Frier saies,

All couplings in the day that touch the bed,
 Adulterous are, euen in the married ;
 Whose graue aud worthie doctrine, well I know,
 Your faith in him will liberally allow.

Mont. Hee's a most learned and Religious man ;
 Come to the Prefence then, and see great *D'Ambois*
 (Fortunes proud mushrome shot vp in a night)
 Stand like an *Atlas* vnder our Kings arme ;³³
 Which greatnesse with him Monsieur now enuies
 As bitterly and deadly as the Guise.

Tam. What, he that was but yesterday his maker ?
 His raifer and preferuer ?

Mont. Euen the same.
 Each naturall agent workes but to this end,
 To render that it works on, like it selfe ;
 Which since the Monsieur in his act on *D'Ambois*,
 Cannot to his ambitious end effect,
 But that (quite opposite) the King hath power
 (In his loue borne to *D'Ambois*) to conuert
 The point of Monsieurs aime on his owne breaft,
 He turnes his outward loue to inward hate :
 A Princes loue is like the lightnings fume,
 Which no man can embrace, but must consume.

Excunt.

*Henry, D'Ambois, Monsieur, Guise, Dutches Annabell,
 Charlot, Attendants.*

Henr. Speake home my Buffy, thy impartiall
 wordes
 Are like braue Faulcons that dare trusse a Fowle
 Much greater than themselues ; Flatterers are Kites
 That checke at Sparrowes ;³⁴ thou shalt be my Eagle,
 And beare my thunder vnderneath thy wings :

³³ Stand like an Atlas vnderneath the King. 1607.

³⁴ That checke at nothing. 1607.

Truths words like iewels hang in th' cares of Kings.

Buff. Would I might liue to see no Iewes hang there

In fleede of iewels ; fycophants I meane,
Who vse truth like the Diuell, his true Foe,
Cast by the Angell to the pit of feares,
And bound in chaines ; truth feldome decks Kings eares :

Slaue flatterie (like a Rippiers legs rowl'd vp
In bootes of haic ropes) with Kings soothed guts
Swaddled and strappl'd, now liues only free.
O tis a subtile knaue ; how like the plague
Vnfelt, he strikes into the braine of man,³⁵
And rageth in his entrailes when he can,
Worse than the poison of a red hair'd man.

Herr. Flie at him and his broode, I cast thee off,
And once more giue thee surname of mine Eagle.

Buff. Ile make you sport enough then, let me haue
My lucerns too (or dogges inur'd to hunt
Beasts of most rapine) but to put them vp,
And if I trusse not, let me not be trusted :
Shew me a great man (by the peoples voice,
Which is the voice of God) that by his greatnesse
Bumbasts his priuate roofes, with publique riches ;
That affects royaltie, rising from a clapdish ;
That rules so much more by his suffering King,
That he makes kings of his subordinate slaues :
Himselfe and them graduate like woodmongers
(Piling a stacke of billets) from the earth,
Raising each other into steeples heights ;
Let him conuey this on the turning proppes
Of Protean Law, and (his owne counsell keeping)
Keepe all vpright ; let me but Hawlke at him,
Ile play the Vulture, and so thumpe his liuer,
That (like a huge vnlading Argofea)
He shall confesse all, and you then may hang him.

³⁵ into the braine of truth. 1607.

Shew me a Clergie man, that is in voice
 A Larke of Heauen ; in heart a Mowle of earth ;
 That hath good liuing, and a wicked life ;
 A temperate looke, and a luxurious gut ;
 Turning the rents of his superfluous Cures
 Into your Phefants and your Partriches ;
 Venting their Quintessence as men read Hebrew :
 Let me but hawlke at him, and, like the other,
 He shall confesse all, and you then may hang him.
 Shew me a Lawyer that turnes sacred law
 (The equall rendrer of each man his owne,
 The scourge of Rapine and Extortion,
 The Sanctuarie and impregnable defence
 Of retir'd learning, and besieged vertue)³⁶
 Into a Harpye, that eates all but's owne,
 Into the damned sins it punisheth ;
 Into the Synagogue of theeues and Atheists ;
 Blood into gold, and iustice into lust :
 Let me but hawlke at him, as at the rest,
 He shall confesse all, and you then may hang him.

Enter Mont-Surrey, Tamira, and Pero.

Gui. Where will you finde such game as you would
 hawlke at ?

Buff. Ile hawlke about your house for one of them.
Gui. Come, y'are a glorious Ruffin, and runne
 proud

Of the Kings headlong graces ; hold your breath,
 Or by that poison'd vapour not the King
 Shall backe your murtherous valour against me.

Buff. I would the King would make his presence
 free

But for one bout betwixt vs :³⁷ By the reuerence

³⁶ oppressed vertue. 1607.

³⁷ But for one charge betwixt vs. 1607.

Due to the sacred place twixt kings and subiects,
Heere would I make thee cast that popular purple,
In which thy proud foule sits and braues thy foueraigne.

Monf. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.

Buff. Let him peace first that made the first warre.

Monf. Hee's the better man.

Buff. And therefore may doe worst?

Monf. He has more titles.

Buff. So *Hydra* had more heads.

Monf. Hee's greater knowne.

Buff. His greatnesse is the peoples, mine's mine
owne.

Monf. Hee's noblie borne.

Buff. He is not, I am noble.

And noblesse in his blood hath no gradation,
But in his merit.

Gui. Th'art not nobly borne,
But bastard to the Cardinall of Ambois.

Buff. Thou liest proud Guiferd; let me flie (my
Lord.)

Henr. Not in my face; (my Eagle) violence flies
The Sanctuaries of a Princes eies.

Buff. Still shall we chide? and some vpon this bit?
Is the Guife only great in faction?

Stands he not by himfelfe? Prooues he th' Opinion
That mens foules are without them? Be a Duke,
And lead me to the field.

Guif. Come, follow me.

Henr. Stay them, stay *D'Ambois*; Cofen Guife, I
wonder

Your honour'd disposition brookes so ill³⁸
A man so good, that only would vphold
Man in his nature noblesse, from whose fall
All our dissentions rise; that in himfelfe
(Without the outward patches of our frailtie,
Riches and honour) knowes he comprehends

38 Your equall disposition brookes so ill. 1607.

Worth with the greatest : Kings had neuer borne
 Such boundlesse Empire ouer other men,
 Had all maintain'd the spirit and state of *D'Ambois* ;
 Nor had the full impartiall hand of nature
 That all things gaue in her originall,
 Without these definite terms of Mine and Thine,
 Beene turn'd vniustly to the hand of Fortune :
 Had all preferu'd her in her prime, like *D'Ambois* ;
 No enuie, no disunction had dissolu'd,
 Or pluck'd one sticke out of the golden fagot,
 In which the world of *Saturne* bound our lifes,³⁹
 Had all beene held together with the nerues,
 The genius and th' ingenuous soule of *D'Ambois*.
 Let my hand therefore be the Hermean rodde
 To part and reconcile, and so conferue you,
 As my combin'd embracers and supporters.

Buff. Tis our Kings motion, and wee shall not
 feeme
 (To worst eies) womanish, though wee change thus
 soone

Neuer so great grudge for his greater pleasure.

Gai. I seale to that, and so the manly freedome
 That you so much professe, heereafter prooue not
 A bold and glorious licence to depraue :
 To mee his hand shall hold the Hermean vertue⁴⁰
 His grace affects, in which submissiue signe
 On this his sacred right hand, I lay mine.

Buff. Tis well my Lord, and so your worthie great-
 nesse

Decline not to the greater insolence,⁴¹
 Nor make you thinke it a Prerogatiue,
 To racke mens freedoms with the ruder wrongs ;

39 Or pluck'd out one sticke of the golden fagot,
 In which the world of *Saturne* was compris'd. 1607.

40 To mee his hand shall prooue the Hermean rodde. 1607.

41 Engender not the greater insolence. 1607.

My hand (stucke full of lawrell, in true signe
Tis wholly dedicate to righteous peace)
In all submission kiffeth th'other side.

Hen. Thanks to ye both : and kindly I inuite ye
Both to a banquet where weele sacrifice
Full cups to confirmation of yours loues ;
At which (faire Ladies) I entreat your prefence.
And hope you Madam will take one carowfe
For reconcilement of your Lord and seruant.

Duches. If I should faile my Lord, some other
Lady
Would be found there to doe that for my seruant.

Monf. Any of these here ?

Duches. Nay, I know not that.

D'Amb. Think your thoughts, like my Mistresse
(honour'd Lady)

Tamy. I think not on you Sir, y'are one I know
not.

D'Amb. Cry you mercy Madam,

Montf. Oh Sir, has she met you ?

Exeunt Henry, D'Amb. Ladies.

Monf. What had my bounty drunke when it raif'd
him ?

Gui. Y'ave stucke vs vp a very worthy flag,⁴²
That takes more winde than we with all our failles.

Monf. O so he spreds and flourishes.

Gui. He must downe,
Vpstarts should neuer perch too neere a crowne.

Monf. 'Tis true my Lord ; and as this doting
hand,

Euen out of earth, (like *Iuno*) struck this giant,
So *Ioues* great ordinance shalbe heere implide
To strike him vnder th' *Aetna* of his pride :
To which worke lend your hands and let vs cast

⁴² a very proper flag. 1607.

Where we may fet snares for his ranging greatnes :⁴³
 I thinke it best, amongst our greatest women :
 For there is no such trap to catch an vpstart
 As a loofe downfall ; for you know their fals⁴⁴
 Are th'ends of all mens rising : if great men
 And wife ; make scapes to please aduantage
 Tis with a woman : women that woofst may
 Still hold mens candles : they direct and know
 All things amisse in all men ; and their women
 All things amisse in them : through whose charmd
 mouthes

We may see all the close scapes of the Court :
 When the most royall beast of chace the Hart
 (Being old and cunning in his layres and haunts)
 Can neuer be discouered to the bow
 The peece or hound : yet where (behind some Queich)
 He breaks his gall and rutteth with his hinde,⁴⁵
 The place is markt, and by his Venery
 He still is taken. Shall we then attempt
 The chiefeft meane to that discouery heere,
 And court our greatest Ladies chiefeft women,⁴⁶
 With shews of loue, and liberall promises ?
 Tis but our breath. If something giuen in hand,
 Sharpen their hopes of more ; twilbe well venterd.

Gui. No doubt of that : and tis the cunningst
 point⁴⁷
 Of our deuif'd inuestigation.

43 gadding greatnes. 1607.

44 and indeed their fals. 1607.

45 When the most royall beast of chace (being old
 And cunning in his choice of layres and haunts)
 Can neuer be discouered to the bow
 The peece or hound : yet where his custome is
 To beat his vault, and he ruts with his hinde. 1607.

46 greatest women. 1607.

47 an excellent point. 1607.

Monf. I have broken
The yee to it already with the woman
Of your chafte Lady, and conceive good hope.
I fhall wade thorow to fome wifhed fhore
At our next meeting.

Montf. Nay, there's finall hope there.

Guife. Take fay of her my Lord, ſhe comes moſt
fitly.

Monf. Starting back ?⁴⁸

Enter Charlot, Anable, Pero.

Gui. Y'are engag'd indeed.

An. Nay pray my Lord forbear.

Mont. What skittifh, feruant ?

An. No my Lord I am not fo fit for your ſervice :

Char. Pray pardon me now my Lord ? my Lady
expects me.

Gui. Ile ſatisfie her expectation, as far as an vnkle
may.

Monf. Well ſaid : a ſpirit of Courtſhip of all hands:
Now mine owne *Pero* : haſt thou remembred mee
For the diſcouery I entreated thee to make of
Thy Miſtreſſe ? ſpeak boldly, and be ſure of all things
I haue ſworne to thee.

Pero. Building on that affurance (my Lord) I may
ſpeake : and much the rather, becauſe my Lady hath
not truſted me with that I can tell you ; for now I
cannot be ſaid to betray her.

Monf. That's all one, ſo wee reach our objects
foorth I beſeech thee.

⁴⁸ This paſſage reads thus in the edition of 1607 :—

Monf. I haue already broke the ice, my Lord,
With the moſt truſted woman of your Counteſſe,
And hope I ſhall wade through to our diſcouery,

Mont. Take fay of her my Lord, ſhe comes moſt fitly
And we will to the other.

Per. To tell you truth, my Lord, I haue made a strange discouery.

Monf. Excellent Pero thou reuiu'ſt me : may I fincke quicke to perdition, if my tongue diſcouer it.

Per. Tis thus then : This laſt night my Lord lay fourth : and I watching my Ladies ſitting vp, ſtole vp at midnight from my pallat : and (hauing before made a hole both through the wall and arras to her inmoſt chamber) I ſaw *D'Ambois* and herſelfe reading a letter.

Monf. *D'Ambois* ?

Per. Euen he my Lord.

Monf. Doſt thou not dreame wench ?

Per. I ſweare he is the man.

Monf. The diuell he is, and thy Lady his dam : Why this was the happieſt ſhot ? that ever flew the juſt plague of hypocrisie leuel'd it, Oh the infinite regions betwixt a womans tongue and her heart : is this our Goddeſſe of chaſtity ? I thought I could not be ſo fleighted : if ſhee had not her fraught beſides ; and therefore plotted this with her woman, never dreaming of *D'Ambois*. Deare *Pero* I will aduance thee for euer : but tell mee now : Gods pretious it transformes me with admiration : ſweet *Pero*, whom ſhould ſhe truſt with his conueiance ? Or, all the doores being made ſure, how ſhould his conueiance bee made ?

Per. Nay my Lord, that amazes me : I cannot by any ſtudy ſo much as gueſſe at it.

Monf. Well, lets fauour our apprehenſions with forbearing that a little : for if my heart were not hoopt with adamant, the concept of this would haue burſt it : but hearke thee.

Whiſpers.

Char. I ſweare to your Grace, all that I can coniecture touching my Lady your Neece, is a ſtrong affection ſhe beares to the Engliſh Mylor.

Gui. All quod you ? tis enough I assure you, but tell me.⁴⁹

Mont. I pray thee resolue me : the Duke will neuer imagine that I am busie about's wife : hath *D'Ambois* any priuy accessse to her ?

An. No, my Lord, *D'Ambois* neglects her (as she takes it) and is therefore suspitious that either your Lady, or the Lady *Beaupre* hath closely entertained him.

Mont. Ber lady a likely suspition, and very neere the life ; if she marks it ; especially of my wife.

Monf. Come we'l disguise all, with seeming onely to haue courted ; away drie palme : sh'as a liuer as hard as a bisket : a man may goe a whole voyage with her, and get nothing but tempests from her wind-pipe.

Gui. Heer's one : (I thinke) has swallowed a porcupine, she casts pricks from her tongue so.

Mont. And heer's a peacock seemes to haue deuoured one of the Alpes, she has so swelling a spirit, and is so cold of her kindnesse.

Char. We are no windfals my Lord ; ye must gather vs with the ladder of matrimony, or we'l hang till we be rotten.

Monf. Indeed that's the way to make ye right openarfes. But ahlas ye haue no portions fit for such husbands as we wish you.

Per. Portions my Lord, yes and such portions as your principality cannot purchase.

Monf. What woman ? what are those portions ?

Per. Riddle my riddle my Lord.

Monf. I marry wench, I think thy portion is a right riddle, a man shall neuer finde it out : but lets heare it.

49 This speech of Guife and the previous one of Charlotte are omitted in the edition of 1641. — *Ed.*

Per. You shall my Lord.

What's that, that being most rar's most cheape ?

That when you sow, you neuer reape ?

That when it growes most, most you in it ?

And still you lose it when you win it :

That when tis commonest, tis dearest,

And when tis farthest off, 'tis neerest ?

Monf. Is this your great portion ?

Per. Euen this my Lord.

Monf. Beleeue me I cannot riddle it.

Per. No my Lord, tis my chastity, which you shall neither riddle nor fiddle.

Monf. Your chastity ? let me begin with the end of it ; how is a womans chastitie neerest a man, when tis furthest off ?

Per. Why my Lord, when you cannot get it, it goes toth' heart on you ; and that I thinke comes most neere you : and I am sure it shall bee farre enough off ; and so wee leaue you to our mercies.

Exeunt Women.

Monf. Farewell riddle.

Gui. Farewell Medlar.

Mont. Farewell winter plum.

Monf. Now my Lords, what fruit of our inquisition ? feele you nothing budding yet ? Speake good my Lord *Mountfurry*.

Mont. Nothing but this : *D'Ambois* is negligent in obseruiug the Duchesse, and therefore she is suspicious that your Neece or my wife closely entertaines him.

Monf. Your wife, my Lord ? Thinke you that possible ?

Mont. Alas, I know she flies him like her last houre.

Monf. Her last houre ? why that comes vpon her the more she flies it : Does *D'Ambois* so thinke you ?

Mont. That's not worth the answering : 'Tis miraculous to think⁵⁰ with what monsters womens imagina-

50 Tis horrible to think, 1607.

tions engrosse them when they are once enamour'd,
and what wonders they will worke for their satisfaction.
They will make a sheepe valiant, a Lion searefull.

Monf. And an Asse confident, well my Lord,
more will come forth shortly, get you to the banquet.

Guife. Come my Lord, I have the blind side of one
of them. *Exit Guife cum Mont.*

Mounf. O the vnfounde Sea of womens bloods,
That when tis calmest, is most dangerous ;
Not any wrinkle creaming in their faces,
When in their hearts are *Scylla* and *Charibdis*,
Which still are hid in dark and standing foggs,⁵¹
Where neuer day shines, nothing euer growes,
But weeds and poisons, that no states-man knowes ;
Nor *Cerberus* euer saw the damned nookes
Hid with the vailles of womens vertuous lookes :
But what a cloud of sulphur have I drawne
Up to my bosome in this dangerous secret ?
Which if my haft (with any spark) should light
Ere *D'Ambois* were engag'd in some sure plot
I were blowne up ; He would be sure, my death.
Would I had never knowne it, for before
I shall perswade th' importance to *Montfurry*,
And make him with some studied stratagem,
Train *D'Ambois* to his wreak, his maid may tell it,
Or I (out of my fiery thirst to play
With the fell Tyger, up in darknesse tyed,
And give it some light) make it quite break loose.
I feare it afore heaven, and will not see
D'Ambois againe, till I have told *Montfurry*,
And fet a snare with him to free my feares :⁵²

51 Which still are hid in monster formed cloudes. 1607.

52 In lieu of the above fifteen lines the following occur in the original edition :—

I will conceale all yet, and giue more time
To *D'Ambois* triall, now vpon my hooke ;
He awes my throat ; else like sybillas Caue
It should breath oracles ;

Whose there?

Enter Maffe.

Maffe. My Lord?

Monf. Goe call the Count *Montfurry*,
And make the dores fast, I will speak with none
Till he come to me.

Maffe. Well my Lord. *Exiturus.*

Monf. Or else
Send you some other, and see all the dores
Made fast your selfe I pray, hast, flie about it.

Maffe. You'l speak with none but with the Count
Montfurry.

Mont. With none but hee except it be the Guife.

Maffe. See even by this, there's one exception
more,

Your Grace must be more firme in the command,
Or else shall I as weakly execute.

The Guife shall speak with you?

Monf. He shall I say.

Maffe. And Count *Montfurry.*

Monf. I, and Count *Montfurry.*

Maffe. Your Grace must pardon me, that I am
bold

To urge the cleare and full fence of your pleasure;
Which when so euer I have knowne, I hope
Your Grace will say, I hit it to a haire.

Monf. You have.

Maffe. I hope so, or I would be glad.—

Monf. I pray thee get thee gone, thou art so
tedious

In the strickt forme of all thy services,
That I had better haue one negligent.
You hit my pleasure well, when *D'Ambois* hit you,
Did you not, think you?

Maffe. *D'Ambois*? why my Lord?

Monf. I pray thee talk no more, but shut the
dores.

Doe what I charge thee.

Maffe. I will my Lord, and yet
I would be glad the wrong I had of *D'Ambois*——

Monf. Precious! then it is a Fate that plagues me
In this man's foolery, I may be murdered
While he stands on protection of his folly.
Auant about thy charge.

Maffe. I goe my Lord.
I had my head broke in his faithfull service.
I had no fuit the more, nor any thanks,
And yet my teeth must still be hit with *D'Ambois*.
D'Ambois my Lord shall know.

Monf. The devill and *D'Ambois.* *Exit Maffe.*
How am I tortur'd with this trusty foole?
Never was any curious in his place
To doe things justly, but he was an Ass:
We cannot finde one trusty that is witty,
And therefore beare their disproportion.
Grant thou great starre, and angell of my life,
A sure lease of it but for some few dayes,
That I may cleare my bosome of the Snake
I cherisht there, and I will then desie
All check to it but Natures, and her Altars
Shall crack with vessels crown'd with ev'ry liquor
Drawn from her highest, and most bloudy humors.
I feare him strangely, his advanced valour
Is like a spirit rais'd without a circle,⁵³
Endangering him that ignorantly rais'd him,
And for whose fury he hath learnt no limit.

Enter Maffe hastily.

Maffe. I cannot help it, what should I do more?
As I was gathering a fit Guard to make
My passage to the dores, and the dores sure,

The man of blood is enter'd.

Monf. Rage of death,
If I had told the secret, and he knew it,
Thus had I bin endanger'd :—My sweet heart !
How now, what leap'ft thou at ?

Enter D'Ambois.

D'Amb. O royall obiect.

Monf. Thou dream'ft awake : Obiect in th' emptie
aire ?

D'Amb. Worthie the browes of Titan, worth his
chaire.

Monf. Pray thee what mean'ft thou ?

D'Amb. See you not a Croune
Empale the forehead of the great King Monsieur ?

Monf. O fie vpon thee.

D'Amb. Sir, that is the Subiect
Of all these your retir'd and sole discourses.

Monf. Wilt thou not leaue that wrongfull suppo-
sition ?

*D'Amb.*⁵⁴ Why wrongfull ? to suppose the doubtlesse
right

To the succeſſion worth the thinking on.

Monf. Well, leave these jests, how I am over-joyed
With thy wish'd presence, and how fit thou com'ſt,
For of mine honour I was sending for thee.

D'Amb. To what end ?

Monf. Onely for thy company,
Which I have still in thought, but that's no payment
On thy part made with personall appearance.
Thy absence so long suffered oftentimes
Put me in some little doubt thou do'ſt not loue me

⁵⁴ The ten lines which follow were added in 1641 : in the original edition *Monsieur* at once continues :

“This still hath made me doubt thou doſt not loue me,
Wilt thou doe one thing for me then ſyncerelie ?”

Wilt thou doe one thing therefore now sincerely ?

D'Amb. I anything, but killing of the King.

Monf. Still in that discord, and ill taken note ?
How most unseasonable thou playest the Cucko,
In this thy fall of friendship ?

D'Amb. Then doe not doubt,
That there is any act within my nerves,
But killing of the King that is not yours.

Monf. I will not then ; to prove which by my loue
Shewne to thy vertues, and by all fruits else
Already sprung from that still flourishing tree,
With whatsoever may hereafter spring,⁵⁵
I charge thee vtter (euen with all the freedome
Both of thy noble nature and thy friendship)
The full and plaine state of me in thy thoughts.

D'Amb. What, vtter plainly what I thinke of you ?

Monf. Plaine as truth.

D'Amb. Why this fwims quite against the streame
of greatnesse :
Great men would rather heare their flatteries,
And if they be not made fooles, are not wise.
Monf. I am no such great foole, and therefore
charge thee

Euen from the roote of thy free heart, display mee.

D'Amb. Since you affect in such serious termes,
If your selfe first will tell me what you thinke
As freely and as heartily of mee,
Ile be as open in my thoughts of you.

Monf. A bargaine of mine honour ; and make this,
That prooue wee in our full disfection
Neuer so foule, liue still the founder friends.

⁵⁵ *D'Amb.* Come, doe not doubt me and command me all things.

Monf. I will not then, and now by all my loue
Shewne to thy vertues, and by all fruits else
Alreadie sprung from that affection,
I charge thee, & c—1607.

D'Amb. What else Sir? come pay me home, ile bide it bravely.⁵⁶

Monf. I will sweare. I thinke thee then a man,
That dares as much as a wilde horfe or Tyger ;
As headstrong and as bloodie ; and to feede
The rauenous wolfe of thy most Caniball valour,
(Rather than not employ it) thou would'ft turne
Hackster to any whore, flauie to a Iew,
Or English vsurer, to force possessions,
And cut mens throates of morgaged estates ;
Or thou would'ft tire thee like a Tinkers strumpet,
And murther market folkes, quarrell with sheepe,
And runne as mad as *Aiax* ; ferue a Butcher,
Doe any thing but killing of the King :
That in thy valour th'art like other naturals,
That haue strange gifts in nature, but no foule
Diffus'd quite through, to make them of a peece,
But stoppe at humours, that are more absurd,
Childish and villanous than that hackster, whore,
Slauie, cut-throat, Tinkers bitch, compar'd before :
And in those humours would'ft enuie, betray,
Slander, blaspheme, change each houre a religion ;
Doe any thing, but killing of the King ;
That in thy valour (which is still the dunghill,
To which hath reference all filth in thy house)⁵⁷
Th'art more ridiculous and vaine-glorious
Than any Mountibancke ; and impudent
Than any painted bawde ; which, not to sooth
And glorifie thee llke a *Iupiter Hammon*,
Thou eat'ft thy heart in vineger ; and thy gall
Turns all thy blood to poison, which is caufe
Of that Tode-poole that stands in thy complexion ;
And makes thee (with a cold nnd earthie moisture,
Which is the damme of putrifaction,

56 come begin, and speake me simply.—1607.

57 That in that valour (which is still my dunghill,
To which I carrie all filth in thy house). 1607.

As plague to thy damn'd pride) rot as thou liu'st ;
To study calunnies and treacheries ;
To thy friends slaughters, like a Scrich-owle fmg,
And to all mischiefs, but to kill the King.

D'Amb. So : Haue you said ?

Monf. How thinkest thou ? Doe I flatter ?
Speake I not like a trustie friend to thee ?

D'Amb. That euer any man was blest withall ;
So heere's for mee. I thinke you are (at worst)
No diuell, since y'are like to be no king ;
Of which, with any friend of yours Ile lay
This poore Stilladoe heere, gainst all the starres,
I, and gainst all your treacheries, which are more ;
That you did neuer good, but to doe ill ;
But ill of all forts, free and for it selfe :
That (like a murthering peece, making lanes in armies
The first man of a ranke, the whole ranke falling)
If you haue wrong'd one man, you are so farre
From making him amends, that all his race,
Friends and associates fall into your chace :
That y'are for periuries the verie prince
Of all intelligencers ; and your voice
Is like an Easterne winde, that where it flies,
Knits nets of Catterpillars, with which you catch
The prime of all the fruits the kingdome yeeldes.
That your politicall head is the curst fount
Of all the violence, rapine, crueltie,
Tyrannie & Atheisme flowing through the realme.
That y'au'e a tongue so scandalous, twill cut
A perfect Crystall ; and a breath that will
Kill to that wall a spider ; you will iest
With God, and your soule to the diuell tender
For lust ; kisse horror, and with death engender.
That your foule bodie is a Lernean fenne
Of all the maladies breeding in all men.
That you are vtterlic without a soule :
And (for your life) the thred of that was spunne,
When *Clotho* slept, and let her breathing rocke
Fall in the durt ; and *Lachesis* still drawes it,

Dipping her twisting fingers in a boule
 Defil'd, and croun'd with vertues forced foule.
 And lastly (which I must for Gratitude
 Euer remember) That of all my height
 And dearest life, you are the onlie spring,
 Only in royall hope to kill the king.

Monf. Why now I see thou lou'st mee, come to
 the banquet.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus tertij.

Actus Quarti Scena Prima.

*Henry, Monsieur with a Letter, Guise, Montsurry,
 Buffy, Elynor, Tamyra, Beaupre, Pero, Charlotte,
 Anable, Pyrha, with foure Pages.*

Henr. **L** Adies, ye haue not done our banquet
 right,
 Nor lookt vpon it with those cheerefull raies
 That lately turnd your breaths to flouds of gold ;
 Your looks, me thinks, are not drawne out with
 thoughts,
 So cleere and free as heeretofore, but foule
 As if the thicke complexions of men
 Gouvernd within them.

Buff. Tis not like my Lord
 That men in women rule ; but contrary,
 For as the Moone (of all things God created)

Not only is the most appropriate image
 Or glasse to shew them how they wax and wane,
 But in her height and motion, likewise beares
 Imperiall influences that command
 In all their powers, and make them wax and wane ;
 So women, that (of all things made of nothing)
 Are the most perfect Idols of the Moone⁵⁸
 (Or still-vnweand sweet Moon-calues with white faces)
 Not only are paternes of change to men :
 But as the tender Moon-shine of their beauties
 Cleeres, or is cloudy, make men glad or sad,
 So then they rule in men, not men in them.

Monf. But heere the Moones are chang'd (as the
 King notes)

And either men rule in them, or some power
 Beyond their voluntary faculty :⁵⁹
 For nothing can recouer their lost faces.

Montfur. None can be alwaies one : our griefes
 and ioies

Hold feuerall scepters in vs, and haue times
 For their divided empires :⁶⁰ which grieve now, in them
 Doth proue as proper to his diadem.

D'Amb. And grief's a naturall sicknesse of the
 bloud,

That time to part asks, as his coming had ;
 Onely sleight fooles grieu'd, suddenly are glad ;
 A man may say t'a dead man, be reuiu'd,
 As well as to one sorrowfull, be not grieu'd.
 And therefore (Princely mistresse) in all warres
 Against these base foes that insult on weaknesse,
 And still fight houv'd, behinde the shielde of Nature,
 Of priuiledge law,⁶¹ treachery, or beastly need,

58 Are the most perfect images of the Moone. 1607.

59 Beyond their voluntary motions. 1607.

60 For their predominance. 1607.

61 Of tyrannous law. 1607.

Your seruant cannot helpe ; authority heere
Goes with corruption ; something like some States,
That back woorst men : valure to them must creepe
That (to themselues left) would feare him asleepe.

Duches. Ye all take that for granted, that doth rest
Yet to be prou'd ; we all are as we were
As merry, and as free in thought as euer.

Gui. And why then can ye not disclofe your
thoughts ?

Tamy. Me thinks the man hath answerd for vs
well.

Monf. The man ? why Madam d'ee not know his
name ?

Tamy. Man is a name of honour for a King :
Additions take away from each chiefe thing :
The Schoole of Modesty, not to learne, learns Dames:
They sit in high formes there, that know mens names.

Monf. Harke sweet heart, hee's a bar fet to your
valour :

It cannot enter heere : no, not to notice
Of what your name is ; your great Eagles beake
(Should you flie at her) had as good encounter
An Albion cliffe, as her more craggy liuer.

Buc. Ile not attempt her Sir ; her sight and name
(By which I only know her) doth deter me.

Henr. So do they all men else.

Monf. You would fay so
If you knew all.

Tamy. Knew all my Lord ? what meane you ?

Monf. All that I know Madam.

Tamy. That you know ? speake it.

Monf. No tis enough I feele it.

Henr. But me thinkes

Her Courtship is more pure than heeretofore :
True Courtiers should be modest, but not nice :
Bold, but not impudent : pleasure loue, not vice.

Monf. Sweet heart : come hither, what if one
should make
Horns at *Mountfurry* ? would it not strike him iealous

Through all the proofes of his chaste Ladies vertues ?

D'Amb. If he be wise, not.

Monf. What ? not if I should name the Gardener,
That I would have him think hath grafted him ?

D'Amb. So the large licence that your greatnesse
uses

To jest at all men, may be taught indeed
To make a difference of the grounds you play on,
Both in the men you scandall, and the matter.

Monf. As how ? as how ?

D'Amb. Perhaps led with a traine, where you may
have

Your nose made lesse, and slit, your eyes thrust out.⁶²

Monf. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.

Who dares doe that ? the brother of his King ?

Buc. Were your King brother in you : all your
powers

(Stretcht in the armes of great men and their bawds)
Set close downe by you ; all your stormie lawes
Spouted with Lawyers mouths ; and gushing bloud,
Like to so many Torrents : all your glories :
(Making you terrible, like enchaunted flames
Fed with bare cockescombes : and with crooked
hammes)

All your prerogatiues, your shames and tortures ;
All daring heauen, and opening hell about you :
Were I the man, ye wrong'd so and prouok'd :
(Though ne're so much beneath you) like a box tree
I would (out of the roughnesse of my root)
Ramme hardnesse, in my lownesse, and like death
Mounted on earthquakes, I would trot through all

62 *Monf.* Not if I nam'd the man

With whom I would make him suspicious

His wife hath armd his forehead ?

Buc. So, you might

Haue your great nose made lesse indeed : and slit :

Your eyes thrust out. 1607.

Honors and horrors : thorow fowle and faire,
And from your whole strength tosse you into the aire.

Monf. Goe, th'art a diuell ; such another spirit
Could not be fild, from all th'Armenian dragons.
O my Loues glory : heire to all I haue :
That's all I can say, and that all I fweare.
If thou outliue me, as I know thou must,
Or else hath nature no proportiond end
To her great labors : she hath breath'd a minde
Into thy entrailes, of desert to swell ⁶³
Into another great *Augustus Cæsar* :
Organes, and faculties fitted to her greatnesse :
And should that perish like a common spirit,
Nature's a Courtier and regards no merit.

Henr. Heer's nought but whispering with vs : like
a calme

Before a tempest, when the silent aire
Laies her soft care clofe to the earth to hearken
For that she feares steales on to ravish her ; ⁶⁴
Some fate doth ioine our eares to heare it comming.
Come, my braue eagle, let's to Couert flie :
I see Almighty Æther in the smoake
Of all his cloudes descending : and the skie
Hid in the dimme ostents of Tragedy.

Exit Henr. with D'Amb. & Ladies.

Guif. Now stirre the humour, and begin the
brawle.

Mont. The King and *D'Ambois* now are growen
all one.

Monf. Nay, they are two my Lord.

Mont. How's that ?

Monf. No more.

Mont. I must haue more my Lord.

⁶³ she hath breath'd a spirit
Into thy entrailes, of effect to swell. 1607.

⁶⁴ For that she feares is comming to afflict her. 1607.

Monf. What more than two ?

Mont. How monstrous is this ?

Monf. Why ?

Mont. You make me Horns.

Monf. Not I, it is a worke, without my power,
Married mens ensignes are not made with fingers :
Of diuine Fabrique they are, Not mens hands ;
Your wife, you know, is a meere *Cynthia*,
And she must fashion hornes out of her Nature.

Mont. But doth she ? dare you charge her ? speake
false Prince.

Monf. I must not speake my Lord : but if yow'le
vfe

The learning of a nobleman, and read
Heer's something to those points : soft you must pawne
Your honour hauing read it to returne it.

Mont. Not I, I pawne mine Honour, for a paper ?

Monf. You must not buie it vnder.

Exeunt Guise and Monsieur.

Mont. Keepe it then,
And keepe fire in your bosome.

Tam. What saies he ?

Mont. You must make good the rest.

Tam. How fares my Lord ?

Takes my Loue any thing to heart he saies ?

Mont. Come y'are a.

Tam. What my Lord.

Mont. The plague of *Herod*
Feast in his rotten entrailles.

Tam. Will you wreake
Your angers iust cause giuen by him, on mee ?

Mont. By him ?

Tamy. By him my Lord, I haue admir'd
You could all this time be at concord with him,
That still hath plaid such discords on your honour.

Mont. Perhaps tis with some proud string of my
wiues.

Tam. How's that, my Lord ?

Mont. Your tongue will still admire,
Till my head be the miracle of the world.

Tam. O woe is mee.

She seemes to found.

Pero. What does your Lordship meane ?

Madam, be comforted ; my Lord but tries you.
Madam ? Helpe good my Lord, are you not mou'd ?
Doe your set lookes print in your words, your
thoughts ?

Sweet Lord, cleere up thofe eyes, unbend that masking
forehead,

Whence is it you rush upon her with thofe Irish warres
More full of found then hurt ? but it is enough,⁶⁵
You haue shot home, your words are in her heart ;
She has not liu'd to beare a triall now.

Mont. Looke vp my loue, and by this kisse receiue
My foule amongst thy fpirits for supplie
To thine, chac'd with my furie.

Tam. O my Lord,
I haue too long liu'd to heare this from you.

Mont. Twas from my troubled blood, and not from
mee :

I know not how I fare ; a sudden night
Flowes through my entrailes, and a headlong Chaos
Murmurs within mee, which I must digest ;
And not drowne her in my confusions,
That was my liues ioy, being best inform'd :
Sweet, you must needes forgiue me, that my loue
(Like to a fire difdaining his fuppreffion)
Rag'd being discourag'd ; my whole heart is wounded
When any leaft thought in you is but touch't,
And fhall be till I know your former merits :
Your name and memorie altogether craue
In iuft obliuion their eternall graue ;

65 Sweete Lord, cleere vp thofe eies, for shame of Nobleffe :
Mercileffe creature ; but it is enough. 1607.

And then you must heare from me, ther's no meane
In any passion I shall feele for you :
Loue is a rasor cleauning being well vs'd,
But fetcheth blood still being the least abus'd :
To tell you briefly all ; The man that left mee
When you appear'd, did turne me worfe than woman,
And stab'd me to the heart thus, with his fingers.

Tamy. O happie woman ! Comes my flaine from
him ?

It is my beautie, and that innocence prooues,
That slew *Chymæra*, rescu'd *Peleus*
From all the sauage beasts in Peleon ;
And rais'd the chaste Athenian prince from Hell :
All suffering with me ; they for womens lusts,
I for a mans ; that the Egean stable
Of his foule sinne would emptie in my lappe ;
How his guilt shunn'd me ? sacred innocence
That where thou fear'st, are dreadfull ; and his face
Turn'd in flight from thee, that had thee in chace :
Come, bring me to him : I will tell the serpent
Euen to his venom'd teeth (from whose curst seed⁶⁶
A pitcht field flarts vp twixt my Lord and mee)
That his throat lies, and he shall curse his fingers,
For being so gouern'd by his filthie soule.

Mont. I know not, if himselfe will vaunt t'haue
beene

The princely author of the slauish sinne,
Or any other ; he would haue resolu'd mee,
Had you not come ; not by his word, but writing,
Would I haue sworne to giue it him againe,
And pawn'd mine honour to him for a paper.

Tam. See how he flies me still : 'Tis a foule heart
That feares his owne hand : Good my Lord make
haste

To see the dangerous paper : Papers hold
Oft-times the formes, and copies of our soules,
And (though the world despise them) are the prizes

66 Euen to his teeth (whence, in mine honors foile. 1607.

Of all our honors, make your honour then
 A hostage for it, and with it conferre⁶⁷
 My neereſt woman heere, in all ſhe knowes ;
 Who (if the funne or *Cerberus* could haue ſeene
 Anie ſtaine in mee) might as much as they :
 And *Pero*, heere I charge thee by my loue,
 And all proofes of it, (which I might call bounties)
 By all that thou haſt ſeene ſeeme good in mee,
 And all the ill which thou ſhoul'dſt ſpit from thee,
 By pity of the wound, this touch hath giuen mee,
 Not as thy Miſtreſſe now, but a poore woman
 (To death giuen ouer :) rid me of my paines,
 Powre on thy powder : cleere thy breſt of me :
 My Lord is only heere : heere ſpeake thy worſt,
 Thy beſt will doe me miſchiefe ; If thou ſpar'ſt mee,
 Neuer ſhine good thought on thy memorie :
 Reſolue my Lord, and leaue me deſperate.

Pero. My Lord ? My Lord hath plaid a prodigals
 part,

To breake his Stocke for nothing ; and an inſolent,
 To cut a Gordian when he could not looſe it :
 What violence is this, to put true fire
 To a falſe traine ? To blow vp long crown'd peace
 With ſudden outrage ? and beleeeue a man
 Sworne to the ſhame of women, gainſt a woman,
 Borne to their honours : but I will to him.

Tam. No, I will write (for I ſhall neuer more
 Meet with the fugitiue) where I will deſie him,
 Were he ten times the brother of my king.
 To him my Lord, and ile to curſing him. *Exeunt.*

Enter D'Ambois and Frier.

D'Amb. I am ſuſpitiouſ my moſt honour'd Father,
 By ſome of Monſieurs cunning paſſages,

That his still ranging and contentious nosethrils,
To scent the haunts of mischief, have so us'd
The vicious vertue of his busie fence,
That he trails hotly of him, and will rowze him,
Driving him all enrag'd, and foming on us,
And therefore have entreated your deepe skill,
In the command of good aeriall spirits,
To assume these Magick rites, and call up one
To know if any haue reveal'd unto him
Any thing touching my deare Love and me.

Frier. Good sonne you have amaz'd me but to
make

The least doubt of it, it concernes so neerely
The faith and reverence of my name and order.
Yet will I justifie upon my foule
All I have done, if any spirit i' th earth or aire
Can give you the resolve, doe not despaire.

*Musick : Tamira enters with Pero and her maid,
bearing a letter.*

Tam. Away, deliuer it : O may my lines

Exit Pero.

(Fild with the poison of a womans hate
When he shall open them) shrinke vp his eies
With torturous darkenesse, such as stands in hell,
Stucke full of inward horrors, neuer lighted ;
With which are all things to be fear'd, affrighted ;
Father ?

Ascendit Buffy with Comolet.

D'Amb. How is it with my honour'd mistresse ?

Tam. O seruant help, and saue me from the gripes
Of shame and infamie. Our love is knowne,
Your Monsieur hath a paper where is writ
Some secreet tokens that decipher it.

D'Amb. What cold dull Northern brain, what
foole but he⁶⁸

Durst take into his Epimethean breast
A box of such plagues as the danger yeeldes,
Incurd in this discovery? He had better
Ventur'd his breast in the consuming reach
Of the hot furets cast out of the cloudes,
Or flood the bullets that (to wreake the skie)
The Cyclops ramme in *Ioues* artillerie.

Frier. Wee soone will take the darkeness from his
face

That did that deede of darkeness; wee will know
What now the Monsieur and your husband doe;
What is contain'd within the secret paper
Offerd by Monsieur, and your loues euent:
To which ends (honour'd daughter) at your motion,
I haue put on these exorcising Rites,
And, by my power of learned holiness
Vouchsafte me from aboue, I will command
Our resolution of a raised spirit.

Tamy. Good father raise him in some beauteous
forme,

That with least terror I may brooke his fight.

Com. Stand sure together then, what ere ye see,
And stirre not, as ye tender all our liues.

He puts on his robes.

*Occidentalium legionum spiritualium imperator (mag-
nus ille Behemoth) veni, veni, comitatus cum Asaroth
locotenente inuictō. Adiuro te per stygis inscrutabilia
arcana, per ipsos irremcabiles anfractus auerni: adesto ô
Behemoth, tu cui peruia sunt Magnatum scrinia; veni,
per Noctis & tenebrarum abdita profundissima; per
labentia sydera; per ipsos motus horarum furtiuos,
Hecateq; altum silentium: Appare in forma spiritali,
lucente splendida & amabili.* *Thunder. Ascendit.*

68 *D'Amb.* What infenate stocke,
Or rude inanimate vapour without fashion,
Durst &c. 1607.

Beh. What would the holy Frier ?

Frier. I would see

What now the Monsieur and *Mountfurrie* doe ;
And see the secret paper that the Monsieur
Offer'd to Count *Montfurry*, longing much
To know on what euent the secret loues
Of these two honor'd persons shall arriue.

Beh. Why calledst thou me to this accursed light ?
To these light purposes ? I am Emperor
Of that inscrutable darknesse, where are hid
All deepest truths, and secrets neuer seene,
All which I know, and command Legions
Of knowing spirits that can doe more than these.
Any of this my guard that circle mee
In these blew fires, and out of whose dim fumes
Vast murmurs vse to breake, and from their foundes
Articulate voices ; can doe ten parts more
Than open such sleight truths, as you require.

Frier. From the last nights black depth, I cald vp
one

Of the inferior ablest ministers,
And he could not resolue me ; send one then
Out of thine owne command, to fetch the paper
That Monsieur hath to shew to Count *Montfurry*.

Beh. I will : *Cartophylax* : thou that properly
Hast in thy power all papers so inscribde :
Glide through all barres to it, and fetch that paper.

Car. I will.

a torch remoues.

Frier. Till he returnes (great prince of darknesse)
Tell me, if Monsieur and the Count *Montfurry*
Are yet encounterd.

Beh. Both them and the Guise
Are now together.

Com. Shew vs all their persons,
And represent the place, with all their actions.

Beh. The spirit will strait returne : and then Ile
shew thee :
See he is come ; why broughtst thou not the paper ?

Cart. He hath preuented me, and got a spirit
Raif'd by another, great in our command
To take the guard of it before I came.

Beh. This is your slackneſſe, not t'inuoke our
powers
When firſt your acts ſet forth to their effects ;
Yet ſhall you ſee it, and themſelues : behold
They come heere & the Earle now holds the paper.

Enter Monſ. Gui. Mont. with a paper.

D'Amb. May we not heare them ?

Monſ. No, be ſtill and ſee.

D'Amb. I will go fetch the paper.

Frier. Do not ſtir :

Ther's too much diſtance and too many lockes
Twixt you & them : how neere ſo e're they ſeeme)
For any man to interrupt their ſecrets.

Tam. O honord ſpirit : flie into the fancie
Of my offended Lord : and do not let him
Beleeue what there the wicked man hath written.

Pre. Perſwaſion hath already enterd him
Beyond reflection ; peace till their departure.

Monſ. There is a glaſſe of inke where you
may ſee

How to make ready black ſac'd Tragedy :
You now diſcerne, I hope through all her paintings,
Her gasping wrinkles, and fames ſepulchres.

Gui. Thinke you he ſaines my Lord ? what hold
you now ?

Doe we maligne your wife : or honour you ?

Monſ. What ſtricken dumbe ? nay ſie, Lord be not
danted :

Your caſe is common : were it ne're ſo rare
Beare it as rarely : now to laugh were manly :
A woorthy man ſhould imitate the weather

That ſings in tempeſts : and being cleere is ſilent.

Gui. Goe home my Lord, and force your wife to
write

Such louing lines to *D'Ambois* as she vſde
When ſhe deſir'd his preſence.

Monſ. Doe my Lord,
And make her name her conceald meſſenger :
That cloſe and moſt inennerable Pander
That paſſeth all our ſtudies to exquire :
By whom conuay the letter to her loue :
And ſo you ſhall be ſure to haue him come
Within the thirſty reach of your reuenge ;
Before which, lodge an ambuſh in her chamber
Behind the arras of your ſtouteſt men
All cloſe and ſoundly armd : and let them ſhare
A ſpirit amongſt them, that would ſerue a thouſand.

Enter Pero with a Letter.

Gui. Yet ſtay a little : ſee ſhe ſends for you.

Monſ. Poore, louing lady, ſhe'le make all good yet,
Thinke you not ſo my Lord ?

Exit Mont. and ſlabs Pero.

Gui. Ahlas poore ſoule.

Monſ. That was cruelly done y'faith.

Per. T'was nobly done.

And I forgiue his Lordſhip from my ſoule.

Monſ. Then much good doo't thee *Pero* : haſt a
letter ?

Per. I hope it rather be a bitter volume
Of worthy curſes for your periury.

Gui. To you my Lord.

Monſ. To me ? now out vpon her.

Gui. Let me ſee my Lord.

Monſ. You ſhall preſently : how fares my *Pero* ?

Enter ſervant.

Who's there ? take in this maid, ſh'as caught a clap :
And fetch my ſurgeon to her ; come my Lord,

We'll now peruſe our letter. *Excunt Monſ. Guiſe.*

Per. Furies riſe *Lead her out.*

Out of the blacke lines, and torment his ſoule.

Tam. Hath my Lord slaine my woman ?

Beh. No, she liues.

Com. What shall become of vs ?

Beh. All I can say

Being cald thus late, is brieft, and darkly this :
If *D'Ambois* mistresse, stay not her white hand
In his forst blood he shall remaine vntoucht :
So father, shall your selfe, but by your selfe :
To make this Augurie plainer : when the voice
Of *D'Ambois* shall inuoke me I will rise
Shining in greater light : and shew him all
That will betide ye all ; meane time be wise,
And curb his valour, with your policies⁶⁹

Descendit cum suis.

Buc. Will he appeare to me, when I inuoke him ?

Frier. He will : be sure.

Buff. It must be shortly then :

For his darke words haue tied my thoughts on knots
Till he dissolue, and free them.

Tam. In meane time

Deare seruant, till your powerfull voice reuoke him,
Be sure to vse the policy he aduise'd :
Lest fury in your too quicke knowledge taken
Of our abuse, and your defence of me
Accuse me more than any enemy :
And Father, you must on my Lord impose
Your holiest charges, and the churches power
To temper his hot spirit and disperse
The cruelty and the blood, I know his hand
Will showre vpon our heads, if you put not
Your finger to the storme, and hold it vp,
As my deare seruant heere must do with Monsieur.

Buff. Ile foorth his plots : and strow my hate with
smiles

Till all at once the close mines of my heart
Rise at full date, and rush into his blood :

69 And let him curb his rage, with policy. 1607.

He bind his arme in filke, and rub his flesh,
 To make the vaine swell, that his soule may gush
 Into some kennell, where it longs to lie,
 And policy shalbe flanckt with policy.
 Yet shall the feeling center where wee meet
 Grone with the wait of my approaching feet :
 He make th'inspired threshals of his Court
 Sweat with the weather of my horrid steps
 Before I enter : yet will I appeare
 Like calme security, before a ruine ;
 A politician, must like lightening melt
 The very marrow, and not taint the skin :
 His waies must not be feene : the superficies
 Of the greene center must not taste his feet :
 When hell is plowd vp with his wounding tract's :
 And all his haruest reap't by hellish fact's. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quinti Scena Prima

*Montfurry bare, vnbraçt, pulling Tamyra in by the
 haire, Frier. One bearing light, a standish and
 paper, which jets a Table.*

Tam. **O** Help me Father.
 Frier. Impious Earle forbear.
 Take violent hand from her, or by mine order
 The King shall force thee.
 Montf. Tis not violent ; come you not willingly ?
 Tamy. Yes good my Lord.
 Frier. My Lord remember that your soule must
 seeke
 Her peace, as well as your reuengefull bloud :
 You euer, to this houre haue prou'd your selfe
 A noble, zealous, and obedient sonne,
 T'our holy mother : be not an apostate :
 Your wiues offence serues not, (were it the worst)
 You can imagine, without greater proofes)

To feuer your eternall bonds, and harts ;
 Much leffe to touch her with a bloudy hand :
 Nor is it manly (much leffe husbandly)
 To expiate any frailty in your wife,
 With churlish strokes, or beastly ods of strength :
 The stony birth of clowds, will touch no lawrell :
 Nor any sleeper ; your wife is your lawrell :
 And sweetest sleeper ; do not touch her then
 Be not more rude than the wild feed of vapor,
 To her that is more gentle than that rude ;
 In whom kind nature sufferd one offence
 But to set of, her other excellence.

Mont. Good father leaue vs : interrupt to more
 The course I must run for mine honour sake.
 Relie on my loue to her, which her fault
 Cannot extinguish ; will she but disclose
 Who was the secret minister of her loue,⁷⁰
 And through what maze he seru'd it, we are friends.

Frier. It is a damn'd worke to pursue those secrets,
 That would open more sinne, and prooue springs of
 slaughter ;

Nor is't a path for Christian feete to tread ;⁷¹
 But out of all way to the health of soules,
 A sinne impossible to be forgiven :
 Which he that dares commit ;

Mont. Good father cease : your terrors
 Tempt not a man distracted ; I am apt
 To outrages that I shall euer rue :
 I will not passe the verge that boundes a Christian,
 Nor breake the limits of a man nor husband.

Frier. Then God inspire you both with thoughts
 and deedes
 Worthie his high respect, and your owne soules.

Tamy. Father. *Frier.* I warrant thee my dearest
 daughter

⁷⁰ hatefull minister. 1607.

⁷¹ for Christian feete to touch. 1607.

He will not touch thee, think'st thou him a Pagan ;
His honor and his foule lies for thy safety. *Exit.*

Mont. Who shall remooue the mountain from my
breft
Stand the opening furnace of my thoughts,⁷²
And fet fit outcries for a foule in hell ?

Mont. turnes a key.

For now it nothing fits my woes to speake,
But thunder, or to take into my throat
The trumpe of Heauen ; with whose determinate blasts
The windes shall burft, and the devouring seas
Be drunke vp in his foundes ; that my hot woes
(Vented enough) I might conuert to vapour,
Ascending from my infamie vnfeene ;
Shorten the world, preuenting the laft breath
That kills the liuing, and regenerates death.

Tamy. My Lord, my fault (as you may censure it
With too strong arguments) is past your pardon :
But how the circumstances may excuse mee
Heaven knowes, and your more temperate minde
heereafter

May let my penitent miseries make you know.

Mont. Heereafter ? Tis a suppos'd infinite,
That from this point will rise eternally :
Fame growes in going ; in the scapes of vertue
Excuses damne her : They be fires in Cities
Enrag'd with those windes that lesse lights extinguish
Come Syren, sing, and dash against my rockes
Thy ruffin Gallie, rig'd with quench for lust :⁷³
Sing, and put all the nets into thy voice,
With which thou drew'st into thy strumpets lappe
The spawne of *Venus* ; and in which ye danc'd ;

72 *Mont.* Who shall remooue the mountaine from my
heart,

Ope the feuentimes-heat furnace of my thoughts. 1607.

73 Thy ruffin Gallie, laden for thy lust. 1607.

That, in thy laps steede, I may digge his toombe,
 And quit his manhoode with a womans sleight,
 Who neuer is deceiu'd in her deceit.
 Sing, (that is, write) and then take from mine eies
 The mists that hide the most inscrutable Pandar
 That euer lapt vp an adulterous vomit :
 That I may see the diuell, and furuiue
 To be a diuell, and then learne to wiue :
 That I may hang him, and then cut him downe,
 Then cut him vp, and with my foules beams searh
 The cranks and cauernes of his braine, and studie
 The errant wildernesse of a womans face ;
 Where men cannot get out, for all the Comets
 That haue beene lighted at it ; though they know
 That Adders lie a funning in their smiles,
 That Basilisks drinke their poison from their eies,
 And no way there to coast out to their hearts ;
 Yet still they wander there, and are not stai'd
 Till they be fetter'd, nor secure before
 All cares deuoure them ; nor in humane Comfort⁷⁴
 Till they embrace within their wiues two breasts
 All Pelion and Cythæron with their beasts.
 Why write you not ?

Tam. O good my Lord forbear
 In wreake of great faults,⁷⁵ to engender greater,
 And make my loues corruption generate murther.

Mont. It followes needefully as childe and parent ;
 The chaine-shot of thy lust is yet aloft,
 And it must murther ; tis thine owne deare twinne :
 No man can adde height to a womans sinne.
 Vice neuer doth her iust hate so prouoke,
 As when she rageth vnder vertues cloake.
 Write : For it must be ; by this ruthlesse Steele
 By this impartiall torture, and the death
 Thy tyrannies haue inuented in my entrailles,

⁷⁴ All cares distract them ; nor in human state. 1607.

⁷⁵ In wreake of great sins. 1607.

To quicken life in dying, and hold vp
The spirits in fainting, teaching to preferue
Torments in ashes, that will euer last.
Speake : Will you write ?

Tam. Sweete Lord enioine my sinne
Some other penance than what makes it worfe :
Hide in some gloomie dungeon my loth'd face,
And let condemned murtherers let me downe
(Stopping their noses) my abhorred foode.
Hang me in chaines, and let me eat these armes
That haue offended : Binde me face to face
To some dead woman, taken from the Cart
Of Execution, till death and time
In graines of dust dissolue me ; Ile endure :
Or any torture that your wraths inuention
Can fright all pittie from the world withall :
But to betray a friend with shew of friendship,
That is too common, for the rare reuenge
Your rage affecteth ; heere then are my breasts,
Last night your pillowes ; heere my wretched armes,
As late the wished confines of your life :
Now breake them as you please, and all the boundes
Of manhoode, nobleffe, and religion.

Mont. Where all these haue beene broken, they
are kept,
In doing their iustice there with any shew
Of the like cruell cruelty : Thine armes haue lost
Their priuiledge in lust, and in their torture
Thus they must pay it. *Stabs her.*

Tam. O Lord.

Mont. Till thou writ'st
Ile write in wounds (my wrongs fit characters)
Thy right of sufferance. Write.

Tam. O kill me, kill me :
Deare husband be not crueller than death ;
You haue beheld some Gorgon : Feele, ô feele
How you are turn'd to stone ; with my heart blood
Dissolue your selfe againe, or you will grow
Into the image of all Tyrannie.

Mont. As thou art of adulterie, I will still
 Prooue thee my parallel,⁷⁶ being most a monster :
 Thus I expresse thee yet. *Stabs her againe.*

Tam. And yet I liue.

Mont. I, for thy monstrous idoll is not done yet :
 This toole hath wrought enough : now Torture vse

Ent. seruants.

This other engine on th'habituate powers
 Of her thrice damn'd and whorish fortitude.
 Vse the most madding paines in her that euer
 Thy venoms fok'd through, making most of death ;
 That she may weigh her wrongs with them, and then
 Stand vengeance on thy sleepest rocke, a victor.

Tamy. O who is turn'd into my Lord and husband?
 Husband ? My Lord ? None but my Lord and hus-
 band ?

Heauen, I aske thee remission of my sinnes,
 Not of my paines : husband, ô helpe me husband.

Ascendit Frier with a sword drawne.

Frier. What rape of honour and religion ?
 O wracke of nature. *Falls and dies.*

Tam. Poore man : ô my father,
 Father ? looke vp ; ô let me downe my Lord,
 And I will write.

Mont. Author of prodigies !
 What new flame breakes out of the firmament,
 That turnes vp counfels neuer knowne before ?
 Now is it true, earth mooues, and heauen stands still ;
 Euen Heauen it selfe must see and suffer ill :
 The too huge bias of the world hath swai'd
 Her backe-part vpwards, and with that she braues
 This Hemisphere, that long her mouth hath mockt :

⁷⁶ Prooue thee my like in ill. 1607.

The grauitie of her religious face,
 (Now growne too waighty with her sacriledge
 And here discern'd sophistificate enough)
 Turnes to th' Antipodes : and all the formes
 That her illusions haue imprest in her,
 Haue caten through her backe : and now all see,
 How she is riueted with hypocrisie :
 Was this the way ? was he the meane betwixt you ?

Tam. He was, he was, kind worthy man⁷⁷ he
 was.

Mont. Write, write a word or two.

Tamy. I will, I will.

Ile write, but with my bloud that he may see,
 These lines come from my wounds and not from me.

Writes.

Mont. Well might he die for thought : me thinks
 the frame

And shaken ioints of the whole world should crack
 To see her parts so disproportionate ;
 And that his generall beauty cannot stand
 Without these stains in the particular man.
 Why wander I so farre ? heere heere was she
 That was a whole world without spot to me :
 Though now a world of spots ; oh what a lightning
 Is mans delight in women ? what a bubble,
 He builds his state, fame, life on, when he marries ?
 Since all earths pleasures are so short and small,
 The way t'niroy it, is t'abiure it all :
 Enough : I must be messenger my selfe,
 Disguis'd like this strange creature : in, Ile after,
 To see what guilty light giues this caue eies,
 And to the world sing new impieties.

Exeunt.

*He puts the Frier in the vault and follows, She raps
 herself in the Arras.*

77 kind innocent man. 1607.

11

Monf. Now shall we see, that nature hath no end
 In her great workes, responsiue to their worths,
 That she that makes so many eies, and foules,
 To see and foresee, is starke blinde herselfe :
 And as illiterate men say Latine praiers
 By roote of heart, and daily iteration ;⁷⁸
 Not knowing what they say : So nature laies
 A deale⁷⁹ of stufte together, and by vse,
 Or by the meere necessitie of matter,
 Ends such a worke, fills it, or leaues it emptie,
 Of strength, or vertue, error or cleere truth ;
 Not knowing what she does ; but vsually
 Giues that which she calls merit⁸⁰ to a man,
 And beliefe must arriue him on huge riches,
 Honour, and happinesse, that effects his ruine ;
 Even as in ships of warre whose lasts of powder
 Are laid (men think) to make them last, and guards,
 When a disorder'd sparke that powder taking,
 Blowes vp with suddenn violence and horror
 Ships that kept emptie, had fail'd long with terror.

Gui. He that obserues, but like a worldly man,
 That which doth oft succeede, and by th'euent
 Values the worth of things ; will thinke it true,
 That nature workes at randome, iust with you :
 But with as much proportion⁸¹ she may make

⁷⁸ The passage continues thus in the edition of 1607 :—
 In whose hot zeale, a man would thinke they knew
 What they ranne so away with, and were fure
 To haue rewards proportion'd to their labours ;
 Yet may implore their owne confusions
 For any thing they know, which oftentimes
 It fals out they incurre : So nature laies, &c.

⁷⁹ A masse of stufte. 1607.

⁸⁰ which wee call merit. 1607.

⁸¹ with as much decorum. 1607.

A thing that from the fecte vp to the throat ·
Hath all the wondrous fabrike man should haue,
And leaue it headlesse for a perfect man,⁸²
As giue a full man valour, vertue, learning,
Without an end more excellent than those,
On whom she no such worthie part bestowes.

Monf. Yet shall you see it here, here will be
one

Yoong, learned, valiant, vertuous, and full mand ;
One on whom Nature spent so rich a hand,
That, with an ominous eie, she wept to see
So much consum'd her vertuous treasurie.
Yet, as the windes sing through a hollow tree,
And (since it lets them passe through) let's it stand
But a tree solid (since it giues no way
To their wilde rage) they rend vp by the roote :
So this whole man
(That will not wind with euery crooked way
Trod by the ser vile world) shall reele and fall
Before the frantick puffs of blinde born chance,⁸³
That pipes through emptie men, and makes them
dance :

Not so the Sea raues on the Lybian fandes,
Tumbling her billowes in each others necke :
Not so the furies of the euxine Sea
(Neere to the frostie Pole, where free *Bootes*
From those darke-deepe waues turns his radiant
Teame)

Swell being enrag'd, euen from their inmost drop,
As Fortune fwings about the restless state
Of vertue, now throwne into all mens hate.

82 an absolute man. 1607.

83 So this full creature now shall reele and fall,
Before the franticke puffs of purblinde chance. 1607.

Enter Montfurry disguis'd with the murtherers.

Away my Lord, you are perfectly disguis'd,
Leave us to lodge your ambush.

Montf. Speed me vengeance. *Exit.*

Monf. Refolve my Masters, you shall meet with
one

Will try what proofes your privy coats are made on :
When he is entred, and you heare us stamp,
Approach, and make all fure.

Murth. We vwill my Lord. *Exeunt.*

D'Ambois with two Pages with Tapers.

D'Amb. Sit vp to night, and watch, Ile speake with
none

But the old frier, who bring to me.

Pa. We will Sir. *Exeunt.*

D'Amb. What violent heat is this? me thinks the
fire

Of twenty liues doth on a fudden flash
Through all my faculties : the aire goes high
In this close chamber, and the frighted earth

Thunder.

Trembles, and shrinkes beneath me : the whole house
Nods with his shaken burthen ; bleffe me, heauen.

Enter Vmb. Frier.

Vmb. Note what I want, my sonne, and be fore-
warnd :

O there are bloody deeds past and to come,

I cannot flay : a fate doth rauish me :

Ile meet thee in the chamber of thy loue. *Exit.*

D'Amb. What difmall change is heere? the good
old Frier

Is murtherd ; being made knowne to ferue my loue ;
And now his reflesse spirit would fore-warne me

Of some plot dangerous, and imminent.
Note what he wants? he wants his upper weed,
He wants his life, and body : which of these
Should be the want he meanes, and may supplie me
With any fit forewarning? this strange vision,
(Together with the darke prediction
Vt'd by the Prince of darknesse that was rais'd
By this embodied shadowe) stir my thoughts
With reminiscion of the Spirits promise ;
Who told me, that by any inuocation
I should haue power to raise him ; though it wanted
The powerfull words, and decent rites of art ;
Neuer had my fet braine such need of spirit,
T'instruct and cheere it ; now then, I will claime,
Performance of his free and gentle vow,
T'appeare in greater light ; and make more plain,
His rugged oracle : I long to know
How my deare mistresse fares ; and be inform'd
What hand she now holds on the troubled bloud
Of her incens'd Lord : me thought the Spirit,
(When he had vtter'd his perplext preface)
Threw his chang'd countenance headlong into
cloudes ;
His forehead bent, as it would hide his face ;
He knockt his chin against his darkned breast,
And struck a churlish silence through his powrs ;
Terror of darknesse : O thou King of flames,
That with thy Musique-footed horse dost strike
The cleere light out of chrystall, on darke earth ;
And hurst instructiue fire about the world :
Wake, wake, the drowzie and enchanted night ;
That sleepes with dead eies in this heauy riddle :
Or thou great Prince of shades where neuer sunne
Stickes his far-darted beames : whose eies are made,
To shine in darknesse :⁸⁴ and see euer best

84 To see in darknesse. 1607.

Where men are blindest :⁸⁵ open now the heart
 Of thy abashed oracle : that for feare,
 Of some ill it includes, would faine lie hid,
 And rife thou with it in thy greater light.

Thunders. Surgit Spiritus cum fuis.

Sp. Thus to obferue my vow of apparition,
 In greater light, and explicate thy fate :
 I come ; and tell thee that if thou obey
 The fummons that thy miftrefse next wil fend thee,
 Her hand fhallbe thy death.

D'Amb. When will she fend ?

Sp. Soone as I fet againe, where late I rofe.

D'Amb. Is the old Frier flaine ?

Sp. No, and yet liues not.

D'Amb. Died he a naturall death ?

Sp. He did.

D'Amb. Who then,

Will my deare miftrefse fend ?

Sp. I muft not tell thee.

D'Amb. Who lets thee ?

Sp. Fate.

D'Amb. Who are fates minifters ?

Sp. The Guife and Monfieur.

D'Amb. A fit paire of sheeres

To cut the threds of kings, and kingly fpirits,
 And comforts fit to found forth harmony,
 Set to the fals of kingdomes : fhall the hand
 Of my kinde Miftrefse kill me ?

Thunders.

Sp. If thou yeeld,

To her next fummons, y'are faire warnd : farewell.

Exit.

D'Amb. I muft fare well, how euer : though I die
 My death confenting with his augurie ;

⁸⁵ Where fenfe is blindest. 1607.

Should not my powers obey, when she commands
My motion must be rebell to my will :
My will : to life, If when I haue obaid,
Her hand should so reward me : they must arme it,
Binde me or force it : or I lay my life
She rather would conuert it many times
On her owne bosome, euen to many deaths :
But were there danger of such violence,
I know tis far from her intent to fend :
And who she should fend is as far from thought
Since he is dead, whose only meane she vsde.

Knocks.

Whose there ? looke to the dore : and let him in,
Though politicke Monsieur, or the violent Guife.

*Enter Montfurry like the Frier, with a letter written
in bloud.*

Mont. Haile to my worthy sonne.

D'Amb. O lying Spirit !

To say the Frier was dead ; Ile now beleeeve
Nothing of all his forg'd predictions.
My kinde and honour'd Father, well reviv'd,
I have beene frighted with your death, and mine,
And told my Mistresse hand should be my death
If I obeyed this summons.

Montf. I beleev'd your love had bin much clearer,
then to give
Any such doubt a thought, for she is cleare,
And having freed her husbands jealousy,
(Of which her much abus'd hand here is wit-
nesse)

She prayes for urgent cause your instant prefence.

D'Amb. Why then your prince of spirits may be
call'd
The prince of lyers.

Montf. Holy writ so calls him.⁸⁶

D'Amb. What ? writ in bloud ?

Mont. I, tis the inke of louers.

D'Amb. O tis a sacred witnesse of her loue.
 So much elixer of her bloud as this
 Dropt in the lightest dame, would make her firme
 As heat to fire : and like to all the signes,
 Commands the life confinde in all my vaines ;
 O how it multiplies my bloud with spirit,
 And makes me apt t'encounter death and hell :
 But, come kinde Father; you fetch me to heauen,
 And to that end your holy weed was giuen. *Exeunt.*

*Thunder. Intrat Vmbra Frier and discovers
 Tamyra.*

Frier. Up with thefe stupid thoughts, still loved
 daughter,
 And strike away this heartlefse trance of anguish.
 Be like the Sunne, and labour in eclipses,
 Look to the end of woes : oh can you fit
 Muftering the horrors of your fervants slaughter
 Before your contemplation, and not study⁸⁷

86 The four speeches that precede are limited in the original to two, which run as follows :—

D'Amb. O lying Spirit : welcome loued father
 How fares my dearest mistresse ?

Mont. Well, as euer
 Being well as euer thought on by her Lord :
 Whereof she fends this witnesse in her hand
 And praies, for vrgent caufe, your speediest prefence.

87 The above fix lines were amplified from the following four which stand thus in the original edition :—

Reuiue thofe stupid thoughts, and fit not thus,
 Gathering the horrors of your feruants slaughter,
 (So vrg'd by your hand, and fo imminent)
 Into an idle fancie ; but deuife

How to prevent it ? watch when he shall rise,
And with a sudden outcry of his murder,
Blow his retreat before he be reuenged.

Tamyr. O father, haue my dumbe woes wak'd
your death ?

When will our humane griefes be at their height ?
Man is a tree, that hath no toppe in cares ;
No roote in comforts ; all his power to liue
Is giuen to no end, but t' haue power to grieve.

Frier. It is the misery of our creation. Your true
friend,

Led by your husband, shadowed in my weed,
Now enters the dark vault.

Tamyr. But my dearest Father,
Why will not you appeare to him your selfe,
And see that none of these deceits annoy him.

Frier. My power is limited, alas I cannot,
All that I can doe—See the Cave opens.⁸⁸ *Exit.*

D'Ambois at the Gulfe.

Tam. Away, (my loue) away, thou wilt be mur-
ther'd.

Enter Monsieur and Guise aboue.

D'Amb. Murther'd ? I know not what that Hebrew
meanes :

That word had ne're beene nam'd had all beene

D'Ambois.

Murther'd ? By heauen he is my murtherer

⁸⁸ Instead of the three preceding speeches, the Frier's shadow thus speaks in the original :—

Fmb. Tis the iust curse of our abus'd creation,
Which wee must suffer heere, and scape heereafter :
He hath the great mind that submits to all,
He sees ineuitable ; he the small
That carps at earth, and her foundation shaker,
And rather than himselfe, will mend his maker.

That shewes me not a murtherer ; what such bugge
 Abhorreth not the very sleepe of *D'Ambois* ?
 Murther'd ? who dares giue all the roome I fee
 To *D'Ambois* reach ? or looke with any oddes
 His fight ith' face, vpon whose hand fits death ;
 Whose sword hath wings, and euerie feather pierceth ?
 If I scape Monfieurs Pothecharie Shops,
 Foutir, for Guifes Shambles, 'twas ill plotted
 They should have mall'd me here,
 When I was rising, I am up and ready.
 Let in my politique visitants, let them in,
 Though entring like so many mouing armours,
 Fate is more strong than arms, and slie than treason,
 And I at all parts buckl'd in my Fate :

Monf. Guife. Why enter not the coward villains ?
D'Amb. Dare they not come ?

Enter murtherers with Frier at the other dore.

Tam. They come.

Murth. 1. Come all at once.

Frier. Backe coward murtherers, backe.

Omn. Defend vs heauen. *Exeunt all but the first.*

1. Come ye not on ?

D'Amb. No, flauie, nor goest thou off.

Stand you so firme ? Will it not enter heere ?

You haue a face yet : so in thy lifes flame

I burne the first rites to my mistresse fame.

Frier. Breath thee braue sonne against the other
 charge.

D'Amb. O is it true then that my sence first told
 mee ?

Is my kinde father dead ?

Tam. He is my loue.

'Twas the Earle my husband in his weede that brought
 thee.

Buff. That was a speeding sleight, and well refem-
 bled.

Where is that angrie Earle my Lord ? Come forth

And shew your owne face in your owne affaire ;
Take not into your noble veines the blood
Of these bafe villans, nor the light reports
Of blister'd tongues, for cleere and weightie truth :
But me against the world, in pure defence
Of your rare Ladie, to whose spotlesse name
I stand heere as a bulwarke, and proiect
A life to her renowne, that euer yet
Hath beene vntainted euen in enuies eie,
And where it would protect a sanctuarie.
Braue Earle come forth, and keepe your scandall in :
Tis not our fault if you enforce the spot.
Nor the wreake yours if you performe it not.

Enter Mont. with all the Murtherers.

Mont. Cowards, a fiend or spirit beat ye off ?
They are your owne faint spirits that haue forg'd
The fearefull shadowes that your eies deluded :
The fiend was in you ; cast him out then thus.

D'Ambois hath Montfurry downe.

Iam. Fauour (my Lord) my loue, ô fauour him.

Pistolls shot within.

D'Amb. I will not touch him : Take your life, my
Lord,

And be appeas'd : O then the coward fates
Haue maim'd themselues, and euer lost their honour.

Vmb. What haue ye done slaues ? irreligious Lord ?

Buff. Forbeare them, father ; tis enough for me
That Guise and Monsieur, death and destinie
Come behinde *D'Ambois* : is my bodie then
But penetrable flesh ? And must my minde
Follow my blood ? Can my diuine part adde
No aide to th'earthly in extremitie ?
Then these diuines are but for forme, not fact :
Man is of two sweet Courtly friends compact ;
A mistresse and a seruant : let my death
Define life nothing but a Courtiers breath.

Nothing is made of nought, of all things made,
 Their abstract being a dream but of a shade.
 Ile not complaine to earth yet, but to heauen,
 And (like a man) looke vpwards euen in death.
 And if *Vespasian* thought in majestie
 An Emperour might die standing, why not I?
 Nay without help, in which I will exceed him;
 For he died splinted with his chamber Groomes.

She offers to help him.

Proppe me, true sword, as thou hast euer done;
 The equall thought I beare of life and death,
 Shall make me faint on no side; I am vp
 Heere like a Roman Statue; I will stand
 Till death hath made me marble: ô my fame
 Liue in despiht of murther; take thy wings
 And haste thee where the gray-eyd morne perfumes,
 Her Rosie chariot with Sabæan spices,
 Flie, where the euening from th' Iberian vales,
 Takes on her swarthy shoulders, *Heccate*
 Cround with a groue of oakes: flie where men feele
 The curning axeltree: and those that suffer
 Beneath the chariot of the Snowy Beare:
 And tell them all that *D'Ambois* now is hasting
 To the eternall dwellers; that a thunder
 Of all their fighes together (for their frailties
 Beheld in me) may quit my worthlesse fall
 With a fit volley for my funerall.

Vmb. Forgiue thy murtherers.

Buff. I forgiue them all:

And you my Lord, their fautor; for true signe
 Of which vnfaun'd remission, take my sword;
 Take it, and only giue it motion,
 And it shall finde the way to victorie
 By his owne brightnesse, and th'inherent valour
 My fight hath still'd into't, with charmes of spirit.
 Now let me pray you, that my weighty bloud
 Laid in one skale of your impertiall splene,
 May sway the forfeit of my worthy loue

Waid in the other : and be reconcilde
With all forgiueneffe to your matchlesse wife.

Tam. Forgiue thou me deare feruant, and this hand
That lead thy life to this vnworthy end,
Forgiue it, for the blond with which tis staine'd,
In which I writ the fummons of thy death :
The forced fummons, by this bleeding wound,
By this heere in my bosome : and by this
That makes me hold vp both my hands embrewd
For thy deare pardon.

Buf. O, my heart is broken
Fate, nor these murtherers, Monsieur, nor the Guise.
Haue any glorie in my death, but this :
This killing spectacle : this prodigie :
My sunne is turnd to blood in whose red beams
Pindus and Ossa (hid in drifts of snow
Laid on my heart and liuer ; from their vains)
Melt like two hungrie torrents : eating rockes
Into the Ocean of all humane life,
And make it bitter, only with my blood :
O fraile condition of strength, valour ; vertue,
In me (life warning fire vpon the top
Of some sleepe Beacon, on a steeper hill)
Made to expresse it : like a falling starre
Silently glanc't, that like a thunderbolt,
Lookt to haue stucke and shooke the firmament.

Moritur.

Frier. My terrors are strook inward, and no more
My pennance will allow they shall enforce
Earthly afflictions but vpon my selfe :⁸⁹
Farewell braue reliques of a compleat man :
Looke vp and see thy spirit made a star,
Ioine flames with Hercules : and when thou setst
Thy radiant forehead in the firmament,

89 The above three lines are omitted in the edition of 1641.

Make the vast chryſtall, cracke with thy receipt,⁹⁰
 Spread to a world of fire ; and th'aged ſkie,
 Chere with new ſparkes of old humanity.

Son of the earth, whom my vnreſted ſoule,
 Rues t'haue begotten in the faith of heauen ;
 (Since thy reuengefull Spirit hath reieſted
 The charitie it commands, and the remiſſion
 To ſerue and worſhip, the blind rage of bloud)⁹¹
 Affay to gratulate and pacifie,
 The ſoule fled from this worthy by performing
 The Chriſtian reconcilement he beſought
 Betwixt thee and thy Lady, let her wounds
 Manleſſly digd in her, be eaſd and cur'd
 With blame of thine owne teares : or be aſſur'd
 Neuer to reſt free from my haunt and horror.

Mont. See how ſhe merits this : ſtill fitting by
 And mourning his fall, more than her owne fault.

Vmb. Remoue, deare daughter, and content thy
 husband :

So piety wils thee, and thy ſeruants peace.

Tamy. O wretched piety, that art ſo diſtraſt
 In thine owne conſtancy ; and in thy right
 Muſt be vnrighteous : if I right my friend
 I wrong my husband ; if his wrong I ſhunne,
 The duty of my friend I leaue vndone ;
 Ill plays on both ſides ; heere and there, it riſeth ;
 No place : no good ſo good, but ill comprifeth ;
 My ſoule more ſcruple breeds, than my bloud, finne,
 Vertue impoſeth more than any ſtepdame :⁹²
 O had I neuer married but for forme,
 Neuer vowd faith but purpoſd to deceiue :
 Neuer made conſcience of any finne,
 But clok't it priuately and made it common :
 Nor neuer honord beene, in blood, or mind,

90 Make the vaſt continent cracke. 1607.

91 The above three lines are omitted in the edition of 1641.

92 The above two lines are not in the edition of 1641.

Happy had I beene then, as others are
Of the like licence ; I had then beene honord :
Liu'd without enuy : custome had benumbd
All sense of scruple, and all note of frailty :
My fame had beene vntoucht, my heart vnbroken :
But (shunning all) I strike on all offence,
O husband ? deare friend ? O my conscience ?

Monf. Come let's away, my senses are not prooue
Against those plaints. *Excunt Guise, Monf. D'Ambois*
is borne off.

Mont. I must not yeeld to pity nor to loue
So seruile and so traitorous : cease my bloud
To wrastle with my honour, fame and iudgement :
Away, forsake my house, forbear complaints
Where thou hast bred them : heere all things full,
Of their owne shame and sorrow, leaue my house.

Tam. Sweet Lord forgiue me, and I will be gone,
And till these wounds, that neuer balme shall close
Till death hath enterd at them (so I loue them
(Being opened by your hands) by death be cur'd
I neuer more will grieue you with my sight :
Neuer endure that any roose shall part
Mine eies and heauen : but to the open deserts
(Like to hunted Tygres) I will flie :
Eating my heart, shunning the steps of men,
And looke on no side till I be arriu'd.

Mont. I do forgiue thee, and vpon my knees
With hands (held vp to heauen) wish that mine honor
Would suffer reconciliation to my loue :
But since it will not, honor, neuer serue
My Loue with flourishing obiect till it serue :
And as this Taper, though it vpwards looke,
Downwards must needs consume, so let our loue ;
As hauing lost his hony, the sweet taste
Runs into fauor, and will needs retaine
A spice of his first parents, till (like life)
It fees and dies ; so let our loue : and lastly,
As when the flame is sufferd to looke vp
It keepes his luster : but, being thus turnd downe

(His naturall courfe of vfefull light inuerted)
 His owne ftuffe puts it out : fo let our loue,
 Now turne from me, as heere I turne from thee,
 And may both points of heauens ftrait axeltree
 Conioine in one, before thy felfe and me.

Excunt feuerally.

Finis Aëtus Quinti & vltimi.

Epilogue.

*W*ith many hands you have feene D'Ambois
 flaine,

*Yet by your grace he may revive againe,
 And every day grow ftronger in his skill
 To please, as we prefume he is in will.
 The beft deferving Aëtors of the time
 Had their afcents ; and by degrees did clime
 To their full height, a place to ftudie due
 To make him tread in their path lies in you ;
 Hee'le not forget his Makers ; but ftill prove
 His thankfulneffe as you encrease your love.*

FINIS.

THE REVENGE

OF

Bussy D'Ambois.

A

TRAGEDIE.

*As it hath beene often presented at the
priuate Play-house in the White-Fryers.*

Written

By GEORGE CHAPMAN, Gentleman.



L O N D O N:

Printed by T. S. and are to be solde by IOHN HELME,
at his Shop in S. Dunstons Church-yard,
in *Fleetstreet*. 1 6 1 3.



TO THE RIGHT VERTVOVS, AND

truely Noble Knight, S^r.

Thomas Howard, &c.

Sir,

SInce VVorkes of this kinde
haue beene lately esteem-
ed worthy the Patro-
nage of some of our wor-
thiest Nobles, I haue made
no doubt to preferre this
of mine to your vndoubted Vertue, and ex-
ceeding true Noblesse: as contayning mat-
ter no lesse deseruing your reading, and ex-
citation to Heroycall life, then any such
late Dedication. Nor haue the greatest Prin-
ces of Italie, and other Countries, conceiued
it any least diminution to their greatnesse,

THE EPISTLE

to haue their Names wing'd with these Tragick Plumes, and disperst by way of Patronage, through the most Noble Notices of Europe.

Howsoever therefore in the Scænicall presentation, it might meete with some maligners, yet considering, euen therein, it past with approbation of more worthy iudgements; the Ballance of their side (especially being held by your impartiall hand) I hope will to no graine abide the out-weighing. And for the autenticall truth of eyther person or action, who (worth the respecting) will expect it in a Poeme, whose subject is not truth, but things like truth? Poore enuious soules they are that cauilt at truths want in these naturall fictions: materiall instruction, elegant and sententious excitation to Vertue, and deflection from her contrary; being the soule, lims, and limits of an autenticall Tragedie. But whatsoever merit of your full countenance and fauour suffers defect in this, I shall soone supply with some other of more generall account: wherein your right vertuous Name made

DEDICATORIE.

famous and preferued to posteritie, your future comfort and honour in your present acceptation, and loue of all vertuous and diuine expression; may be so much past others of your Rancke encreast, as they are short of your Iudiciall Ingenuitie, in their due estimation.

For, howsoeuer those Ignoble and sower-brow'd VVorldlings are carelesse of whatsoever future, or present opinion spreads of them; yet (with the most diuine Philosopher, if Scripture did not confirme it) I make it matter of my Faith; that we truely retaine an intellectuall feeling of Good or Bad after this life; proportionably answerable to the loue or neglect we beare here to all Vertue, and truely-humane Instruction: In whose fauour and honour I wish you most eminent; And rest euer.

Your true Vertues

most true obseruer,

Geo. Chapman.



The Actors names.

H *Enry*, the King.
Monsieur, his Brother.

Guise. D.

Rencl, a Marqueffe.

Mont fureau, an Earle.

Baligny, Lord Lieutenant.

Clermont, D'Ambois.

Maillard.

Challon. } Captaines.

Aumal.

Espernone.

Soiffone.

Perricot.

The *Guard.*

Souldiers.

Servants.

The ghost of

{ *Buffy.*

{ *Monsieur.*

{ *Guise.*

{ *Card. Guise.*

{ *Shattilion.*

Countesse of Cambray.

Tamyra, wife to Mont fureau.

Charlotte, wife to Baligny.

Rioua, a Servant.



THE REVENGE

OF

Bussy D'Ambois.

A

TRAGÉDIE.

Actus primi Scæna prima.

Enter *Baligny, Renel.*

Baligny.



O what will this declining Kingdome
turne

Swindging in euery licenſe, as in this
Stupide permiſſion of braue D'Ambois
Murther ?

Murther made paralell with Law ?
Murther vs'd

To ſerue the Kingdome, giuen by fute to men
For their aduancement ? ſuffered ſcarrow-like
To fright adulterie ? what will policie
At length bring vnder his capacitie ?

104 *The Reuenge of Buffy D'Ambois.*

Rene. All things; for as when the high births of
Kings

Deliuerances, and Coronations,
We celebrate with all the Cities Bels
(Iangling together in vtun'd confusion :)
All order'd Clockes are tyed vp : so when Glory,
Flatterie, and smooth applauses of things ill,
Vphold th'inordinate swindge of downe-right power,
Iustice, and truth, that tell the bounded vse,
Vertuous, and well distinguisht formes of Time,
Are gag'd and tongue-tide, but wee haue obseru'd
Rule in more regular motion : things most lawfull
Were once most royall, Kings fought common good
Mens manly liberties, though ne'er so meane,
And had their owne swindge so : more free, and more,
But when pride enter'd them, and Rule by power,
All browes that smil'd beneath them, frown'd ; hearts
grieu'd,

By imitation ; vertue quite was vanisht,
And all men studi'd selfe-loue, fraud, and vice,
Then no man could be good but he was punish't :
Tyrants being still more fearefull of the good
Then of the bad ; their subiects vertues euer
Manag'd with curbs, and dangers, and esteem'd
As shadowes, and detractions to their owne.

Bal. Now all is peace, no danger : now what
followes ?

Idleneffe rusts vs ; since no vertuous labour
Ends ought rewarded : Ease, Securitie
Now all the Palme weares, wee made warre before
So to preuent warre, men with giuing gifts
More then receiuing, made our Countrey strong ;
Our matchlesse race of Souldiers then would spend
In publike warres, not priuate brawles, their spirits ;
In daring Enemies, arm'd with meaneſt armes ;
Not courting strumpets, and consuming birth-rights
In Apishnesse, and enuy of attire.
No labour then was harsh, no way so deepe,
No rocke so sleepe, but if a Bird could scale it,

The Reuenge of Buffy D'Ambois. 105

Vp would our youth flie to. A Foe in armes
Stirr'd vp a much more lust of his encounter,
Then of a Mistresse neuer so be-painted :
Ambition then, was onely scaling walles ;
And ouer-topping turrets : Fame was wealth ;
Best parts, best deedes, were best Nobilitie ;
Honour with worth ; and wealth well got or none.
Countries we wonne with as few men as Countries.
Vertue subdu'd all.

Ren. Iust : and then our Nobles
Lou'd vertue so, they prais'd and vs'd it to ;
Had rather doe, then say ; their owne deedes hearing
By others glorified, then be so barraine,
That their parts onely flood in praising others.

Bal. Who could not doe, yet prais'd, and enui'd
not ;
Ciuite behauiour flourish ; Bountie flow'd,
Auarice to vpland Boores, slaues hang-men banisht.

Ren. Tis now quite otherwise ; but to note the
cause
Of all these foule digressions, and reuolts
From our first natures, this tis in a word :
Since good Arts faile, crafts and deceits are vs'd :
Men ignorant are idle ; idle men
Most practise what they most may doe with ease,
Fashion, and fauour ; all their studies ayming
At getting money, which no wife man euer
Fed his desires with.

Bal. Yet now none are wise
That thinke not heauens true foolish, weigh'd with that.
Well thou most worthy to be greatest Guise,
Make with thy greatnesse a new world arise.
Such deprest Nobles (followers of his)
As you, my selfe, my Lord will finde a time
When to reuenge your wrongs.

Ren. I make no doubt :
In meane time, I could wish, the wrong were righted
Of your slaine Brother in law, braue Buffy D'Ambois.

Bal. That one accident was made my charge.

106 *The Reuenge of Buffy D'Ambois.*

My Brother Buffy's Sister (now my wife)
 By no suite would consent to fatisfie
 My loue of her, with marriage, till I vow'd,
 To vse my vtmost to reuenge my Brother :
 But Clermont D'Ambois (Buffy's second Brother)
 Had (since) his apparition, and excitement,
 To suffer none but his hand in his wreake,
 Which hee hath vow'd, and so will needes acquite
 Me of my vow, made to my wife, his Sister,
 And vndertake himfelfe Buffy's reuenge ;
 Yet loathing any way to giue it act,
 But in the noblest and most manly course.
 (If th' Earle dares take it) he resolues to fend
 A Challenge to him, and my selfe must beare it,
 To which deliuerie I can vse no meanes ;
 He is so barricado'd in his house,
 And arm'd with guard fill.

Ren. That meanes lay on mee,
 Which I can strangely make. My last lands sale,
 By his great suite, stands now on price with him,
 And hee (as you know) passing couetous,
 (With that blinde greedinesse that followes gaine)
 Will cast no danger, where her sweete feete tread.
 Besides, you know, his Lady by his suite,
 (Wooing as freshly, as when first loue shot
 His faultlesse arrowes from her rosie eyes)
 Now liues with him againe, and shee, I know,
 Will ioyne with all helps, in her friends reuenge.

Bal. No doubt (my Lord) and therefore let me
 pray you

To vse all speede ; for so on needels points
 My wifes heart stands with haste of the reuenge :
 Being (as you know) full of her brothers fire,
 That shee imagines I neglect my vow ;
 Keepes off her kinde embraces, and still askes ;
 When, when, will this reuenge come ? when perform'd
 Will this dull vow be ? And I vow to Heauen
 So sternely, and so past her sexe she vrges
 My vowes performance ; that I almost feare

The Reuenge of Buffy D'Ambois. 107

To see her, when I haue a while beene absent,
Not showing her before I speake, the bloud
She so much thirsts for, freckling hands and face.

Ren. Get you the Challenge writ, and looke from
me,

To heare your passage clear'd no long time after.

Exit Ren.

Bal. All restitution to your worthiest Lordship,
Whose errand I must carrie to the King,
As hauing sworne my seruice in the search
Of all such Malecontents, and their designs,
By seeming one affected with their faction,
And discontented humours gainst the state :
Nor doth my brother *Clermont* scape my counsaile
Giuen to the King, about his Guisean greatnesse,
Which (as I spice it) hath possesst the King
(Knowing his daring spirit) of much danger :
Charg'd in it to his person : though my conscience
Dare sweare him cleare of any power to be
Infected with the least dishonestie :
Yet that sinceritie, wee Politicians
Must say, growes out of enuie, since it cannot
Aspire to policies greatnesse : and the more
We worke on all respects of kinde, and vertue,
The more our seruice to the King seemes great,
In sparing no good that seemes bad to him :
And the more bad, we make the most of good,
The more our policie searcheth ; and our seruice
Is wonder'd at for wisedome and sincerenesse.
Tis easie to make good suspected still,
Where good, and God, are made but cloakes for ill.
See Monsieur taking now his leaue for Brabant,

*Enter Henry, Monsieur, Guise, Cler., Espernone,
Poisson. Monsieur taking leaue of the King.*

The Guise, & his deare Minion, *Clermont D'Ambois*,
Whispering together, not of state affaires

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I durst lay wagers, (though the Guife be now
In chiefe heate of his faction) but of some thing,
Sauouring of that which all men else despise,
How to be truly noble, truly wife.

Monf. See how hee hangs upon the eare of Guife,
Like to his Iewell.

Effer. Hee's now whisp'ring in
Some doctrine of stabilitie, and freedome,
Contempt of outward greatnesse, and the guises
That vulgar great ones make their pride and zeale,
Being onely seruile traines, and sumptuous houses,
High places, offices.

Monf. Contempt of these
Does he read to the Guife? Tis passing needfull,
And hee, I thinke, makes shew t' affect his doctrine.

Efp. Commends, admires it.

Monf. And pursues another,
Tis fine hypocrisie, and cheape, and vulgar,
Knowne for a couert practise, yet beleeu'd
(By those abus'd foules, that they teach and gouerne)
No more then Wiues adulteries, by their Husbands,
They bearing it with so vn mou'd aspects,
Hot comming from it ; as twere not all,
Or made by custome nothing. This fame D'Ambois
Hath gotten such opinion of his vertues,
(Holding all learning but an Art to liue well,)
And showing hee hath learn'd it, in his life,
Being thereby strong in his perswading others ;
That this ambitious Guife, embracing him,
Is thought t' embrace his vertues.

Efp. Yet in some
His vertues are held false for th'others vices :
For tis more cunning held, and much more common,
To suspect truth then falsehood : and of both,
Truth still fares worse ; as hardly being beleeu'd,
As tis vnusuall, and rarely knowne.

Monf. Ile part engendring vertue. Men affirme
Though this fame Clermont hath a D'Ambois spirit,
And breathes his brothers valour ; yet his temper

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Is so much past his, that you cannot moue him :
He try that temper in him. Come, you two
Deuoure each other with your vertues zeale,
And leaue for other friends, no fragment of yee :
I wonder Guise, you will thus rauish him
Out of my bosome, that first gaue the life
His manhood breathes, spirit, and meanes and luster.
What doe men thinke of me, I pray thee Clermont ?
Once giue me leaue (for tryall of that loue
That from thy brother Buffy thou inherit'st)
T'vnclasp thy bosome. *Cler.* As how sir ?

Monf. Be a true glasse to mee, in which I may
Behold what thoughts the many headed-beast,
And thou thy selfe breathes out concerning me,
My ends, and new vpstart state in Brabant,
For which I now am bound, my higher aymes,
Imagin'd here in France : speake man, and let
Thy words be borne as naked as thy thoughts :
O were braue Buffy liuing ! *Cler.* Liuing my Lord ?

Monf. Tis true, thou art his brother, but durst thou
Haue brau'd the Guise : mauger his presence, courted
His wedded Lady ; emptied euen the dregs
Of his worst thoughts of mee, euen to my teeth ;
Discern'd not me his rising foueraigne
From any common groome : but let me heare
My grossest faults, as grosse-full as they were.
Durst thou doe this ?

Cler. I cannot tell : A man
Does neuer know the goodnesse of his stomacke
Till hee fees meate before him. Were I dar'd,
Perhaps as he was, I durst doe like him.

Monf. Dare then to poure out here thy freest foule,
Of what I am. *Cler.* Tis stale, he tolde you it.

Monf. He onely iested, spake of splene and enuie
Thy foule more learn'd, is more ingenuous,
Searching, iudiciall ; let me then from thee
Heare what I am.

Cler. What but the sole support,
And most expectant hope of ail our France,

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The toward victor of the whole low Countreyes ?

Monf. Tush, thou wilt sing Encomions of my praise.
Is this like D'Ambois ? I must vexe the Guife,
Or neuer looke to heare free truth ; tell me,
For Buffy liues not : hee durst anger mee,
Yet for my loue, would not haue fear'd to anger
The King himselfe. Thou vnderstand'st me, dost
not ?

Cler. I shall my Lord, with studie.

Monf. Dost vnderstand thy selfe ? I pray thee tell
me,

Dost neuer search thy thoughts, what my designe
Might be to entertaine thee and thy brother ?
What turne I meant to serue with you ?

Cler. Euen what you please to thinke.

Monf. But what thinkest thou ?

Had I no end in't think'st ? *Cler.* I thinke you had.

Monf. When I tooke in such two as you two were,
A ragged couple of decayd Commanders,
When a French-crowne would plentifully serue
To buy you both to any thing i'th' earth.

Cler. So it would you :

Monf. Nay bought you both out-right,
You and your Trunkes : I feare me, I offend thee.

Cler. No not a iot.

Monf. The most renowned Souldier
Epaminondas (as good Authors say)

Had no more suites then backes, but you two shar'd
But one suite twixt you both, when both your studies
Were not what meate to dine with ; if your Partridge,
Your Snipe, your Wood-cocke, Larke, or your red
Hering,

But where to begge it, whether at my house,
Or at the Guises (for you know you were
Ambitious beggars,) or at some Cookes-shop,
T'eternize the Cookes trust, and score it vp.
Dost not offend thee ? *Cler.* No sir. Pray pro-
ceede.

Monf. As for thy Gentry, I dare boldly take

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Thy honourable othe : and yet some fay
Thou and thy most renowned noble Brother,
Came to the Court first in a Keele of Sea-coale ;
Dost not offend thee ? *Cler.* Neuer doubt it, sir.

Mons. Why doe I loue thee then ? why haue I
rak'd thee

Out of the dung-hill ? cast my cast Ward-robe on thee ?
Brought thee to Court to, as I did thy Brother ?
Made yee my sawcy bon companions ?
Taught yee to call our greatest Noble men
By the corruption of their names ; Iack, Tom ?
Haue I blowne both for nothing to this bubble ?
Though thou art learn'd ; thast no enchanting wit,
Or were thy wit good, am I therefore bound
To keepe thee for my Table ?

Cler. Well Sir, 'twere

A good Knights place. Many a proud dubb'd Gal-
lant

Seekes out a poore Knights liuing from such Emrods.
Or what vse else should I designe thee to ?
Perhaps you'll answere me, to be my Pander.

Cler. Perhaps I shall.

Monsf. Or did the slic Guise put thee
Into my bosome, t'vndermine my proiects ?
I feare thee not ; for though I be not sure
I haue thy heart, I know thy braine-pan yet
To be as emptie a dull piece of wainscot
As euer arm'd the scalpe of any Courtier ;
A fellow onely that consists of finewes ;
Meere Swisser, apt for any execution.

Cler. But killing of the King.

Mon. Right : now I see
Thou vnderstand'st thy selfe.

Cler. I, and you better.

You are a Kings sonne borne. *Monsf.* Right.

Cler. And a Kings brother. *Monsf.* True.

Cler. And might not any foole haue beene so too,
As well as you ? *Monsf.* A poxe vpon you.

Cler. You did no Princely deedes

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Ere you're borne (I take it) to deferue it ;
Nor did you any since that I haue heard ;
Nor will doe euer any, as all thinke.

Monf. The Diuell take him. Ile no more of him.

Guife. Nay : slay my Lord, and heare him answere
you.

Monf. No more I sweare. Farewell. *Ex. Monf.*

Guife. No more : Ill fortune. *Esper. Soiff.*

I would haue giuen a million to haue heard
His scoffes retorted : and the insolence
Of his high birth and greatnesse (which were neuer
Effects of his deserts, but of his fortune)
Made shew to his dull eyes, beneath the worth
That men aspire to by their knowing vertues,
Without which Greatnesse is a shade, a bubble.

Cler. But what one great man dreames of that,
but you ?

All take their births and birth-rights left to them
(Acquir'd by others) for their owne worths purchase,
When many a foole in both, is great as they :
And who would thinke they could winne with their
worths

Wealthy possessions, when wonne to their hands,
They neyther can iudge iustly of their value,
Nor know their vse ; and therefore they are puffed
With such proud tumours as this Monsieur is :
Enabled onely by the goods they haue,
To scorne all goodnesse : none great, fill their fortunes,
But as those men that make their houses greater,
Their households being lesse, so Fortune raises
Huge heapes of out-side in these mightie men,
And giues them nothing in them.

Guife. True as truth :

And therefore they had rather drowne their substance
In superfluities of bricke and stones ;
(Like *Sisyphus*, aduancing of them euer,
And euer pulling downe) then lay the cost
Of any fluttish corner, on a man,
Built with Gods finger, and enfil'd his Temple.

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Bal. Tis nobly said, my Lord.

Guisc. I would haue these things
Brought vpon Stages, to let mightie Misers
See all their graue and ferious miseries, plaid,
As once they were in Athens, and olde Rome.

Cler. Nay, we must now haue nothing brought on
Stages,
But puppetry, and pide ridiculous Antickes :
Men thither come, to laugh, and feede fool-fat,
Checke at all goodnesse there, as being prophan'd :
When wherefoeuer goodnesse comes, shee makes
The place still sacred : though with other seete
Neuer so much tis scandal'd, and polluted.
Let me learne anything that fits a man,
In any Stables showne, as well as Stages.

Bal. Why ? is not all the world esteem'd a Stage ?

Cler. Yes : and right worthily : and Stages too
Haue a respect due to them : if but onely,
For what the good Greeke Morallists sayes of them ;
Is a man proud of greatnesse, or of riches ?
Giue me an expert Actor ; Ile shew all,
That can within his greatest glory fall.
Is a man fraid with pouertie and lownesse ?
Giue me an Actor, Ile shew every eye
What hee laments fo, and so much doth flye,
The best and worst of both : if but for this then,
To make the proudest out-side that most fwels,
With things without him, and aboue his worth,
See how small cause hee has to be so blowne vp ;
And the most poore man, to be grieu'd with poore-
nesse,

Both being so easily borne by expert Actors.
The Stage and Actors are not so contemptfull,
As euery innouating Puritane,
And ignorant sweater out of zealous enuie,
Would haue the world imagine. And besides,
That all things haue beene likened to the mirth,
Vs'd vpon Stages, and for Stages fitted.
The splenatiue Philosopher that euer

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Laught at them all, were worthy the enflaging :
 All obiects, were they ne'er so full of teares,
 He so conceited, that he could distill thence
 Matter that still fed his ridiculous humour.
 Heard he a Lawyer, neuer so vehement pleading,
 Hee stood and laught. Heard hee a Tradef-man
 swearing

Neuer so thriftily (selling of his wares ;)
 He stood and laught. Heard hee an holy brother,
 For hollow ostentation at his prayers
 Ne'er so impetuoufly ; hee stood and laught.
 Saw hee a great man neuer so insulting,
 Seuerely inflicting, grauely giuing lawes,
 Not for their good, but his ; hee stood and laught.
 Saw hee a youthfull widow
 Neuer so weeping, wringing of her hands,
 For her lost Lord, still the Philosopher laught :
 Now whether hee suppos'd all these presentments,
 Were onely maskeries, and wore false faces :
 Or else were simply vaine, I take no care,
 But still hee laught, how graue soere they were.

Guise. And might right well (my Clermont) and
 for this

Vertuous digression, we vwill thanke the scoffes
 Of vicious Monsieur, But now for the maine point
 Of your late resolution for reuenge
 Of your flaine friend.

Cler. I haue here my Challenge,
 Which I will pray my Brother Baligny
 To beare the murtherous Earle.

Bal. I haue prepar'd
 Meanes for acceffe to him, through all his Guard.

Guise. About it then, my worthy Baligny,
 And bring vs the succeffe. *Bal.* I will my Lord.

Excunt.

Tamyra sola.

Tamy. Reuenge, that euer red sitt'ft in the eyes

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Of iniur'd Ladies, till we crowne thy browes
With bloody Lawrell; and receiue from thee
Iustice for all our humors iniurie,
Whose wings none flye, that Wrath or Tyrannie
Haue ruthlesse made, and bloody. Enter here,
Enter, O enter: and, though length of time
Neuer lets any scape thy constant iustice,
Yet now preuent that length. Flye, flye, and here
Fixe thy steele foot-steps: Here, O here, where still
Earth (mou'd with pittie) yeelded and embrac'd
My Loues faire figure, drawne in his deare blood,
And mark'd the place, to shew thee where was done
The cruell'st murder that ere fled the Sunne.
O Earth! why keep'st thou not as well his spirit,
To giue his forme life? No, that was not earthly:
That (rarefying the thinne and yeelding ayre)
Flew sparkling vp into the Sphaere of fire,
Whence endlesse flames it sheds in my desire:
Here be my daily pallet, here all nights
That can be wrested from thy riuals armes;
(O my deare Buffy) I will lye, and kisse
Spirit into thy blood, or breathe out mine
In sighes, and kisses, and sad tunes to thine. *She sings.*

Enter Mont fur.

Mont. Still on this hant? Still shall adulterous
 blood
Affect thy spirits? Thinke, for shame, but this,
This blood that Cockatrice-like thus thou brood'st
To dry is to breede any quench to thine.
And therefore now (if onely for thy lust
A little couer'd with a vaile of shame)
Looke out for fresh life, rather then witch-like,
Learne to kisse horror, and with death engender.
Strange crosse in nature, purest virgine shame
Lies in the blood, as lust lyes; and together
Many times mixe too: and in none more shamefull
Then in the shamefac't. Who can then distinguish

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Twixt their affections ; or tell when hee meetes
 With one not common ? Yet, as worthiest Poets
 Shunne common and plebeian formes of speech,
 Euery illiberall and affected phrase
 To clothe their matter : and together tie
 Matter and forme, with Art and decencie.
 So worthiest women should shunne vulgar guises,
 And though they cannot but flye out for change,
 Yet modestie, the matter of their liues,
 Be it adulterate, should be painted true
 With modest out-parts ; what they should doe still
 Grac'd with good shew, though deedes be ne'er so ill.

Tamy. That is so farre from all yee seeke of vs,
 That (though your selues be common as the ayre)
 We must not take the ayre, wee must not fit
 Our actions to our owne affections :
 But as Geometricians (you still say)
 Teach that no lines, nor superficies,
 Doe moue themselues, but still accompanie
 The motions of their bodies ; so poore wiues
 Must not pursue, nor haue their owne affections,
 But to their husbands earnestes, and their iests,
 To their auerities of lookes, and laughters,
 (Though ne'er so foolish and iniurious)
 Like Parasites and slaues, fit their disposures.

Mont. I vfe thee as my soule, to moue and rule
 me.

Tamy. So said you, when you woo'd. So Souldiers
 tortur'd

With tedious sieges of some wel-wall'd Towne,
 Propound conditions of most large contents,
 Freedome of Lawes, all former gouernment ;
 But hauing once set foote within the Wals,
 And got the reynes of power into their hands,
 Then doe they tyrannize at their owne rude fwindges,
 Seaze all their goods, their liberties, and liues,
 And make aduantage, and their lusts, their lawes.

Mont. But loue me, and performe a Wifes part yet,
 (With all my loue before) I sweare forgiueneffe.

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Tamy. Forgiueneffe ! that grace you should seeke
of mee :

These tortur'd fingers and these stab'd-through armes
Keepe that law in their vvounds, yet, vnobferu'd,
And euer fhall. *Monf.* Remember their deferts.

Tam. Those vvith faire warnings might haue beene
reform'd,
Not these vnmanly rages. You haue heard
The fiction of the North winde and the Sunne,
Both vvorking on a Traueller, and contending
Which had most power to take his cloake from him :
Which when the Winde attempted, hee roar'd out
Outragious blasts at him to force it off,
That vvrap it clofer on. When the calme Sunne
(The Winde once leauing) charg'd him vvith still
beames,
Quiet, and feruent, and therein was constant,
Which made him cast off both his cloake and coate :
Like vvhom should men doe. If yee vvish your Wiues
Should leaue diflik'd things, seeke it not vvith rage ;
For that enrages : vvhat yee giue, yee haue :
But vse calme warnings, and kinde manly meanes,
And that in Wiues most prostitute will winne
Not onely fure amends ; but make vs Wiues
Better then those that ne'er led faultie liues.

Enter a Souldier.

Sould. My Lord.

Monf. How now ; vvould any speake with me ?

Soul. I, Sir.

Monf. Peruerfe, and traiterous miscreant :
Where are your other fellows of my Guard ?
Haue I not told you, I will speake with none,
But Lord Renel ? *Sould.* And tis hee that staves
you.

Monf. O, is it he ? Tis well : attend him in.
I must be vigilant : the Furies haunt mee.
Doe you heare dame ?

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Enter Renel, with the Souldier.

Ren. Be true now, for your Ladies iniur'd sake,
Whose bountie you haue so much cause to honour :
For her respect is chiefe in this designe,
And therefore serue it, call out of the vvay
All your confederate fellowes of his Guard,
Till Monsieur Baligny be enter'd here.

Sould. Vpon your honour, my Lord shall be free
From any hurt you say.

Ren. Free as my selfe. Watch then, and cleare
his entrie.

Ren. I will not faile, my Lord. *Exit Souldier.*

Ren. God saue your Lordship.

Monf. My noblest Lord *Renel* ! past all men welcome.

Wife, welcome his Lordship. *Osculatur.*

Ren. I much ioy in your returne here.

Tamy. You doe more then I.

Monf. Shee's passionate still, to thinke we euer parted,

By my too sterne iniurious Ielousie.

Ren. Tis well your Lordship will confesse your error

In so good time yet. *Enter Baligny with a Challenge.*

Monf. Death ! Who haue wee here ?

Ho ! Guard ! Villaines ! *Bal.* Why exclaime you so.

Monf. Negligent Trayters ! Murther, murther, murther.

Bal. Ye'are mad. Had mine entent beene so, like yours,

It had beene done ere this.

Ren. Sir, your intent,
And action too, was rude to enter thus.

Bal. Y'are a decayd Lord to tell me of rudenesse,
As much decayd in manners as in meanes.

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Ren. You talke of manners, that thus rudely thrust

Vpon a man that's busie with his Wife.

Bal. And kept your Lordship then the dore. *Ren.*
The dore?

Mont. Sweet Lord forbear. Show, show your purpose fir.

To moue such bold feete into others roofes.

Bal. This is my purpose fir, from Clermont D'Ambois

I bring this Challenge.

Mon. Challenge ! Ile touch none. *Bal.* Ile leaue it here then.

Ren. Thou shalt leaue thy life first. *Mont.* Murther, murther !

Ren. Retire my Lord ; get off.

Hold, or thy death shall hold thee. Hence my Lord.

Bal. There lye the Challenge. *They all fight and*

Bal. driues in Mont. Exit Mont.

Ren. Was not this well handled ?

Bal. Nobly my Lord. All thanks. *Exit Bal.*

Tamy. Ile make him reade it. *Exit Tamy.*

Ren. This was a sleight well maskt. O what is man,

Vnlesse he be a Politician !

Exit.

Finis Actus primi.

Actus secundi Scæna prima.

Henry, Baligny.

Hen. Come Baligny, we now are priuate: Say,
 What seruice bring'st thou? make it short;
 the Guife
 (Whose friend thou seem'st) is now in Court, and
 neare,
 And may obserue vs.

Bal. This fir, then in short.
 The faction of the Guife (with which my policie,
 For seruice to your Highnesse seemes to ioyne)
 Growes ripe, and must be gather'd into hold;
 Of which my Brother Clermont being a part
 Exceeding capitall, deserues to haue
 A capitall eye on him. And (as you may
 With best aduantage, and your speediest charge,)
 Command his apprehension: which (because
 The Court, you know, is strong in his defence)
 Wee must aske Country swindge and open fields.
 And therefore I haue wrought him to goe downe
 To Cambray with me (of which Gouernment
 Your Highnesse bountie made mee your Lieutenant)
 Where when I haue him, I will leaue my house,
 And faine some seruice out about the confines,
 When in the meane time, if you please to giue
 Command to my Lieutenant, by your Letters,
 To traine him to some muster, where he may

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(Much to his honour) fee for him, your forces
Put into Battaille ; when hee comes, hee may
With some clofe stratageme be apprehended :
For otherwise your whole powers there will faile
To worke his apprehension : and with that
My hand needes neuer be discern'd therein.

Hen. Thankes honest Baligny.

Bal. Your Highnesse knowes
I will be honest ; and betray for you
Brother and Father : for, I know (my Lord)
Treacherie for Kings is truest Loyaltie ;
Nor is to beare the name of Treacherie,
But graue, deepe Policie. All acts that seeme
Ill in particular respects, are good
As they respect your vniuersall Rule.
As in the maine sway of the vniuerse
The supream Rectors generall decrees,
To guard the mightie Globes of Earth and Heauen,
Since they make good that guard to preservation
Of both those in their order and first end,
No mans particular (as hee thinkes) wrong
Must hold him wrong'd : no, not though all mens
reasons,

All Law, all conscience, concludes it wrong.
Nor is comparisou a flatterer
To liken you here to the King of kings ;
Nor any mans particular offence
Against the worlds sway ; to offence at yours
In any subiect ; who as little may
Grudge at their particular wrong ; if so it seeme
For th'vniuersall right of your estate.
As (being a Subiect of the Worlds whole sway
As well as yours ; and being a righteous man
To whom Heauen promises defence, and blessing,
Brought to decay, disgrace, and quite defencelesse)
Hee may complaine of Heauen for wrong to him.

Hen. Tis true : the Simile at all parts holds,
As all good Subiects hold, that loue our fauour.

Bal. Which is our Heauen here ; and a miserie

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Incomparable, and most truly Hellish
To liue depriu'd of our Kings grace and countenance,
Without which best conditions are most curfed :
Life of that nature, howfoeuer fhort,
Is a most lingering, and tedious life ;
Or rather no life, but a languishing,
And an abuse of life.

Hen. Tis well conceited.

Bal. I thought it not amiffe to yeeld your High-
neffe

A reason of my speeches ; left perhaps
You might conceiue I flatter'd : which (I know)
Of all ils vnder heauen you most abhorre.

Hen. Still thou art right, my vertuous Baligny,
For which I thanke and loue thee. Thy aduife
Ile not forget : Haste to thy Gouernment,
And carry D'Ambois with thee. So farewell. *Exit.*

Bal. Your Maiestie fare euer like it selfe.

Enter Guife.

Guife. My sure Friend Baligny !

Bal. Noblest of Princes !

Guife. How stands the State of Cambray ?

Bal. Strong, my Lord,
And fit for seruice : for whose readinesse
Your creature Clermont D'Ambois, and my selfe
Ride shortly downe.

Guife. That Clermont is my loue ;
France neuer bred a nobler Gentleman
For all parts : he exceeds his Brother Buffy.

Bal. I, my Lord ?

Guife. Farre : because (besides his valour)
Hee hath the crowne of man, and all his parts,
Which Learning is ; and that so true and vertuous,
That it giues power to doe, as well as fay
What euer fits a most accomplisht man ;
Which Buffy, for his valours season, lackt ;
And so was rapt with outrage oftentimes

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Beyond Decorum ; where this absolute Clermont,
Though (onely for his naturall zeale to right)
Hee will be fiery, when hee sees it crost ;
And in defence of it ; yet when he lifts
Hee can containe that fire, as hid in Embers.

Bal. No question, hee's a true, learn'd, Gentleman.

Guife. He is as true as Tides, or any Starre
Is in his motion : And for his rare learning,
Hee is not (as all else are that seeke knowledge)
Of taste so much depraui'd, that they had rather
Delight, and satisfie themselues to drinke
Of the streame troubled, wandring ne'er so farre
From the cleare fount, then of the fount it selfe.
In all ; Romes Brutus is reuiu'd in him,
Whom hee of industry doth imitate.

Or rather, as great Troys Euphorbus was
After Pithagoras ; so is Brutus, Clermont.
And (were not Brutus a Conspirator)

Bal. Conspirator, my Lord ? Doth that empaire
him ?

Cæsar beganne to tyrannize ; and when vertue,
Nor the religion of the Gods could serue
To curbe the insolence of his proud Lawes,
Brutus would be the Gods iust instrument.
What said the Princeesse (sweet Antigone)
In the graue Greeke Tragedian, when the question
Twixt her and Creon is, for lawes of Kings ?
Which when he vrges, shee replies on him ;
Though his Lawes were a Kings, they were not Gods ;
Nor would shee value Creons written Lawes
With Gods vnwrit Edicts : since they last not
This day and the next, but euery day and euer ;
Where Kings Lawes alter euery day and houre,
And in that change imply a bounded power.

Guife. Well, let vs leaue these vaine disputings
what

Is to be done, and fall to doing something.
When are you for your Gouvernment in Cambray ?

Bal. When you command, my Lord.

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Guise. Nay, that's not fit.
Continue your designements with the King,
With all your seruice; onely if I send
Respect me as your friend, and loue my Clermont.

Bal. Your Highnesse knowes my vowes.

Guise. I, tis enough. *Exit Guise. Manet Bal.*

Bal. Thus must wee play on both sides, and thus
harten

In any ill those men whose good wee hate.
Kings may doe what they list: and for Kings,
Subiects,

Eyther exempt from censure or exception: *Αυχανου*
For, as no mans worth can be iustly iudg'd *δε παντος,*
But when he shines in some authoritie; *&c.*

So no authoritie should suffer censure *Impossible est*
But by a man of more authoritie. *viri cognoscere*
Great vessels into lesse are emptied neuer, *mentem ac vo-*
There's a redoundance past their continent *luntatem, pri-*
euer. *usquam in Ma-*
gistratibus appa-
ret.

These *virtuosi* are the poorest creatures;
For looke how Spinners weaue out of themselues
Webs, whose strange matter none before can see; *Sopho. Antig.*
So these, out of an vnseene good in vertue,
Make arguments of right, and comfort, in her,
That clothe them like the poore web of a Spinner.

Enter Clermont.

Cler. Now, to my Challenge. What's the place,
the weapon?

Bal. Soft sir: let rist your Challenge be receiued.
Hee would not touch, nor see it.

Cler. Possible!
How did you then?

Bal. Left it, in his despight.
But when hee saw mee enter so expectlesse,
To heare his base exclames of murther, murther,
Mad mee thinke Nobleesse lost, in him quicke buried.

Cler. They are the breathing Sepulchres of
Nobleesse:

No trulier noble men, then Lions pictures
Hung vp for signes, are Lions. Who knowes not, *Quo mellius*
That Lyons the more soft kept, are more seruile? *degent, co*
And looke how Lyons close kept, fed by hand, *seruilius.*
Lose quite th'innatiue fire of spirit and greatnesse *Epiet.*
That Lyons free breathe, forraging for prey;
And grow so grosse, that mastifes, curs, and mungrels
Haue spirit to cow them: So our soft French Nobles
Chain'd vp in ease and numb'd securitie,
Their spirits shrunke vp like their couetous fists,
And neuer opened but Domitian-like,
And all his base, obsequious minions
When they were catching, though it were but flies.
Besotted with their pezzants loue of gaine,
Rustling at home, and on each other preying.
Are for their greatnesse but the greater slaues,
And none is noble but who scrapes and faues.

Bal. Tis base, tis base; and yet they thinke them
high.

Cler. So Children mounted on their hobby-horse,
Thinke they are riding, when with wanton toile
They beare what should beare them. A man may well
Compare them to those foolish great-spleen'd Cammels,
That to their high heads, beg'd of Ioue hornes higher;
Whose most vncomely, and ridiculous pride
When hee had satisfied, they could not vse,
But where they went vpright before, they floopt,
And bore their heads much lower for their hornes. *Simil.*
As these high men doe, low in all true grace,
Their height being priuiledge to all things base.
And as the foolish Poet that still writ
All his most selfe-lou'd verse in paper royall,
Of Parchment rul'd with Lead, smooth'd with the
Pumice,
Bound richly vp, and strung with Crimson strings;
Neuer so blest as when hee writ and read
The Ape-lou'd issue of his braine; and neuer
But ioying in himselfe; admiring euer:
Yet in his workes behold him, and hee shew'd

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Like to a ditcher. So these painted men,
All set on out-side, looke vpon within,
And not a pezzants entrailes you shall finde
More foule and mezel'd, nor more steru'd of minde.

Bal. That makes their bodies fat. I faine would
know

How many millions of our other Nobles
Would make one Guife. There is a true tenth Worthy,
Who (did not one act onely blemish him.)

Cler. One act? what one?

Bal. One, that (though yeeres past done)
Stickes by him still, and will distaine him euer.

Cler. Good Heauen! wherein? what one act can
you name

Suppos'd his staine, that Ile not proue his luster?

Bal. To satisfie you, twas the Massacre.

Cler. The Massacre? I thought twas some such
blemish.

Bal. O it was hainous.

Cler. To a brutish sense,

But not a manly reason. Wee so tender
The vile part in vs, that the part diuine
We see in hell, and shrink not. Who was first
Head of that Massacre?

Bal. The Guife.

Cler. Tis nothing so.

Who was in fault for all the slaughters made
In Ilion, and about it? Were the Greekes?
Was it not Paris rauishing the Queene
Of Lacædemon? Breach of shame and faith?
And all the lawes of Hospitality?

This is the Beastly slaughter made of men,
When Truth is ouer-throwne, his Lawes corrupted;
When foules are smother'd in the flatter'd flesh,
Slaine bodies are no more then Oxen slaine.

Bal. Differ not men from Oxen?

Cler. Who sayes so?

But see wherein; In the vnderstanding rules
Of their opinions, liues, and actions;

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In their communities of faith and reason.
Was not the Wolfe that nourisht *Romulus*
More humane then the men that did expose him?

Bal. That makes against you.

Cler. Not sir, if you note
That by that deede, the actions difference make
Twixt men and beasts, and not their names nor
formes.

Had faith, nor shame, all hospitable rights
Beene broke by Troy, Greece had not made that
slaughter.

Had that beene fau'd (sayes a Philosopher)
The *Iliads* and *Odysses* had beene lost,
Had Faith and true Religion beene prefer'd,
Religious Guise had neuer massacred,

Bal. Well sir, I cannot when I meete with you
But thus digresse a little, for my learning,
From any other businesse I intend.
But now the voyage, we resolu'd for Cambray,
I told the Guise beginnes; and wee must haste.
And till the Lord *Rend* hath found some meane
(Conspiring with the Countesse) to make sure
Your sworne wreake on her Husband (though this
fail'd)

In my so braue Command, wee'll spend the time,
Sometimes in training out in Skirmishes,
And Battailles, all our Troopes and Companies;
And sometimes breathe your braue Scotch running
horse,

That great Guise gaue you, that all th'horse in France
Farre ouer-runnes at every race and hunting
Both of the Hare and Deere. You shall be honor'd
Like the great Guise himselfe, about the King.
And (can you but appease your great-spleen'd Sister,
For our delaid wreake of your Brothers slaughter)
At all parts you'll be welcom'd to your wonder.

Cler. Ile see my Lord the Guise againe before
Wee take our iourney.

Bal. O sir, by all meanes,

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You cannot be too carefull of his loue,
That euer takes occasion to be raising
Your virtues, past the reaches of this age,
And ranks you with the best of th'ancient Romanes.

Cler. That praise at no part moues mee, but the
worth

Of all hee can giue others spher'd in him.

Bal. Hee yet is thought to entertaine strange
aymes.

Cler. He may be well; yet not as you thinke
strange.

His strange Aymes are to crosse the common Cus-
tome

Of Seruile Nobles; in which hee's so rauisht,
That quite the Earth he leaues, and vp hee leapes,
On Atlas shoulders, and from thence lookes downe,
Viewing how farre off other high ones creepe:

Rich, poore of reason, wander; All pale looking,
And trembling but to thinke of their fure deaths,
Their liues so bafe are, and so rancke their breaths.

Which I teach Guise to heighten, and make sweet
With lifes deare odors, a good minde and name;

For which, hee onely loues me, and deferues

My loue and life, which through all deaths I vow:

Resolving this (what euer change can be)

Thou hast created, thou hast ruinde mee.

Exit.

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus tertij Scæna prima.

A march of Captaines over the Stage.

Maillard, Chalon, Aumall following with Souldiers.

Mail. **T**Hese Troopes and companies come in
with wings :
So many men, so arm'd, so gallant Horse,
I thinke no other Gouernment in France
So soone could bring together. With such men
Me thinkes a man might passe th'insulting Pillars
Of Bacchus and Alcides.

Chal. I much wonder
Our Lord Lieutenant brought his brother downe
To feast and honour him, and yet now leaues him
At such an instance.

Mail. Twas the Kings command :
For whom he must leaue Brother, Wife, friend, all
things.

Aum. The confines of his Gouernment, whose
view
Is the pretext of his Command, hath neede
Of no such sodaine expedition.

Mail. Wee must not argue that. The Kings Com-
mand
Is neede and right enough : and that he serues,
(As all true Subiects should) without disputing.

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Chal. But knowes not hee of your Command to take

His Brother Clermont ?

Mail. No : the Kings will is
Expressely to conceale his apprehension
From my Lord Gouvernour. Obseru'd yee not ?
Againe peruse the Letters. Both you are
Made my assistants, and haue right and trust
In all the waightie secrets like my selfe.

Aum. Tis strange a man that had, through his life
past,
So sure a foote in vertue and true knowledge,
As Clermont D'Ambois, should be now found
tripping,
And taken vp thus, so to make his fall
More sleepe and head-long.

Mail. It is Vertues fortune,
To keepe her low, and in her proper place,
Height hath no roome for her : But as a man
That hath a fruitfull wife, and euery yeere
A childe by her, hath euery yeere a month,
To breathe himselfe : where hee that gets no childe
Hath not a nights rest (if he will doe well.)
So, let one marry this fame barraine Vertue,
She neuer lets him rest : where fruitfull vice
Spares her rich drudge, giues him in labour breath ;
Feedes him with bane, and makes him fat with death.

Chal. I see that good liues neuer can secure
Men from bad liuers. Worst men will haue best
As ill as they, or heauen to hell they'll wrest.

Aum. There was a merit for this, in the fault
That Buffy made, for which he (doing pennance)
Proues that these foule adulterous guilts will runne
Through the whole bloud, which not the cleare can
thunne.

Mail. Ile therefore take heede of the bastarding
Whole innocent races ; tis a fearefull thing.
And as I am true Batcheler, I sweare,
To touch no woman (to the coupling ends)

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Vnlesse it be mine owne wife or my friends.
I may make bold with him.

Aum. Tis safe and common.

The more your friend dares trust, the more deceiue
him.

And as through dewie vapors the Sunnes forme
Makes the gay Rainebow, girdle to a storme,
So in hearts hollow, Friendship (euen the Sunne
To all good growing in societie)
Makes his so glorious and diuine name hold
Collours for all the ill that can be told.

Mail. Harke, our last Troopes are come.

Trumpets within.

Chal. Harke, our last foote. *Drums beate.*

Mail. Come, let vs put all quickly into battaile,
And fend for Clermont, in whose honour, all
This martiall preparation wee pretend.

Chal. Wee must bethinke vs, ere wee apprehend
him,

(Besides our maine strength) of some stratageme
To make good our seuer Command on him ;
As well to saue blood, as to make him sure :
For if hee come on his Scotch horse, all France
Put at the heeles of him, will faile to take him.

Mail. What thinke you if wee should disguise a
brace

Of our best Souldiers in faire Lackies coates,
And fend them for him, running by his side,
Till they haue brought him in some ambuscado
We close may lodge for him ; and sodainely
Lay fure hand on him, plucking him from horse.

Aum. It must be sure and strong hand : for if
once

Hee feels the touch of such a stratageme,
Tis not the choifest brace of all our Bands
Can manacle, or quench his fiery hands.

Mail. When they haue feaz'd him, the ambush
shal make in.

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Aum. Doe as you please; his blamelesse spirit
deferues

(I dare engage my life) of all this, nothing.

Chal. Why should all this stirre be then?

Aum. Who knowes not

The bumbast politie thrusts into his Gyant,
To make his wisedome seeme of fize as huge,
And all for sleight encounter of a shade,
So hee be toucht, hee would haue hainous made?

Mail. It may be once so; but so euer, neuer;
Ambition is abroad, on foote, on horse;
Faction chokes euery corner, streete, the Court,
Whose faction tis you know: and who is held
The fautors right hand: how high his aymes reach,
Nought but a Crowne can measure. This must fall
Past shadowes waights; and is most capitall.

Chal. No question; for since hee is come to Cam-
bray

The malecontent, decaid Marqueesse Renel,
Is come, and new arriu'd; and make partaker
Of all the entertaining Showes and Feasts
That welcom'd Clermont to the braue Virago
His manly Sister. Such wee are esteem'd
As are our comforts. Marqueesse malecontent
Comes where hee knowes his vaine hath safest vent.

Mail. Let him come at his will, and goe as free,
Let vs ply Clermont, our whole charge is hee. *Exit.*

*Enter a Gentleman Vsher before Clermont: Renel,
Charlotte, with two women attendants, with others:
Showes hauing past within.*

Char. This for your Lordships welcome into Cam-
bray.

Ren. Noblest of Ladies, tis beyond all power
(Were my estate at first full) in my meanes
To quit or merit.

Cler. You come something latter
From Court my Lord then I: And since newes there

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Is euery day encreasing with th'affaires,
Must I not aske now, what the newes is there?
Where the Court lyes? what stirre? change? what
auise

From England, Italic.

Rin. You must doe so,

If you'll be cald a Gentleman well quallified,
And weare your time and wits in those discourfes.

Cler. The Locrian Princes therefore were braue
Rubers;

For whosoeuer there came new from Countrie,
And in the Citie askt, what newes? was punisht:
Since commonly such braines are most delighted
With innouations, Gossips tales, and mischiefes:
But as of Lyons it is said and Eagles,
That when they goe, they draw their seeres and tal-
lons

Clofe vp, to shunne rebating of their sharpnesse:
So our wits sharpnesse, which wee should employ
In noblest knowledge, wee should neuer waste
In vile and vulgar admirations.

Ren. Tis right: but who, saue onely you, performes
it,

And your great brother? Madame, where is he?

Char. Gone a day since, into the Countries con-
fines,

To see their strength, and readinesse for seruice.

Ren. Tis well: his fauour with the King hath made
him

Most worthily great, and liue right royally.

Cler. I: Would hee would not doe so. Honour
neuer

Should be esteem'd with wise men, as the price
And value of their virtuous Seruices,
But as their signe or Badge: for that bewrayes
More glory in the outward grace of goodnesse,
Then in the good it selfe; and then tis said:
Who more ioy takes, that men his good aduance,
Then in the good it selfe, does it by chance.

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Char. My brother speakes all principle ; what
man
Is mou'd with your foule ? or hath'fuch a thought
In any rate of goodnesse ?

Cler. Tis their fault.

We haue examples of it, cleare and many.
Demetrius Phalerius, an Orator,
And (which not oft meete) a Philosopher,
So great in Athens grew, that he erected
Three hundred Statues of him ; of all which,
No rust, nor length of time corrupted one ;
But in his life time, all were ouerthrowne.
And Demades (that past Demosthenes
For all extemporall Orations)
Erected many Statues, which (he liuing)
Were broke, and melted into Chamber-pots.
Many such ends haue fallen on such proud honours,
No more because the men on whom they fell
Grew insolent and left their vertues state ;
Then for their hugeness, that procur'd their hate :
And therefore little pompe in men most great,
Makes mightily and strongly to the guard
Of what they winne by chance, or iust reward.
Great and immodest braueries againe,
Like Statues, much too high made for their bases,
Are ouerturn'd as soone, as giuen their places.

Enter a Messenger with a Letter.

Messen. Here is a Letter fir deliuer'd mee,
Now at the fore-gate by a Gentleman.

Cler. What Gentleman ?

Mess. Hee would not tell his name ;
Hee said, hee had not time enough to tell it,
And say the little rest hee had to say.

Cler. That was a merry saying ; he tooke measure
Of his deare time like a most thriftie husband.

Char. What newes ?

Cler. Strange ones, and fit for a Nouation ;

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Waightie, vnheard of, mischieuous enough.

Ren. Heauen shield : what are they ?

Cler. Read them, good my Lord.

Ren. You are betraid into this Countrie. Mon-
strous !

Char. How's that ?

Cler. Read on.

Ren. Maillard, you brothers Lieutenant, that yef-
terday inuited you to see his Musters ; hath Letters
and strickt Charge from the King to apprehend you.

Char. To apprehend him ?

Ren. Your Brother absents himselfe of purpose.

Cler. That's a found one.

Char. That's a lye.

Ren. Get on your Scotch horse, and retire to your
strength ; you know where it is, and there it expects
you : Beleeue this as your best friend had sworne it.
Fare-well if you will. Anonymos. What's that ?

Cler. Without a name.

Charl. And all his notice too, without all truth.

Cler. So I conceiue it Sister : ile not wrong
My well knowne Brother for Anonymos,

Charl. Some foole hath put this tricke on you, yet
more

T'vncouer your defect of spirit and valour.

First showne in lingring my deare Brothers wreake.

See what it is to giue the enuious World

Aduantage to diminish eminent vertue.

Send him a Challenge ? Take a noble course

To wreake a murther, done so like a villaine ?

Cler. Shall we reuenge a villanie with villanie ?

Char. Is it not equall ?

Cler. Shall wee equall be

With villaines ?

Is that your reason ?

Char. Cowardise euermore
Flies to the shield of Reason.

Cler. Nought that is

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Approu'd by Reason, can be Cowardise.

Charl. Dispute when you should fight. Wrong
wreaklesse sleeping,
Makes men dye honorlesse : One borne, another
Leapes on our shoulders.

Cler. Wee must wreake our wrongs
So, as wee take not more.

Char. One wreakt in time
Preuents all other. Then shines vertue most
When time is found for facts ; and found, not lost.

Cler. No time occurses to Kings, much lesse to
Vertue ;

Nor can we call it Vertue that proceedes
From vicious Fury. I repent that euer
(By any instigation in th'appearance
My Brothers spirit made, as I imagin'd)
That e'er I yeelded to reuenge his murder.
All worthy men should euer bring their blood
To beare all ill, not to be wreakt with good :
Doe ill for no ill : Neuer priuate cause
Should take on it the part of publike Lawes.

Char. A D'Ambois beare in wrong so tame a
spirit !

Ren. Madame, be sure there will be time enough
For all the vengeance your great spirit can wish.
The course yet taken is allow'd by all,
Which being noble, and refus'd by th'Earle,
Now makes him worthy of your worst aduantage :
And I haue cast a proiect with the Countesse
To watch a time when all his wariest Guards
Shall not exempt him. Therefore giue him breath ;
Sure Death delaid is a redoubled Death.

Cler. Good Sister trouble not your selfe with this :
Take other Ladyes care ; practise your face.
There's the chaste Matron, Madame Perigot,
Dwels not farre hence, Ile ride and send her to you,
Shee did liue by retailing mayden-heads
In her minoritie : but now shee deales
In whole-sale altogether for the Court.

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I tell you, shee's the onely fashion monger,
For your complexion, poudring of your haire,
Shadowes, Rebatoes, Wires, Tyres, and such trickes,
That Cambray, or I thinke, the Court affords :
She shall attend you Sister, and with these
Womanly practises emply your spirit ;
This other suites you not, nor fits the fashion.
Though shee be deare, lay't on, spare for no cost,
Ladies in these haue all their bounties lost.

Ren. Madame, you see, his spirit will not checke
At any single danger ; when it stands
Thus merrily firme against an host of men,
Threaten'd to be armes for his surprise.

Char. That's a meere Bugge-beare, an impossible
mocke.

If hee, and him I bound by nuptiall faith
Had not beene dull and drossie in performing
Wreake of the deare blood of my matchlesse Brother,
What Prince ? what King ? which of the desperat'st
Ruffings,

Outlawes in Accden, durst haue tempted thus
One of our blood and name, be't true or false.

Cler. This is not caus'd by that : twill be as sure
As yet it is not, though this should be true.

Char. True ? tis past thought false.

Cler. I suppose the worst,
Which farre I am from thinking ; and despise
The Armie now in battaile that should act it.

Cler. I would not let my blood vp to that thought,
But it should cost the dearest blood in France.

Cler. Sweet Sister, [*osculatur*] farre be both off as
the fact

Of my fain'd apprehension.

Char. I Would once
Strip off my shame with my attire, and trie
If a poore woman, votist of reuenge
Would not performe, it with a president
To all you bungling foggy-spirited men ;
But for our birth-rights honour, doe not mention

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One syllable of any word may goe
To the begetting of an act so tender,
And full of sulphure as this Letters truth :
It comprehends so blacke a circumstance
Not to be nam'd ; that but to forme one thought,
It is or can be so ; would make me mad :
Come my Lord, you and I will fight this dreame
Out at the Cheffe.

Ren. Most gladly, worthiest Ladie.

Exit Char. and Ren.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, my Lord Gouvernours Lieutenant prayes
Acceffe to you.

Cler. Himselfe alone ?

Mess. Alone, sir.

Cler.. Attend him in. [*Exit Mess.*] Now comes
this plot to tryall,
I shall descerne (if it be true as rare)
Some sparkes will flye from his dissembling eyes.
He found his depth.

Enter Maillard with the Messenger.

Maill. Honour, and all things noble.

Cler. As much to you good Captaine. What's
th' affaire.

Maill. Sir, the poore honour we can adde to all
Your studyed welcome to this martiall place,
In presentation of what strength consists
My Lord your Brothers Gouvernement is readie.
I haue made all his Troopes and Companies
Aduance, and put themfelues randg'd in Battailia,
That you may see, both how well arm'd they are ;
How strong is euery Troope and Companie ;
How ready, and how well prepar'd for seruice,

Cler. And must they take mee ?

Maill. Take you, sir ? O Heauen !

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Meſſ. Beleeue it fir, his count'nance chang'd in turning.

Mail. What doe you meane fir?

Cler. If you haue charg'd them,
You being charg'd your ſelfe, to apprehend mee,
Turne not your face : throw not your lookes about ſo.

Mail. Pardon me fir. You amaze me to conceiue
From whence our wils to honour you, ſhould turne
To ſuch diſhonour of my Lord your Brother.
Dare I, without him, vndertake your taking?

Cler. Why not? by your direct charge from the
King?

Mail. By my charge from the King? would he ſo
much

Diſgrace my Lord, his owne Lieutenant here,
To giue me his Command without his forfeite?

Cler. Acts that are done by Kings, are not askt
why.

Ile not diſpute the caſe, but I will ſearch you.

Mail. Search mee? for what?

Cler. For Letters.

Mail. I beſeech you,
Doe not admit one thought of ſuch a ſhame
To a Commander.

Cler. Goe to: I muſt doo't.
Stand and be ſearcht; you know mee.

Mail. You forget

What tis to be a Captaine, and your ſelfe.

Cler. Stand, or I vow to heauen, Ile make you
lie

Neuer to riſe more.

Mail. If a man be mad
Reaſon muſt beare him.

Cler. So coy to be ſearcht?

Mail. Sdeath fir, uſe a Captaine like a Carrier.

Cler. Come, be not furious; when I haue done
You ſhall make ſuch a Carrier of me
It's be your pleaſure: you're my friend I know,
And ſo am bold with you.

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Mail. You'll nothing finde
Where nothing is.

Cler. Sweare you haue nothing.

Mail. Nothing you seeke, I fweare, I beseech you,
Know I desir'd this out of great affection,
To th'end my Lord may know out of your witnesse,
His Forces are not in so bad estate
As hee esteem'd them lately in your hearing :
For which he would not trust me with the Confines ;
But went himfelfe to witnesse their estate.

Cler. I heard him make that reason, and am forie
I had no thought of it before I made
Thus bold with you ; since tis such Ruberb to you.
Ile therefore search no more. If you are charg'd
(By Letters from the King, or otherwise)
To apprehend me ; neuer spise it more
With forc'd tearmes of your loue, but say : I yeeld ;
Holde ; take my sword ; here ; I forgiue thee freely ;
Take ; doe thine office.

Mail. Sfoote, you make m'a hang-man :
By all my faith to you, there's no such thing.

Cler. Your faith to mee ?

Mail. My faith to God : All's one,
Who hath no faith to men, to God hath none.

Cler. In that sence I accept your othe, and thanke
you.

I gaue my word to goe, and I will goe. *Exit Cler.*

Mail. Ile watch you whither. *Exit Mail.*

Mess. If hee goes, hee proues
How vaine are mens fore knowledges of things,
When heauen strikes blinde their powers of note and
vse ;
And makes their way to ruine seeme more right,
Then that which safetie opens to their sight.
Cassandra's prophecie had no more profit
With Troyes blinde Citizens, when shee fore-tolde
Troyes ruine : which succeeding, made her vse
This sacred Inclamation ; God (said thee)
Would haue me vtter things vncredited :

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For which now they approue what I presag'd ;
They count me wife, that faid before I rag'd.

Enter Chalton with two Souldiers.

Chal. Come Souldiers : you are downe-wards fit
for lackies ;
Giue me your Pieces, and take you these Coates,
To make you compleate foot men : in whose formes
You must be compleate Souldiers : you two onely
Stand for our Armie.

1. That were much.

Chal. Tis true,
You two must doe, or enter, what our Armie
Is now in field for.

2. I see then our guerdon
Must be the deede it selfe, twill be such honour.

Chal. What fight Souldiers most for ?

1. Honour onely.

Chal. Yet here are crownes beside.

Ambo. We thanke you Captaine.

2. Now sir, how show wee ?

Chal. As you should at all parts.
Goe now to Clermont D'Ambois, and informe him,
Two Battailes are fet ready in his honour,
And stay his presence onely for their signall,
When they shall ioyne : and that t'attend him hither,
Like one wee so much honour, wee haue sent him

1 Vs two in person.

Chal. Well sir, say it so.
And hauing brought him to the field, when I
Fall in with him, saluting, get you both
Of one side of his horse, and plucke him downe,
And I with th'ambush laid, will second you.

1 Nay, we shall lay on hands of too much strength
To neede your secondings.

2 I hope, we shall.

Two are enough to encounter Hercules.

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Chal. Tis well said worthy Souldiers : haſt, and haſt him.

Enter Clermont, Maillard cloſe following him.

Cler. My Scotch horſe to their Armie.

Mail. Pleaſe you fir ?

Cler. Sdeath you're paſſing diligent.

Mail. Of my ſoule

Tis onely in my loue to honour you
With what would grace the King : but ſince I ſee
You ſtill ſuſtaine a iealous eye on mee,
He goe before.

Cler. Tis well ; He come ; my hand.

Mail. Your hand fir ? Come, your word, your
choiſe be vs'd. *Exit.*

Clermont ſolus.

Cler. I had an auerſation to this voyage,
When firſt my Brother mou'd it ; and haue found
That natiue power in me was neuer vaine ;
Yet now neglected it, I wonder much
At my inſtancie in theſe decrees,
I euery houre ſet downe to guide my life.
When Homer made Achilles paſſionate,
Wrathfull, reuengefull, and infatiate
In his affections ; what man will denie,
He did compoſe it all of induſtrie,
To let men ſee, that men of moſt renowne,
Strong'ſt, nobleſt, faireſt, if they ſet not downe
Decrees within them, for diſpoſing theſe,
Of Iudgement, Reſolution, Vprightneſſe,
And certaine knowledge, of their uſe and ends
Miſhap and miſerie no leſſe extends
To their deſtruction ; with all that they priſ'd,
Then to the pooreſt, and the moſt deſpis'd.

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Enter Rencl.

Ren. Why, how now friend ? retir'd ? take heede
you proue not
Dismaid with this strange fortune : all obserue you.
Your gouernment's as much markt as the Kings.
What said a friend to Pompey ?

Cler. What ?

Ren. The people
Will neuer know, vnlesse in death thou trie,
That thou know'st how to beare aduersitie.
Cler. I shall approue how vile I value feare
Of death at all times : but to be too rash,
Without both will and care to shunne the worst,
(It being in power to doe, well and with cheere)
Is stupid negligence, and worse then feare.

Ren. Suppose this true now.

Cler. No, I cannot doo't.
My sister truely said ; there hung a taile
Of circumstance so blacke on that supposure,
That to sustaine it thus, abhorr'd our mettall.
And I can shunne it too, in spight of all :
Not going to field : and there too, being so mounted
As I will, since I goe.

Ren. You will then goe ?

Cler. I am engag'd both in my word, and hand ;
But this is it, that makes me thus retir'd,
To call my selfe t'account, how this affaire
Is to be manag'd if the worst should chance :
With which I note, how dangerous it is,
For any man to prease beyond the place,
To which his birth, or meanes, or knowledge ties
him,

For my part, though of noble birth my birth-right
Had little left it, and I know tis better
To liue with little ; and to keepe within
A mans owne strength still, and in mans true end,
Then runne a mixt course. Good and bad hold neuer
Any thing common : you can neuer finde

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Things outward care, but you neglect your minde.
 God hath the whole world perfect made and free ;
 His parts to th' vse of th'all ; men then that are
 Parts of that all, must as the generall sway
 Of that importeth, willingly obay
 In euery thing without their power to change.
 Hee that vnpleas'd to hold his place, will range,
 Can in no other be contain'd that's fit,
 And so resisting th' All, is crusht with it.
 But he that knowing how diuine a Frame
 The whole world is : and of it all, can name
 (Without felse-flatterie) no part so diuine,
 As hee himfelfe ; and therefore will confine
 Freely, his whole powers, in his proper part,
 Goes on most God-like. Hee that striues i'inuert
 The Vniuersals course with his poore way,
 Not onely dust-like shivers with the sway,
 But crossing God in his great worke ; all earth
 Beares not so curfed, and so damn'd a birth.

Ren. Goe, on ; Ile take no care what comes of
 you ;
 Heauen will not see it ill, how ere it show :
 But the pretext to see these Battailles rang'd
 Is much your honour.

Cler. As the world esteemes it.
 But to decide that ; you make me remember
 An accident of high and noble note,
 And fits the subiect of my late discourse,
 Of holding on our free and proper way.
 I ouer-tooke, comming from Italie,
 In Germanie, a great and famous Earle
 Of England ; the most goodly fashion'd man
 I euer saw : from head to foote in forme
 Rare, and most absolute ; hee had a face
 Like one of the most ancient honour'd Romanes,
 From whence his noblest Familie was deriu'd ;
 He was beside of spirit passing great,
 Valiant, and learn'd, and liberall as the Sunne,
 Spoke and writ sweetly, or of learned subiects,

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Or of the discipline of publike weales ;
And t'was the Earle of Oxford : and being offer'd
At that time, by Duke Cassimere, the view
Of his right royall Armie then in field ;
Refus'd it, and no foote was mou'd, to stirre
Out of his owne free fore-determin'd course :
I wondring at it, askt for it his reason,
It being an offer so much for his honour.
Hee, all acknowledging, said, t'was not fit
To take those honours that one cannot quit.

Ren. T'was answer'd like the man you haue describ'd.

Cler. And yet he cast it onely in the way,
To stay and serue the world. Nor did it fit
His owne true estimate how much it waigh'd,
For hee despis'd it ; and esteem'd it freer
To keepe his owne way straight, and swore that hee
Had rather make away his whole estate
In things that crost the vulgar, then he would
Be frozen vp, stiffe, like a fir Iohn Smith
(His Countrey-man) in common Nobles fashions ;
Affecting, as the end of Noblesse were
Those seruile obseruations.

Ren. It was strange.

Cler. O tis a vexing sight to see a man
Out of his way, stalke, proud as hee were in ;
Out of his way to be officious,
Obseruant, wary, serious, and graue,
Fearefull, and passionate, insulting, raging,
Labour with iron Flailes, to thresh downe feathers
Flitting in ayre.

Ren. What one considers this,
Of all that are thus out ? or once endeuours,
Erring to enter, on mans Right-hand path ?

Cler. These are too graue for braue wits : giue them
toyes,
Labour bestow'd on these is harsh and thriftlesse.
If you would Confull be (sayes one) of Rome,
You must be watching, starting out of sleepes ;

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Euery way whisking ; gloryfying Plebeians,
 Kiffing Patricians hands, Rot at their dores ;
 Speake and doe bafely ; euery day beflow
 Gifts and obferuance vpon one or other :
 And what's th'euent of all ? Twelue Rods before thee,
 Three or foure times fit for the whole Tribunall.
 Exhibite Circean Games ; make publike feasts,
 And for thefe idle outward things (fayes he)
 Would'ft thou lay on fuch coft, toile, fpend thy fpirits.
 And to be voide of perturbation
 For conftancie: fleepe when thou would'ft haue fleepe,
 Wake when thou would'ft wake, feare nought, vex for
 nought,

No paines wilt thou beflow ? no coft ? no thought ?

Ren. What fhould I fay ? as good comfort with
 you,

As with an Angell : I could heare you euer.

Cler. Well ; in, my Lord, and fpend time with my
 Sifter ;

And keepe her from the Field with all endeauour ;
 The Souldiers loue her fo ; and fhee fo madly
 Would take my apprehenfion, if it chance,
 That bloud would flow in riuers.

Ren. Heauen forbid ;

And all with houour your arriual fpede. *Exit.*

Enter Mefenger with two Souldiers like Lackies.

Meff. Here are two Lackies fir, haue meffage to
 you.

Cler. What is your meffage ? and from whom, my
 friends ?

1 From the Lieutenant Colonell, and the Cap-
 taines,

Who fent vs to informe you, that the Battailes
 Stand ready rang'd, expecting but your prefence,
 To be their honor'd fignall when to ioyne,
 Ane we are charg'd to runne by, and attend you.

Cler. I come. I pray you fee my running horfe

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Brought to the backe-gate to mee.

Meff. Instantly. *Exit Meff.*

Cler. Chance what can chance mee ; well or ill is
equall

In my acceptance, since I ioy in neyther ;
But goe with fway of all the world together.

In all successees, Fortune and the day

To mee alike are ; I am fixt, be thee

Neuer so fickle ; and will there repose,

Farre past the reach of any Dye she throwes.

Ex. cum Pedij.

Finis Actus tertij.

Actus quarti Scæna prima.

Alarum within : Excursions ouer thee Stage.

The Lackies running, Maillard following them.

Mail. **V**illaines, not hold him when ye had him
downe.

1 Who can hold lightning ? Sdeath a man as well
Might catch a Canon Bullet in his mouth,
And spit it in your hands, as take and hold him.

Mail. Purfue ; enclose him ; stand, or fall on him,

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And yee may take him. Sdeath, they make him guards.
Exit.

Alarum still, and enter Chalon.

Chal. Stand Cowards, stand, strike, fend your bullets at him.

1 Wee came to entertaine him fir, for honour.

2 Did ye not say so? *Chal.* Slaues, hee is a traitor;

Command the horse troopes to ouer-runne the traitor.
Exit.

*Showts within. Alarum still, and Chambers shot off.
Then enter Aumall.*

Aum. What spirit breathes thus, in this more then man,

Turnes flesh to ayre poffest, and in a storme,
Teares men about the field like Autumne leaues?
He turnd wilde lightning in the Lackies hands,
Who, though their sodaine violent twitch vnhorst him,
Yet when he bore himselfe, their faucie fingers
Flew as too hot off, as hee had beene fire.
The ambush then made in, through all whose force,
Hee draue as if a fierce and fire-giuen Canon
Had spit his iron vomit out amongst them.
The Battailes then, in two halfe-moones enclos'd him,
In which he shew'd, as if he were the light,
And they but earth, who wondring what hee was;
Shruncke their steele hornes, and gaue him glorious
passe:

And as a great shot from a towne besieg'd,
At foes before it, flies forth blacke and roring,
But they too farre, and that with waight opprest,
(As if disdaining earth) doth onely grafe,
Strike earth, and vp againe into the ayre;
Againe sinkes to it, and againe doth rise,
And keepe such strength that when it softliest moues,

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It piece-meale shiuers any let it proues :
So flew braue Clermont forth, till breath forfooke him,
His spirits conuulsions made him bound againe,
Past all their reaches ; till all motion spent,
His sixt eyes cast a blaze of such disdaine,
All flood and star'd, and vntouch'd let him lie,
As something sacred fallen out of the skie.

A cry within.

O now some rude hand hath laid hold on him !

*Enter Maillard, Chalon leading Clermont, Capitaines
and Souldiers following.*

See, prisoner led, with his bands honour'd more,
Then all the freedome he enioy'd before.

Mail. At length wee haue you sir.

Cler. You haue much ioy too,
I made you sport yet, but I pray you tell mee,
Are not you periur'd ?

Mail. No : I fwoe for the King.

Cler. Yet periurie I hope is periurie.

Mail. But thus forswearing is not periurie
You are no Politician : not a fault,
How foule foeuer, done for priuate ends,
Is fault in vs sworne to the publike good :
Wee neuer can be of the damned crew,
Wee may impolitique our selues (as t'were)
Into the Kingdomes body politique,
Whereof indeede we're members : you misse terme's.

Cler. The things are yet the same.

Mail. 'Tis nothing so : the propertie is alter'd :
Y're no Lawyer. Or say that othe and othe
Are still the same in number, yet their species
Differ extreamely, as for flat example,
When politique widowes trye men for their turne,
Before they wed them, they are harlots then,
But when they wed them, they are honest women :
So, priuate men, when they forswear, betray,
Are periur'd treachers, but being publique once,

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That is, fworne, married to the publique good.

Cler. Are married women publique ?

Mail. Publique good ;

For marriage makes them, being the publique good,
And could not be without them. So I say

Men publique, that is, being fworne or married

To the good publique, being one body made

With the Realmes body politique, are no more

Pruiate, nor can be periur'd, though forfworne,

More then a widow married, for the act

Of generation is for that an harlot,

Becaufe for that shee was so, being vnmarried :

An argument *a paribus*. *Chal.* 'Tis a shrow'd one.

Cler. Who hath no faith to men, to God hath
none :

Retaine you that Sir ? who said so ? *Mail.* Twas I.

Cler. Thy owne tongue damne thine infidelitie.

But Captaines all you know me nobly borne,

Vfe yee t'assault fuch men as I with Lackyes.

Chal. They are no Lackyes sir, but Souldiers,
Disguis'd in Lackyes coates.

I Sir, wee haue seene the enemye.

Cler. Auant yee Rascols, hence.

Mail. Now leaue your coates.

Cler. Let me not see them more.

Aum. I grieue that vertue liues so vndistinguisht
From vice in any ill, and though the crowne
Of Soueraigne Law ; shee should be yet her foot-stoole,
Subiect to censure, all the shame and paine
Of all her rigor.

Cler. Yet false policie

Would couer all, being like offenders hid,

That (after notice taken where they hide)

The more they crouch and flirre, the more are spide.

Aum. I vvonder how this chanc'd you.

Cler. Some informer,

Bloud-hound to mischief, vther to the Hangman,

Thirstie of honour for some huge state act,

Perceiuing me great vvith the vvorthy Guise :

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And he (I know not vvhy) held dangerous,
Made me the desperate organe of his danger,
Onely vvith that poore colour : tis the common
And more then vvhore-like tricke of treacherie,
And vermine bred to rapine, and to ruine :
For vvhich this fault is still to be accus'd,
Since good acts faile, crafts and deceits are vs'd.
If it be other neuer pittie mee.

Aum. Sir, vve are glad, belecue it, and haue hope
The King vvill so conceit it.

Cler. At his pleafure.

In meane time, vvhat's your vvill Lord Lieutenant ?

Mail. To leaue your owne horle, and to mount the
trumpets.

Cler. It fhall be done : this heauily preuents
My purpos'd recreation in thefe parts ;
Which now I thinke on : let mee begge you fir,
To lend me fome one Captaine of your Troopes,
To beare the meffage of my hapleffe feruice,
And miferie, to my moft noble miftrefse,
Countefse of Cambray : to whose houle this night
I promift my repaire, and know moft truely,
With all the ceremonies of her fauour,
She fure expects mee. *Mail.* Thinke you now on
that ?

Cler. On that, fir ? I, and that fo worthily,
That if the King, in fpight of your great feruice,
Would fend me instant promife of enlargement,
Condition I would fet this meffage by,
I would not take it, but had rather die.

Aum. Your meffage fhall be done fir : I my felfe
Will be for you a meffenger of ill.

Cler. I thanke you fir, and doubt not yet to liue
To quite your kindneffe.

Aum. Meane fpace vfe your fpirit
And knowledge for the chearfull patience
Of this fo ftrange and fodaine confequence.

Cler. Good fir, belecue that no perticular torture
Can force me from my glad obedience

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To any thing the high and generall cause,
 To match with his whole Fabricke, hath ordainde,
 And know yee all (though farre from all your aymes,
 Yet worth them all, and all mens endlesse studies)
 That in this one thing, all the discipline
 Of manners, and of manhood is contain'd ;
 A man to ioynе himselfe with th'Vniuerse,
 In his maine sway, and make (in all things fit)
 One with that all, and goe on, round as it ;
 Not plucking from the whole his wretched part,
 And into straites, or into nought reuert,
 Wishing the compleate Vniuerse might be
 Subiect to such a ragge of it as hee :
 But to consider great necessitie
 All things as well refract, as voluntarie
 Reduceth to the prime celestiall cause,
 Which he that yeelds to with a mans applause,
 And cheeke, by cheeke, goes ; crossing it, no breath,
 But like Gods Image, followes to the death,
 That man is truly wise, and euery thing,
 (Each cause, and euery part distinguishing)
 In Nature, with enough Art vnderstands,
 And that full glory merits at all hands,
 That doth the whole world at all parts adorne,
 And appertaines to one celestiall borne.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Baligny, Rencl.

Bal. So foule a scandall neuer man sustain'd,
 Which caus'd by'th King, is rude and tyrannous :
 Giue me a place, and my Lieutenant make
 The filler of it.

Ren. I should neuer looke
 For better of him ; neuer trust a man,
 For any Iustice, that is rapt with pleasure :
 To order armes well, that makes smockes his ensignes,
 And his whole Gouernments sayles: you heard of
 late,

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Hee had the foure and twenty wayes of Venerie
Done all before him.

Bal. 'Twas abhorr'd and beastly.

Ren. 'Tis more then natures mightie hand can
doe

To make one humane and a Letcher too.

Looke how a Wolfe doth like a Dogge appeare,

So, like a friend is an Adulterer,

Voluptuaries, and these belly-gods ;

No more true men are, then so many Toads.

A good man happy, is a common good ;

Vile men aduanc'd liue of the common bloud.

Bal. Giue and then take like children.

Ren. Bounties are

As soone repented as they happen rare.

Bal. What should Kings doe, and men of eminent
places ;

But as they gather, fow gifts to the Graces ?

And where they haue giuen, rather giue againe,

(Being giuen for vertue) then like Babes and fooles,

Take and repent Gifts ; why are wealth and power ?

Ren. Power and wealth moue to tyranny, not
bountie ;

The Merchant for his wealth is swolne in minde,

When yet the chiefe Lord of it is the Winde.

Bal. That may so chance to our State-Merchants
too :

• Something performed, that hath not farre to goe.

Ren. That's the maine point, my Lord ; insist on
that.

Bal. But doth this fire rage further ? hath it taken

The tender tynder of my wifes fere bloud ?

Is shee so passionate ?

Ren. So wilde, so mad,

Shee cannot liue, and this vnwreakt sustaine.

The woes are bloody that in women raigne.

The Sicile gulfes keepe feare in lesse degree ;

There is no Tyger, not more tame then shee.

Bal. There is no looking home then ?

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Ren. Home ? Medea
With all her hearbs, charmes, thunders, lightnings,
Made not her prefence, and blacke hants more dread-
full.

Bal. Come, to the King, if he reforme not all,
Marke the euent, none stand where that must fall.

Exeunt.

Enter Countesse, Rioua, and an Vsher.

Vsh. Madame, a Captaine come from Clermont
D'Ambois
Desires acceffe to you.

Count. And not himfelfe ? *Vh.* No, Madame.

Count. That's not vvell. Attend him in. *Exit. Vsh.*
The last houre of his promife now runne out
And he breake ? fome brack's in the frame of nature
That forceth his breach.

Enter Vsher and Aumal.

Aum. Saue your Ladiship.

Coun. All welcome. Come you from my worthy
feruant ?

Aum. I, Madame, and conferre fuch newes from
him.

Coun. Such newes ? vvhat newes ?

Aum. Newes that I wifh fome other had the
charge of.

Coun. O vvhat charge ? vvhat newes ?

Aum. Your Ladiship muft vse fome patience
Or elfe I cannot doe him that defire,
He vrg'd vvith fuch affection to your Graces.

Coun. Doe it ; for heauens loue doe it, if you ferue
His kinde defires, I vvill haue patience.
Is hee in health ? *Aum.* He is.

Count. Why, that's the ground
Of all the good eftate wee hold in earth ;
All our ill built vpon that, is no more

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Then wee may beare, and should; expresse it all.

Aum. Madame, tis onely this; his libertie.

Coun. His libertie! Without that health is nothing.
Why liue I, but to aske in doubt of that,

Is that bereft him? *Aum.* You'll againe preuent me.

Coun. No more, I sweare, I must heare, and together

Come all my miserie. Ile hold though I burst.

Aum. Then madame, thus it fares; he was enuited
By vway of honour to him, to take view
Of all the Powers his brother Baligny
Hath in his gouernment; vvhich rang'd in batailles,
Mailiard, Lieutenant to the Gouvernour,
Hauing receiu'd strickt Letters from the King,
To traine him to the musters, and betray him,
To their supprise, which, with Chalon in chiefe,
And other Captaines (all the field put hard
By his incredible valour for his scape)
They haplesly and guiltlesly perform'd,
And to Bastile hee's now led prisoner.

Count. What change is here? how are my hopes
preuented?

O my most faithfull seruant; thou betraid?
Will Kings make treason lawfull? Is Societie
(To keepe which onely Kings vvere first ordain'd)
Lesse broke in breaking faith twixt friend and friend,
Then twixt the King and Subiect? let them feare,
Kings Prefidents in licence lacke no danger.
Kings are compar'd to Gods, and should be like them,
Full in all right, in nought superfluous;
Nor nothing straining past right, for their right:
Raigne iustly, and raigne safely. Policie
Is but a Guard corrupted, and a way
Venter'd in Defarts, vvithout guide or path.
Kings punish Subiects errors vvith their owne.
Kings are like Archers, and their Subiects, shafts:
For as when Archers let their arrowes flye,
They call to them, and bid them flye or fall,
As if twere in the free power of the shaft

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To flye or fall, vvhhen onely tis the strength,
 Straight shooting, compasse giuen it by the Archer,
 That makes it hit or misse ; and doing eyther,
 Hee's to be prais'd or blam'd, and not the shaft :
 So Kings to Subiects crying, doe, doe not this ;
 Muſt to them by their owne examples strength,
 The ſtraightneſſe of their acts, and equall compaſſe,
 Giue Subiects power t'obey them in the like ;
 Not ſhoote them forth with faultie ayme and ſtrength,
 And lay the fault in them for flying amiſſe,

Aum. But for your ſeruant, I dare ſweare him
 guiltleſſe.

Count. Hee would not for his Kingdome traitor
 be ;

His Lawes are not ſo true to him, as he.
 O knew I how to free him, by way forc'd
 Through all their armie, I would flye, and doe it :
 And had I, of my courage and reſolue,
 But tenne ſuch more, they ſhould not all retaine him ;
 But I will neuer die, before I giue
 Maillard an hundred ſlaſhes with a ſword,
 Chalon an hundred breaches with a Piſtoll.
 They could not all haue taken Clermont D'Ambois,
 Without their treacherie ; he had bought his bands
 out

With their ſlaue blouds : but he was credulous ;
 Hee would beleue, ſince he would be beleeu'd ;
 Your nobleſt natures are moſt credulous.
 Who giues no truſt, all truſt is apt to breake ;
 Hate like hell mouth, who thinke not what they
 ſpeake.

Aum. Well, Madame, I muſt tender my attend-
 ance

On him againe. Will't pleaſe you to returne
 No ſeruite to him by me ?

Count. Fetch me ſtraight

My little Cabinet. [*Exit Ancil.*] Tis little tell him,
 And much too little for his matchleſſe loue :
 But as in him the worths of many men

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Are close contracted; [*Intr. Ancil.*] so in this are
Jewels

Worth many Cabinets. Here, with this (good fir)

Commend my kindest service to my servant,

Thanke him, with all my comforts; and, in them

With all my life for them: all sent from him

In his remembrance of mee, and true loue:

And looke you tell him, tell him how I lye

She kneeles downe at his feete.

Prostrate at feet of his accurst misfortune,

Pouring my teares out, which shall euer fall,

Till I haue pour'd for him out eyes and all.

Aum. O Madame, this will kill him: comfort you

With full assurance of his quicke acquittall;

Be not so passionate: rise, cease your teares.

Coun. Then must my life cease. Teares are all the
vent

My life hath to scape death: Teares please me better,

Then all lifes comforts, being the naturall feede

Of heartie sorrow. As a tree fruit beares, *Hee raises*

So doth an vndissembled sorrow, teares. *her, and leades*
her out. Exe.

Vsh. This might haue beene before, and sau'd
much charge. *Exit.*

Enter Henry, Guise, Baligny, Esp. Soisson.

Pericot with pen, incke, and paper.

Guise. Now fir, I hope you're much abus'd Eyes
fee

In my word for my Clermont, what a villaine

Hee was that whisper'd in your iealous eare

His owne blacke treason in suggesting Clermonts:

Colour'd with nothing but being great with mee,

Signe then this writ for his deliuerie,

Your hand was neuer vrg'd with worthier boldnesse:

Come, pray fir, signe it: why should Kings be praid

To acts of Iustice? tis a reuerence

Makes them despis'd, and shoves they sticke and tyre

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In what their free powers should be hot as fire.

Hen. Well, take your will sir, Ile haue mine ere
long. *Auerfus.*

But wherein is this Clermont such a rare one ?

Guise. In his most gentle, and vnwearied minde,
Rightly to vertue fram'd; in very nature ;
In his most firme inexorable spirit,
To be remou'd from any thing hee chuseth
For worthinesse ; or beare the least perswasion
To what is base, or fitteth not his obiect ;
In his contempt of riches and of greatnesse ;
In estimation of th'Idolatrous vulgar ;
His scorne of all things seruile and ignoble,
Though they could gaine him neuer such aduance-
ment ;

His liberall kinde of speaking what is truth,
In spight of temporising ; the great rising,
and learning of his soule, so much the more
Against ill fortune, as shee set her selfe
Sharpe against him, or would present most hard,
To shunne the malice of her deadliest charge ;
His detestation of his speciall friends,
When he perceiu'd their tyrannous will to doe,
Or their abiection basely to sustaine
Any iniustice that they could reuenge ;
The flexibilitie of his most anger,
Euen in the maine careere and fury of it,
When any obiect of desertfull pittie
Offers it selfe to him ; his sweet disposure
As much abhorring to behold, as doe
Any vnnaturall and bloody action ;
His iust contempt of Iesters, Parasites,
Seruile obseruers, and polluted tongues :
In short, this Senecall man is found in him,
Hee may with heauens immortall powers compare,
To whom the day and fortune equall are,
Come faire or foule, what euer chance can fall,
Fixt in himselfe, hee still is one to all.

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Hen. Showes he to others thus? *Omn.* To all that know him.

Hen. And apprehend I this man for a traitor?

Guife. These are your Macheuilian Villaines,
Your bastard Teucers, that their mischiefes done,
Runne to your shield for shelter: Caucusses,
That cut their too large murtherous theucies,
To their dens length still: woe be to that state
Where treacherie guards, and ruine makes men great.

Hen. Goe, take my Letters for him, and release him.

Om. Thanks to your Highnesse, euer liue your
Highnesse. *Exeunt.*

Bal. Better a man were buried quicke, then liue
A propertie for state, and spoile, to thriue. *Exit.*

Enter Clermont, Mail. Chal. with Souldiers.

Mail. Wee ioy you take a chance so ill, so well.

Cler. Who euer saw me differ in acceptance
Of eyther fortune?

Chal. What, loue bad, like good?
How should one learne that?

Cler. To loue nothing outward,
Or not within our owne powers to command;
And so being sure of euery thing we loue,
Who cares to lose the rest: if any man
Would neyther liue nor dye in his free choise,
But as hee sees necessitie will haue it,
(Which if hee would resist, he striues in vaine)
What can come neere him, that hee doth not well,
And if in worst euent, his will be done;
How can the best be better? all is one.

Mail. Me thinkes tis prettie.

Cler. Put no difference
If you haue this, or not this; but as children
Playing at coites, euer regard their game,
And care not for their coites; so let a man
The things themselves that touch him not esteeme,
But his free power in well disposing them.

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Chal. Prettie from toyes.

Cler. Me thinks this double disticke
Seemes prettily too, to slay superfluous longings :
Not to haue want, what riches doth excede ?
Not to be subiect, what superiour thing ?
He that to nought aspires, doth nothing neede ;
Who breakes no Law is subiect to no King.

Mail. This goes to mine eare well I promise you.

Chal. O, but tis passing hard to slay one thus.

Cler. Tis so ; rancke custome raps men so beyond
it,

And as tis hard, so well mens dores to barre
To keepe the cat out, and th'adulterer ;
So tis as hard to curbe affections so,
Wee let in nought to make them ouer-flow.
And as of Homers verses, many Critickes
On those stand, of which times old moth hath eaten,
The first or last feete, and the perfect parts,
of his vnmatched Poeme sinke beneath,
With vpright gasping, and floath dull as death :
So the vnprofitable things of life,
And those we cannot compasse, we affect ;
All that doth profit, and wee haue, neglect,
Like couetous, and basely getting men,
That gathering much, vse neuer vvhath they keepe ;
But for the least they loofe, extreemely vveepe,

Mail. This prettie talking and our horses walking
Downe this steepe hill, spends time with eqaall profit.

Cler. Tis well bestow'd on ye, meate and men
ficke

Agree like this, and you : and yet euen this
Is th'end of all skill, power, wealth, all that is.

Chal. I long to heare fir, how your Mistresse
takes this.

Enter Aumal with a Cabinet.

Mail. Wee soone shall know it : see Aumall
return'd.

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Aum. Ease to your bands fir.

Cler. Welcome worthy friend.

Chal. How tooke his noblest Mistresse your sad
message?

Aum. As great rich men take sodaine pouertie.
I neuer witnels'd a more noble loue,
Nor a more ruthfull forrow : I well wisht
Some other had beene master of my message.

Mail. Y'are happy fir, in all things, but this one,
Of your vnhappy apprehension.

Cler. This is to mee, compar'd with her much
mone,
As one teare is to her whole passion.

Aum. Sir, shee commends her kindest seruice to you,
And this rich Cabinet.

Chal. O happy man.

This may enough hold to redeeme your bands.

Cler. These clouds I doubt not, will be soone
blowne ouer.

Enter Baligny with his discharge : Renel, and others.

Aum. Your hope is iust and happy, see fir both
In both the looks of these.

Bal. Here's a discharge
For this your prisoner, my good Lord Lieutenant.

Mail. Alas, fir, I vsurpe that stile enforc't,
And hope you know it was not my aspiring.

Bal. Well fir, my wrong aspir'd past all mens
hopes.

Mail. I sorrow for it fir.

Ren. You see fir there
Your prisoners discharge autenticall.

Mail. It is fir, and I yeeld it him with gladnesse.

Bal. Brother, I brought you downe to much good
purpose.

Cler. Repeat not that fir : the amends makes all :

Ren. I ioy in it, my best and worthiest friend,
O y'haue a princely fautor of the Guise.

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Bal. I thinke I did my part to.

Ren. Well, fir; all

Is in the issue vvell: and (vvorthiest Friend)
Here's from your friend the Guise; here from the
Countesse,

Your Brothers Mistresse, the contents vvhereof
I know, and must prepare you now to please
Th'vnrested spirit of your slaughtered brother,
If it be true, as you imagin'd once,
His apparition show'd it; the complot
Is now laid sure betwixt vs; therefore haste
Both to your great friend (vvho hath some vse
vvaightie

For your repaire to him) and to the Countesse,
Whose satisfaction is no lesse important.

Cler. I see all, and vvill haste as it importeth.
And good friend, since I must delay a little
My wisht attendance on my noblest Mistresse,
Excuse me to her, with returne of this,
And endlesse protestation of my seruice;
And now become as glad a messenger,
As you were late a vvofull.

Aum. Happy change,
I euer vvill salute thee with my seruice. *Exit.*

Bal. Yet more newes Brother; the late iesting
Monsieur

Makes now your Brothers dying prophesie equall
At all parts, being dead as he presag'd.

Ren. Heauen shield the Guise from seconding that
truth,

With what he likewise prophesied on him.

Cler. It hath enough, twas grac'd with truth in
one,

To'th other falshood and confusion.

Leade to'th Court fir.

Bal. You Ile leade no more,
It was to ominous and foule before. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus quinti Scæna prima

Ascendit Vmbra Buffi.

Vmb. **V**P from the Chaos of eternall night,
(To vvhich the whole digestion of the
world

Is now returning) once more I ascend,
And bide the cold dampe of this piercing ayre,
To vrge the iustice, whose almightie word
Measures the bloudy acts of impious men,
With equall pennance, who in th'aet it selfe
Includes th'infliction, which like chained shot
Batter together still ; though (as the thunder
Seemes, by mens duller hearing then their fight,
To breake a great time after lightning forth,
Yet both at one time teare the labouring cloud,)
So men thinke pennance of their ils is slow,
Though th'ill and pennance still together goe.
Reforme yee ignorant men, your manleffe liues
Whose lawes yee thinke are nothing but your lusts
When leauing but for supposition fake,
The body of felicitie (Religion)
Set in the midst of Christendome, and her head
Cleft to her bosome ; one halfe one vvay swaying
Another th'other : all the Christian world
And all her lawes, vvhoſe obseruation,
Stands vpon faith, aboue the power of reason :

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Leauing (I fay) all thefe, this might fuffice,
 To fray yee from your vicious fwindle in ill,
 And fet you more on fire to doe more good:
 That fince the vvorlde (as vvvhich of you denies)
 Stands by proportion, all may thence conclude,
 That all the ioynts and nerues fuftraining nature,
 As well may breake, and yet the vvorlde abide,
 As any one good vnrewarded die,
 Or any one ill fcape his penaltie.

The Ghoft ftands clofe.

Enter Guife, Clermont.

Gui. Thus (friend) thou feeft how all good men
 would thriue,

Did not the good thou prompt'ft me with preuent,
 The iealous ill purfuing them in others.
 But now thy dangers are difpatcht, note mine :
 Haft thou not heard of that admired voyce,
 That at the Barricadoes fpake to mee,
 (No perfon feene) Let's leade (my Lord) to Reimes ?

Cler. Nor could you learne the perfon ?

Guife. By no meanes.

Cler. Twas but your fancie then a waking dreame :
 For as in fleepe, which bindes both th'outward fenfes,
 And the fenfe common to ; th'imagining power
 (Stird vp by formes hid in the memories ftore,
 Or by the vapours of o'er-flowing humours
 In bodies full and foule ; and mixt vvith fpirits,)
 Faines many ftrange, miraculous images,
 In which aēt, it fo painfully applies
 It felfe to thofe formes, that the common fenfe
 It aētuates with his motion ; and thereby
 Thofe fictions true feeme, and haue reall aēt :
 So, in the ftrength of our conceits, awake,
 The caufe alike, doth of like fictions make.

Guife. Be what it vvill, twas a prefage of fome-
 thing
 Waigtie and fecret, vvvhich th'aduertifements

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I haue receiu'd from all parts, both vvithout,
And in this Kingdome, as from Rome and Spaine
Soccaine and Sauoye, giues me caufe to thinke,
All vvriting that our plots Catastrophe,
For propagation of the Catholique caufe,
Will bloody proue, dissoluing all our counfailes :

Cler. Retyre then from them all.

Guife. I must not doe so.

The Arch-Bishop of Lyons tels me plaine
I shall be said then to abandon France
In so important an occasion :

And that mine enemies (their profit making
Of my faint absence) soone would let that fall,
That all my paines did to this height exhale.

Cler. Let all fall that would rise vnlawfully :
Make not your forward spirit in vertues right,
A property for vice, by thrusting on
Further then all your powers can fetch you off.
It is enough, your will is infinite
To all things vertuous and religious,
Which within limits kept, may without danger
Let vertue some good from your Graces gather,
Auarice of all is euer nothings father.

Vmb. Danger (the spurre of all great mindes) is
euer

The curbe to your tame spirits ; you respect not
(With all your holinesse of life and learning)
More then the present, like illiterate vulgars,
Your minde (you say) kept in your fleshes bounds,
Showes that mans will must rul'd be by his power :
When (by true doctrine) you are taught to liue
Rather without the body, then within ;
And rather to your God still then your selfe :
To liue to him, is to doe all things fitting
His Image, in which, like himselfe we liue ;
To be his Image, is to doe those things,
That make vs deathlesse, which by death is onely ;
Doing those deedes that fit eternitie,
And those deedes are the perfecting that Iustice,

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That makes the world last, which proportion is
Of punishment and wreake for euery wrong,
As well as for right a reward as strong :
Away then, vse the meanes thou hast to right
The wrong I suffer'd. What corrupted Law
Leaues vnperform'd in Kings, doe thou supply,
And be aboue them all in dignitie. *Exit.*

Guife. Why stand'st thou still thus, and applyest
thine eares,
And eyes to nothing ?

Cler. Saw you nothing here ?

Guife. Thou dream'st, awake now ; what was here
to see ?

Cler. My Brothers spirit, vrging his reuenge.

Guife. Thy Brothers spirit ! pray thee mocke me
not.

Cler. No, by my loue and seruice.

Guife. Would he rise,

And not be thundring threatens against the Guife ?

Cler. You make amends for enmitie to him,
With tenne parts more loue, and desert of mee ;
And as you make your hate to him, no let
Of any loue to mee ; no more beares hee
(Since you to me supply it) hate to you.
Which reafon and which Iustice is perform'd
In Spirits tenne parts more then fleshy men.
To whose fore-fights our acts and thoughts lie open :
And therefore since hee saw the treacherie
Late practis'd by my brother Baligny,
Hee would not honor his hand with the iustice
(As hee esteemes it) of his blouds reuenge,
To which my Sister needs would haue him sworne,
Before she would consent to marry him.

Guife. O Baligny, who would beleeeue there were
A man, that (onely since his lookes are rais'd
Vpwards, and haue but sacred heauen in sight)
Could beare a minde so more then diuellish ?
As for the painted glory of the countenance,
Flitting in Kings, doth good for nought esteeme,

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And the more ill hee does, the better seeme.

Cler. Wee easily may beleue it, since we see
In this worlds practise few men better be.
Iustice to liue doth nought but Iustice neede,
But Policie must still on mischief feede.
Vntruth for all his ends, truths name doth sue in ;
None safely liue, but those that study ruine.
A good man happy, is a common good ;
Ill men aduanc'd liue of the common bloud.

Guise. But this thy brothers spirit startles mee,
These spirits feld or neuer hanting men,
But some mishap ensues.

Cler. Ensue what can :
Tyrants may kill, but neuer hurt a man ;
All to his good makes, spight of death and hell.

Enter Aumall.

Aum. All the desert of good, renowne your High-
nesse.

Guise. Welcome Aumall.

Cler. My good friend, friendly welcome.
How tooke my noblest mistresse the chang'd newes ?

Aum. It came too late sir, for those loueliest eyes
(Through which a foule look't so diuinely louing,
Teares nothing vttering her distresse enough)
She wept quite out, and like two falling Starres
Their dearest sights quite vanisht with her teares.

Cler. All good forbid it.

Guise. What euent are these ?

Cler. All must be borne my Lord ; and yet this
chance
Would willingly enforce a man to cast off
All power to beare with comfort, since hee sees
In this, our comforts made our miseries.

Guise. How strangely thou art lou'd of both the
sexes ;

Yet thou lou'st neyther, but the good of both.

Cler. In loue of women, my affection first

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Takes fire out of the fraile parts of my bloud ;
Which till I haue enioy'd, is passionate,
Like other louers : but fruition past,
I then loue out of iudgement ; the desert
Of her I loue, still sticking in my heart,
Though the desire, and the delight be gone,
Which must chance still, since the comparifon
Made vpon tryall twixt what reason loues,
And what affection, makes in mee the best
Euer preferd ; what most loue, valuing left.

Guife. Thy loue being iudgement then, and of the
minde,

Marry thy worthiest mistresse now being blinde.

Cler. If there were loue in mariage fo I would ;
But I denie that any man doth loue,
Affecting vviues, maides, widowes, any women :
For neither Flyes loue milke, although they drowne
In greedy search thereof ; nor doth the Bee
Loue honey, though the labour of her life
Is spent in gathering it ; nor those that fat
Or beafts, or fowles, doe any thing therein
For any loue : for as when onely nature
Moues men to meate, as farre as her power rules,
Shee doth it with a temperate appetite,
The too much men deuoure, abhorring nature ;
And in our most health, is our most difeafe :
So, when humanitie rules men and vvomen.
Tis for focietie confinde in reason.

But what excites the beds desire in bloud,
By no meanes iustly can be construed loue ;
For when loue kindles any knowing spirit,
It ends in vertue and effects diuine ;
And is in friendship chaste, and masculine.

Guife. Thou shalt my Mistresse be ; me thinkes my
bloud

Is taken vp to all loue vvith thy vertues.
And howfocuer other men despise
Thefe Paradoxes strange, and too precise,
Since they hold on the right way of our reason,

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I could attend them euer. Come, away ;
Performe thy brothers thus importun'd wreake ;
And I will see what great affaires the King
Hath to employ my counsell, which he seemes
Much to desire, and more and more esteemes. *Exit.*

Enter Henry, Baligny, with fixe of the guard.

Hen. Saw you his sawcie forcing of my hand
To D'Ambois freedome ?

Bal. Saw, and through mine eyes
Let fire into my heart, that burn'd to beare
An infolence so Giantly austere.

Hen. The more Kings beare at Subiects hands, the
more

Their lingring Iustice gathers ; that refembles
The waightie, and the goodly-bodied Eagle,
Who (being on earth) before her shady wings
Can raise her into ayre, a mightie way
Close by the ground she runnes ; but being aloft,
All shee commands, she flies at ; and the more
Death in her Seres beares, the more time shee slayes
Her thundry stoope from that on which shee preyes.

Bal. You must be then more secret in the waight
Of these your shadie counfels, who will else
Beare (where such sparkes flye as the Guife and D'Am-
bois)

Pouder about them. Counfels (as your entrailes)
Should be vnpiers'd and found kept ; for not those,
Whom you discouer, you neglect ; but ope
A ruinous passage to your owne best hope.

Hen. Wee haue Spies set on vs, as we on others ;
And therefore they that serue vs must excuse vs,
If what wee most hold in our hearts, take winde,
Deceit hath eyes that see into the minde.
But this plot shall be quicker then their twinckling,
On whose lids Fate, with her dead waight shall lie,
And Confidence that lightens ere she die.
Friends of my Guard, as yee gaue othe to be

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True to your Soueraigne, keepe it manfully :
Your eyes haue witnest oft th'Ambition
That neuer made acceffe to me in Guife
But Treafon euer sparkled in his eyes :
Which if you free vs of, our fafetie fhall
You not our Subiects, but our Patrons call.

Omnus. Our duties binde vs, hee is now but
dead.

Heu. Wee trust in it, and thanke ye. Baligny,
Goe lodge their ambuſh, and thou God that art
Fautor of Princes, thunder from the ſkies,
Beneath his hill of pride this Gyant Guife. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Tamyra with a Letter, Charlotte in mans
attire.*

Tam. I fee y'are Seruant, fir, to my deare fiſter,
The Lady of her lou'd Baligny.

Char. Madame I am bound to her vertuous
bounties,
For that life which I offer in her vertuous ſeruice,
To the reuenge of her renowned brother.

Tam. She writes to mee as much, and much
deſires,
That you may be the man, whoſe ſpirit ſhee knowes
Will cut ſhort off theſe long and dull delayes,
Hitherto bribing the eternall Juſtice :
Which I beleeeue, ſince her vnmatched ſpirit
Can iudge of ſpirits, that haue her fulphure in them ;
But I muſt tell you, that I make no doubt,
Her liuing brother will reuenge her dead,
On whom the dead impos'd the taſke, and hee,
I know, will come t'effect it inſtantly.

Char. They are but words in him ; beleeeue them
not.

Tam. See ; this is the vault, where he muſt enter :
Where now I thinke hee is.

The Reuenge of Buffy D'Ambois. 171

*Enter Renel at the vault, with the Countesse being
blinde.*

Ren. God saue you Lady.
What Gentleman is this, with whom you trust
The deadly waightie secret of this houre ?
Tam. One that your selfe will say, I well may trust.
Ren. Then come vp Madame.

He helps the Countesse vp.

See here honour'd Lady,
A Countesse that in loues mishap doth equall
At all parts your wrong'd selfe ; and is the mistresse
Of your slaine seruants brother ; in whose loue
For his late treachrous apprehension,
She wept her faire eyes from her Iuory browes,
And would haue wept her soule out, had not I
Promist to bring her to this mortall quarrie,
That by her lost eyes for her seruants loue,
She might coniure him from this sterne attempt,
In which, (by a most ominous dreame shee had)
Shee knowes his death fixt, and that neuer more
Out of this place the Sunne shall see him liue.

Char. I am prouided then to take his place,
And vndertaking on me.

Ren. You sir, why ?

Char. Since I am charg'd so by my mistresse,
His mournfull sifter.

Tam. See her Letter sir. *Hee reads.*
Good Madame, I rue your fate, more then mine,
And know not how to order these affaires,
They stand on such occurrents.

Ren. This indeede,
I know to be your Lady mistresse hand,
And know besides, his brother will, and must
Indure no hand in this reuenge but his.

Enter Vmbr. Buffy.

Vmb. Away, dispute no more ; get vp, and see,

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Clermont must auchthor this iust Tragedie.

Coun. Who's that ? *Ren.* The spirit of Buffy.

Tam. O my seruant ! let vs embrace.

Vmb. Forbeare. The ayre, in which

My figures liknesse is imprest, will blast,

Let my reuenge for all loues satisfie,

In vvhich (dame) feare not, Clermont shall not dye :

No word dispute more, vp, and see th'euent.

Exeunt Ladies.

Make the Guard sure Renel ; and then the doores

Command to make fast, when the Earle is in.

Exit Ren.

The blacke soft-footed houre is now on wing,

Which for my iust wreake, Ghosts shall celebrate,

With dances dire, and of infernall state.

Exit.

Enter Guife.

Guife. Who sayes that death is naturall, vvhen
nature

Is with the onely thought of it, dismaid ?

I haue had Lotteries set vp for my death,

And I haue drawne beneath my trencher one,

Knit in my hand-kerchiefe another lot,

The word being ; Y'are a dead man if you enter,

And these words, this imperfect bloud and flesh,

Shrincke at in spight of me ; their solidst part

Melting like snow within mee, with colde fire :

I hate my selfe, that seeking to rule Kings,

I cannot curbe my slaue. Would any spirit

Free, manly, Princely, wish to liue to be

Commanded by this masse of flauerie,

Since Reason, Iudgement, Resolution,

And scorne of what we feare, will yeeld to feare ?

While this same sincke of sensualitie swels,

Who would liue sinking in it ? and not spring

Vp to the Starres, and leaue this carrion here,

For Wolfes, and Vultures, and for Dogges to teare ?

O Clermont D'Ambois, wert thou here to chide

This softnesse from my flesh, farre as my reason,
Farre as my resolution, not to stirre
One foote out of the way, for death and hell.
Let my false man by falshood perish here,
There's no way else to fet my true man cleere.

Mess. The King desires your Grace to come to
Councill.

*He takes up the Arras, and the Guard enters upon him:
hee drawes.*

Hen. See fir, I am come
To iustifie it before men, and God,
Who knows with what wounds in my heart for woe
Of your so wounded faith, I made these wounds,
Forc't to it by an insolence of force
To stirre a floue, nor as a rocke oppos'd
To all the billowes of the churlish sea,

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More beate, and eaten with them, then was I
With your ambitious mad Idolatrie ;
And this bloud I shed, is to faue the bloud
Of many thoufands.

Guife. That's your white pretext,
But you will finde one drop of bloud shed lawleffe,
Will be the fountaine to a purple fea :
The prefent luft, and shift made for Kings liues
Againft the pure forme, and iuft power of Law,
Will thriue like shifters purchafes ; there hangs
A blacke Starre in the skies, to which the Sunne
Giues yet no light, will raine a poyfon'd shower
Into your entrailes, that will make you feele
How little fafetie lies in treacherous Steele.

Hen. Well fir, Ile beare it ; y'haue a Brother to,
Burfts with like threates, the skarlet Cardinall :
Seeke, and lay hands on him ; and take this hence,
Their blouds, for all you, on my confcience. *Exit.*

Guife. So fir, your full fwindle take ; mine, death
hath curb'd.

Clermont, farewell : O didft thou fee but this :
But it is better, fee by this the Ice
Broke to thine owne bloud, which thou wilt defpife,
When thou hear'ft mine shed. Is there no friend here
Will beare my loue to him ? *Aum.* I will, my Lord.

Guife. Thankes with my laft breath : recommend
me then
To the moft worthy of the race of men.

Dyes. Exeunt.

Enter Montf. and Tamyra.

Mont. Who haue you let into my houfe ? *Tam.* I,
none.

Mont. Tis falfe, I fauour the rancke bloud of foes
In euery corner.

Tam. That you may doe well,
It is the bloud you lately shed, you fmell.

Mont. Sdeath the vault opes. *The gulfe opens.*

The Reuenge of Buffy D'Ambois. 175

Tam. What vault? hold your sword. *Clermont ascends.*

Cler. No, let him vse it. *Mont.* Treason, murther, murther.

Cler. Exclaime not; tis is in vaine, and bafe in you,

Being one, to onely one. *Mont.* O bloody strumpet!

Cler. With what bloud charge you her? it may be mine

As well as yours; there shall not any else

Enter or touch you: I conferre no guards,

Nor imitate the murtherous courfe you tooke;

But fingle here, will haue my former challenge,

Now answer'd fingle, not a minute more

My brothers bloud shall stay for his reuenge,

If I can act it; if not, mine shall adde

A double conquest to you, that alone

Put it to fortune now, and vse no ods.

Storme not, nor beate your felfe thus gainst the dores,

Like to a fauage vermine in a trap:

All dores are fure made, and you cannot scape,

But by your valour. *Mont.* No, no, come and kill mee.

Cler. If you will die fo like a beast, you shall,

But when the spirit of a man may faue you,

Doe not fo shame man, and a Noble man.

Mont. I doe not shew this baseneffe, that I feare thee,

But to preuent and shame thy victory,

Which of one bafe is bafe, and so Ile die. *Cler.* Here then.

Mou. Stay, hold, one thought hath harden'd me,
He starts vp.

And since I must afford thee victorie,

It shall be great and braue, if one request

Thou wilt admit mee. *Cler.* What's that?

Mont. Giue me leaue

To fetch and vse the sword thy Brother gaue mee

When he was brauely giuing vp his life.

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Cler. No, Ile not fight against my brothers sword,
Not that I feare it, but since tis a tricke,
For you to shew your backe.

Mont. By all truth, no :
Take but my honourable othe, I will not.

Cler. Your honourable othe, plaine truth no place
has
Where othes are honourable.

Tam. Trust not his othe.
Hee will lie like a Lapwing, when shee flies
Farre from her fought nest, still here tis shee cries.

Mont. Out on thee damme of Duels, I will quite
Disgrace thy braues conquest, die, not fight.

Tam. Out on my fortune to wed such an abiect.
Now is the peoples voyce, the voyce of God ;
Hee that to wound a woman vants so much,
(As hee did mee) a man dares neuer touch.

Cler. Reuenge your wounds now madame, I resigne
him

Vp to your full vill, since hee will not fight.
First you shall torture him (as hee did you,
And Iustice wils) and then pay I my vow.
Here, take this Ponyard.

Mont. Sinke Earth, open Heauen,
And let fall vengeance.

Tam. Come fir, good fir hold him.

Mont. O shame of women, whither art thou fled !

Cler. Why (good my Lord) is it a greater shame
For her then you ? come, I will be the bands
You vs'd to her, prophaning her faire hands.

Mont. No fir, Ile fight now, and the terror be
Of all you Champions to such as shee.

I did but thus farre dally : now obserue,
O all you aking fore-heads that haue rob'd,
Your hands of weapons, and your hearts of valour,
Ioyne in mee all your rages, and rebutters,
And into dust ram this same race of Furies,
In this one relicke of the Ambois gall,
In his one purple foule shed, drowne it all.

Fight.

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Mont. Now giue me breath a while. *Cler.* Receiue it freely.

Mont. What thinke y'a this now?

Cler. It is very noble.

Had it beene free (at least) and of your selfe,
And thus wee see (where valour most doth vant)
What tis to make a coward valiant.

Mont. Now I shall grace your conquest.

Cler. That you shall. *Mont.* If you obtaine it.

Cler. True fir, tis in fortune.

Mont. If you were not a D'Ambois, I would scarce
Change liues with you, I feele fo great a change
In my tall spirits breath'd, I thinke, with the breath
A D'Ambois breathes here, and necessitie
(With whose point now prickt on, and so, vvwhose helpe
My hands may challenge, that doth all men conquer,
If thee except not you, of all men onely)
May change the case here.

Cler. True as you are chang'd,
Her power in me vrg'd, makes y'another man,
Then yet you euer were. *Mont.* Well, I must on.

Cler. Your Lordship must by all meanes. *Mon.*
Then at all. *Fights, and D'Ambois hurts him.*

Charlotte about.

Char. Death of my father : what a shame is this,
Sticke in his hands thus? *Ren.* Gentle fir forbear.

Coun. Is he not flaine yet? *She gets downe.*

Ren. No Madame, but hurt in diuers parts of him.

Mont. Y'haue giuen it me,
And yet I feele life for another vennie,

Enter Charlotte.

Cler. What would you fir?

Char. I would performe this Combat.

Cler. Against which of vs?

Char. I care not much if twere

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Against thy selfe : thy sifter would haue sham'd,
To haue thy Brothers wreake with any man
(In single combat) sticke so in her fingers.

Cler. My Sifter? know you her?

Cam. I fir, shee sent him

With this kinde Letter, to performe the wreake
Of my deare Seruant.

Cler. Now alas good fir,
Thinke you you could doe more?

Char. Alas? I doe,
And wer't not, I, fresh, found, should charge a man
Weary, and vvounded, I would long ere this,
Haue prou'd what I prefume on.

Cler. Y'haue a minde
Like to my Sifter, but haue patience now,
If next charge speede not, Ile resigne to you,

Mont. Pray thee let him decide it.

Cler. No, my Lord,
I am the man in fate, and since so brauely
Your Lordship stands mee, scape but one more
charge,
And on my life, Ile set your life at large.

Mont. Said like a D'Ambois, and if now I die,
Sit ioy and all good on thy victorie.

Fights, and fals downe.

Mon. Farewell, I hartily forgiue thee. Wife,
And thee, let penitence spend thy rest of life.

{ *Hee giues his
hand to Cler.
and his wife.*

Cler. Noble and Christian.

Tam. O it breakes my heart.

Cler. And should, for all faults found in him be-
fore,

These words, this end, makes full amends and more.
Rest worthy foule, and vvith it the deare spirit
Of my lou'd Brother, rest in endlesse peace :
Soft lie thy bones Heauen be your foules abode,
And to your ashes be the earth no lode.

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Musicke, and the Ghost of Buffy enters, leading the Ghost of the Guife; Monsieur, Cardinall Guife, and Shattilion, they dance about the dead body, and Excunt.

Cler. How strange is this? the Guife amongst these spirits,
And his great Brother Cardinall, both yet liuing,
And that the rest vvith them, vvith ioy thus celebrate
This our reuenge? This certainly presages
Some instant death both to the Guife and Cardinall.
That the Shattilians Ghost to should thus ioyne
In celebration of this iust reuenge,
With Guife, that bore a chiefe stroke in his death,
It seemes that now he doth approue the act,
And these true shadowes of the Guife and Cardinall,
Fore-running thus their bodies, may approue
That all things to be done, as here wee liue,
Are done before all times in th'other life.
That Spirits should rife in these times yet are fables;
Though learnedst men hold that our sensiue spirits
A little time abide about the graues
Of their deceased bodies; and can take
In colde condenc't ayre, the same formes they had,
When they were shut vp in this bodies shade.

Enter Aumall.

Aum. O Sir, the Guife is slaine. *Cler.* Auert it Heauen.

Aum. Sent for to Councill, by the King, an ambush
(Lodg'd for the purpose) rusht on him, and tooke
His Princely life; who sent (in dying then)
His loue to you, as to the best of men.

Cler. The worst, and most accurst of things creeping
On earths sad bosome. Let me pray yee all

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A little to forbear, and let me vfe
 Freely mine owne minde in lamenting him.
 Ile call yee straight againe.

Aum. We will forbear, and leaue you free fir.

Excunt.

Cler. Shall I liue, and hee
 Dead, that alone gaue meanes of life to me ?
 There's no disputing with the acts of Kings,
 Reuenge is impious on their sacred persons :
 And could I play the worldling (no man louing
 Longer then gaine is reapt, or grace from him)
 I should furuiue, and shall be wondred at,
 (Though in mine owne hands being) I end with him :
 But Friendship is the Sement of two mindes,
 As of one man the foule and body is,
 Of which one cannot feuer, but the other
 Suffers a needfull separation.

Descend Ren.

& Coun.

Ren. I feare your seruant, Madame : let's descend.

Cler. Since I could skill of man, I neuer liu'd
 To please men worldly, and shall I in death,
 Respect their pleasures, making such a iarre
 Betwixt my death and life, when death should make
 The confort sweetest ; th'end being prooffe and crowne
 To all the skill and worth wee truely owne ?
 Guife, O my Lord, how shall I cast from me
 The bands and couerts hindring me from thee ?
 The garment or the couer of the minde,
 The humane foule is ; of the foule, the spirit
 The proper robe is ; of the spirit, the bloud ;
 And of the bloud, the body is the shrowd.
 With that must I beginne then to vnclothe,
 And come at th'other. Now then as a ship,
 Touching at strange, and farre remoued shores ;
 Her men a shore goe, for their feuerall ends,
 Fresh water, victuals, precious stones, and pearle,
 All yet intentiue when (the master calls,
 The Ship to put off ready) to leaue all
 Their greediest labours, left they there be left,

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To theecues, or beafts, or be the Countries flauces :
So, now my mafter calls, my fhip, my venture
All in one bottome put, all quite put off,
Gone vnder faile, and I left negligent,
To all the horrors of the vicious time,
The farre remou'd fhores to all vertuous aimes ;
None fauouring goodneffe ; none but he refpe<ting
Pietie or man-hood. Shall I here furuiue,
Not caft me after him into the fea,
Rather then here liue, readie euery houre
To feede theecues, beafts, and be the flauce of power ?
I come my Lord, Clermont thy creature comes.
Hee kills himfelfe.

Enter Aumal, Tamyra, Charlotte.

Aum. What ? lye and languifh, Clermont ? Curfed
man
To leaue him here thus : hee hath flaine himfelfe.
Tam. Mifery on mifery ! O me wretched Dame
Of all that breath, all heauen turne all his eyes,
In hartie enuie, thus on one poore dame.
Char. Well done my Brother : I did lone thee
euer,
But now adore thee : loffe of fuch a friend
None fhould furuiue, of fuch a Brother ;
With my falfe husband liue, and both thefe flaine :
Ere I returne to him, Ile turne to earth.

Enter Renel leading the Counteffe.

Ren. Horror of humane eyes, O Clermont D'Am-
bois !
Madame, wee flaid too long, your feruant's flaine.
Coun. It muft be fo, he liu'd but in the Guife,
As I in him. O follow life mine eyes.
Tam. Hide, hide thy fnakie head, to Cloifters flie,
In pennance pine, too eafie tis to die.
Cler. It is. In Cloifters then let's all furuiue.

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Madame, since wrath nor griefe can helpe these fortunes,

Let vs forsake the world, in which they raigne,
And for their wifht amends to God complaine.

Count. 'Tis fit and onely needfull : leade me on,
In heauens course comfort feeke, in earth is none.

Exeunt.

Enter Henry, Espernone, Soiffone, and others.

Hen. Wee came indeede too late, which much I
rue,

And would haue kept this Clermont as my crowne.

Take in the dead, and make this fatall roome

(The house shut vp) the famous D'Ambois Tombe.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

THE
C O N S P I R A C I E,
And
T R A G E D I E
OF
CHARLES Duke of BYRON,
Marshall of France.

Acted lately in two playes, at the
Black-Friers.

Written by GEORGE CHAPMAN.


Printed by *G. Eld* for *Thomas Thorp*, and are to be sold at
the Tygers head in Paules Church-yard.

1608.

[A few corrections, chiefly clerical, of the Edition of 1625, have been, for the most part silently, adopted in the following reprint.]

To my Honorable and Constant

friend, Sir *Tho: Walsingham*, Knight : and to my much *loued from his birth, the right toward and worthy Gentleman* his sonne *Thomas Walsingham*, Esquire.

IR, though I know, you euer stood little affected to these vnprofitable rites of Dedication ; (which disposition in you, hath made me hetherto dispence with your right in my other impressions) yet, least the world may repute it a neglect in me, of so ancient and worthy a friend ; (hauing heard your approbation of these in their presentment) I could not but prescribe them with your name ; And that my affection may extend to your Posteritie, I haue entituled to it, herein, your hope and comfort in your generous sonne ; whom I doubt not, that most reuerenc'd Mother of *Manly Sciences* ; to whose instruction your vertuous care commits him ; will so profitably initiate in her learned labours, that they will make him florish in his riper life, ouer the idle liues of our ignorant Gentlemen ; and enable him to supply the Honorable places, of your name ; extending your yeares, and his right noble Mothers (in the true comforts of his vertues) to the sight of much, and most happy Progenie ; which most affectionately wishing ; and diuiding these poore dismemberd Poems betwixt you, I desire to liue still in your gracefull loues ; and euer

The most assured at your commandements

GEORGE CHAPMAN.



Prologus .

When the vnciuill, ciuill warres of France,
Had pour'd vpon the countries beaten brest,
Her batterd Citties ; prest her vnder hils
Of slaughterd carcases ; set her in the mouthes
Of murtherous breaches, and made pale Despaire,
Leaue her to Ruine ; through them all, Byron
Stept to her rescue ; tooke her by the hand :
Pluckt her from vnder her vnnatural presse,
And set her shining in the height of peace.
And now new clensd, from dust, from sweat, and bloud,
And dignified with title of a Duke ;
As when in wealthy Autumne, his bright starre
(Washt in the lofty Ocean) thence ariseth ;
Illustrates heauen, and all his other fires
Out-shines and darkens : so admird Byron,
All France, exempted from comparifon.
He toucht heauen with his lance ; nor yet was toucht
With hellish treacherie : his countries loue,
He yet thirsts : not the faire shades of himselfe :
Of which empoisoned Spring ; when pollicie drinks,
He bursts in growing great ; and rising, sinckes :
Which now behold in our Conspirator,
And see in his reuolt, how honors flood
Ebbes into ayre, when men are Great, not Good.



BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

ACTVS I. SCAENA I.

Enter Sauoy, Roncas, Rochette, Breton.

Sau. I Would not for halfe *Sauoy*, but haue bound
France to some fauour, by my personall
presence

More than your selfe, (my Lord Ambassadour)
Could haue obtaind ; for all Ambassadours
(You know) haue chiefly these instructions ;
To note the State and chiefe sway of the Court,
To which they are employde ; to penetrate
The heart, and marrow of the Kings designs,
And to obserue the countenances and spirites,
Of such as are impatient of rest ;
And wring beneath, some priuate discontent :
But, past all these, there are a number more
Of these State Criticisimes : That our personall view
May profitably make, which cannot fall
Within the powres of our instruction,
To make you comprehend ; I will doe more
With my meere shadow, than you with your persons.

All you can say against my coming heere,
Is that, which I confesse, may for the time,
Breede strange affections in my brother *Spaine* ;
But when I shall haue time to make my Cannans,
The long-tong'd Heraulds of my hidden drifts,
Our reconcilement will be made with triumphs.

Ron. If not, your Highnesse hath small cause to
care,

Hauing such worthy reason to complaine
Of *Spaines* colde friendship, and his lingring succours,
Who onely entertaines your griefes with hope,
To make your medicine desperate.

Roch. My Lord knowes
The Spanish glosse too well ; his forme, stufte, lasting,
And the most dangerous conditions,
He layes on them with whome he is in league,
Th'iniustice in the most vnequall dowre,
Giuen with th' *Infanta*, whome my Lord espoused,
Compar'd with that her elder sister had,
May tell him how much *Spaines* loue weighs to him,
When of so many Globes and Scepters held
By the great King, he onely would bestow
A portion but of six score thousand Crownes
In yeerely pension, with his highnesse wife,
When the *Infanta* wedded by the Archduke
Had the Franch County, and lowe Prouinces.¹

Bret. We should not set these passages of Splene
Twixt *Spaine* and *Sauoy*, to the weaker part,
More good by suffrance growes, than deedes of heart,
The nearer Princes are, the further off
In rites of friendship ; my aduice had neuer
Consented to this voyage of my Lord,
In which he doth endaunger *Spaines* whole losse,
For hope of some poore fragment heere in *France*.

Sau. My hope in *France* you know not, though
my counsel,

¹ The edition of 1625 reads :—

“ Had the French Bounty, and low Prouinces.”

And for my losse of *Spain*, it is agreede,
 That I should sleight it, oft-times Princes rules
 Are like the Chymicall Philosphers;
 Leauē me then to mine owne proiection,²
 In this our thriftie Alchymie of state,
 Yet helpe me thus farre, you that haue beene heere
 Our Lord Ambassadour; and, in short informe mee,
 What Spirites here are fit for our designs.

Ron. The new-created Duke *Byron* is fit,
 Were there no other reason for your prefence,
 To make it worthie; for he is a man
 Of matchlesse valour, and was euer happy
 In all encounters, which were still made good,
 With an vnwearyed fence of any toyle,
 Hauiug continued fourteene dayes together
 Vpon his horse: his blood is not voluptuous,
 Nor much inclinde to women; his desires
 Are higher than his state, and his deserts
 Not much short of the most he can desire,
 If they be weigh'd with what *France* fees by them:
 He is past measure glorious: And that humour
 Is fit to feede his Spirites, whome it possiesseth
 With faith in any errour, chiefly where
 Men blowe it vp, with praise of his perfections,
 The taste whereof in him so foothes his pallate,
 And takes vp all his appetite, that oft times
 He will refuse his meate, and companie
 To feast alone with their most strong conceit;
 Ambition also, cheeke by cheeke doth march
 With that excesse of glory, both sustain'd
 With an vnlimited fancie, That the King,
 Nor *France* it selfe, without him can subsist.

Sau. He is the man (my Lord) I come to winne;
 And that supream intention of my prefence
 Saw neuer light till now, which yet I feare,
 The politick King, suspec̄ting, is the cause
 That he hath sent him so farre from my reach,

2 The Edition of 1625 reads "protection."

And made him chiefe in the Commiffion,
 Of his ambassage to my brother Arch-duke,
 With whome he is now ; and (as I am tolde)
 So entertaind and fitted in his humour,
 That ere I part, I hope he will returne
 Prepar'd, and made the more fit for the phisicke
 That I intend to minifter.

Ron. My Lord,
 There is another discontented Spirite
 Now heere in Court, that for his braine, and aptnes
 To any cource that may recouer him
 In his declined and litigious flate,
 Will serue *Byron*, as he were made for him,
 In giuing vent to his ambitious vaine,
 And that is, *De Laffin*.

Sau. You tell me true,
 And him I thinke you haue prepar'd for me.

Ron. I haue my Lord, and doubt not he will
 prooue,
 Of the yet taintlesse fortrefie of *Byron*,
 A quicke Expugner, and a strong Abider.

Sau. Perhaps the battry will be brought before
 him,
 In this ambassage, for I am affur'd
 They fet high price of him, and are informde
 Of all the passages, and means for mines
 That may be thought on, to his taking in :

Enter Henry and Laffin.

The King comes, and *Laffin* : the Kings aspect
 Folded in cloudes.

Hen. I will not haue my traine,
 Made a retraite for Bankroutes, nor my Court,
 A hyue for Droanes : prowde Beggars, and true
 Thieues,
 That with a forced truth they sweare to me,
 Robbe my poore subiects, shall giue vp their Arts,
 And hencefoorth learne to liue by their defarts ;

Though I am growne, by right of Birth and Armes
Into a greater kingdome, I will spreade
With no more shade, then may admit that kingdome
Her proper, naturall, and woonted fruites,
Nauarre shall be *Nauarre*, and *France* still *France*. :
If one may be the better for the other .
By mutuall rites, so, neither shall be worfe.
Thou arte in lawe, in quarrells, and in debt,
Which thou wouldst quit with countenance ; Borrow-
ing

With thee is purchase, and thou seekst by me
(In my supportance) now our olde warres cease
To wage worfe battells, with the armes of Peace.

Laf. Peace must not make men Cowards, nor
keepe calme

Her purfie regiment with mens smootherd breaths ;
I must confesse my fortunes are decline,
But neither my deseruings, nor my minde :
I seeke but to sustaine the right I found,
When I was rich, in keeping what is left,
And making good my honour as at best,
Though it be hard ; mans right to euerything
Wanes with his wealth, wealth is his surest King ;
Yet Iustice should be still indifferent.
The ouerplus of Kings, in all their might,
Is but to peece out the defects of right :
And this I sue for, nor shall frownes and taunts
(The common Scarre-crowes of all poore mens suites)
Nor mis-construction that doth colour still
Licentiary Iustice, punishing good for ill,
Keepe my free throate from knocking at the Skie,
If thunder chid mee for my equitie.

Hen. Thy equity, is to be euer banisht
From Court, and all societie of noblesse,
Amongst whome thou throwst balls of all dissention ;
Thou arte at peace with nothing but with warre,
Hast no heart but to hurt, and eatst thy heart,
If it but thinke of doing any good :

Thou witchest with thy smiles, suckst blood with
 praifes,
 Mock'st al humanitie ; society poisonst,
 Coofinft with vertue ; with religion
 Betrayst, and maffacrest ; so vile thy selfe,
 That thou suspectst perfection in others :
 A man must thinke of all the villanies
 He knowes in all men, to descipher thee,
 That art the centre to impietie :
 Away, and tempt me not.

Laf. But you tempt me,
 To what, thou Sunne to iudge, and make him see.

Exit.

Sau. Now by my dearest Marquifate of *Saluffes*,
 Your Maiestie hath with the greatest life
 Describ'd a wicked man ; or rather thrust
 Your arme downe through him to his very feete,
 And pluckt his inside out, that euer yet,
 My eares did witnesse ; or turnd eares to Eies ;
 And those strange Characters, writ in his face,
 Which at first sight, were hard for me to reade,
 The Doctrine of your speech, hath made so plaine,
 That I run through them like my naturall language :
 Nor do I like that mans Aspect, me thinkes,
 Of all lookes where the Beames of Starres haue caru'd
 Their powrefull influences ; And (O rare)
 What an heroicke, more than royall Spirite
 Bewraide you in your first speech, that defies
 Protection of vile droanes, that eate the honny
 Sweat from laborious vertue, and denies
 To giue those of *Nauuarre*, though bred with you,
 The benefites and dignities of *France*.
 When little Riuers by their greedy currants,
 (Farre farre extended from their mother springs)
 Drinke vp the forraine brookes still as they runne,
 And force their greatnesse, when they come to Sea,
 And iustle with the Ocean for a roome,
 O how he roares, and takes them in his mouth,
 Digesting them so to his proper streames,

That they are no more scene, hee nothing raifde
About his vsuall bounds, yet they deuour'd,
That of themfelues were pleafant, goodly flouds.

Hen. I would doe beft for both, yet fhall not be
fecure,

Till in fome absolute heires my Crowne be fetled,
There is fo little now betwixt Aspirers
And their great obieft in my onely felfe,
That all the ftrength they gather vnder me,
Tempts combat with mine owne : I therefore make
Meanes for fome iffue by my marriage,
Which with the great Dukes neece is now concluded,
And ſhe is comming ; I haue truſt in heauen
I am not yet fo olde, but I may ſpring,
And then I hope all traytors hopes will fade.

Sau. Elſe may their whole eſtates flie, rooted vp
To Ignominie and Obluion :
And (being your neighbor ſeruant, and poore kinfman)
I wiſh your mighty Race might multiply,
Euen to the Period of all Emperie.

Hen. Thankes to my princely cozen, this your
loue

And honour ſhewne me in your perſonall preſence,
I wiſh to welcome to your full content :
The peace I now make with your brother Archduke,
By Duke *Byron* our Lord Ambaſſadour,
I wiſh may happily extend to you,
And that at his returne we may conclude it.

Sau. It ſhall be to my heart the happieſt day
Of all my life, and that life all employd,
To celebrate the honour of that day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Roifeau.

Roif. The wondrous honor done our Duke *Byron*
In his Ambaſſage heere, in th' Archdukes Court,
I feare will taint his loyaltie to our King,
I will obſerue how they obſerue his humour.

And glorifie his valure : and how he
 Accepts and stands attractiue to their ends,
 That so I may not seeme an idle spot
 In traine of this ambassage, but returne
 Able to giue our King some note of all,
 Worth my attendance ; And see, heere's the man,
 Who (though a French man, and in *Orleance* borne
 Seruing the Arch-duke) I doe most suspect,
 Is set to be the tempter of our Duke ;
 Ile goe where I may see, although not heare.

Enter Picoté, with two other spreading a Carpet.

Pic. Spreade heere this historie of *Cateline*,
 That Earth may seeme to bring forth Roman Spirites,
 Euen to his Geniall feete ; and her darke breast
 Be made the cleare Glasse of his shining Graces,
 Weele make his feete so tender, they shall gall
 In all paths but to Empire ; and therein
 Ile make the sweete Steppes of his State beginne.

Exit.

Lowde Musique, and enter Byron.

Byr. What place is this ? what ayre ? what region ?
 In which a man may heare the harmony
 Of all things moouing ? *Hymen* marries heere,
 Their ends and vses, and makes me his Temple.
 Hath any man beene bleffed, and yet liu'd ?
 The blood turnes in my veines, I stand on change,
 And shall dissolue in changing ; tis so full
 Of pleasure not to be containde in flesh :
 To feare a violent Good, abuseth Goodnes,
 Tis Immortality to die aspiring,
 As if a man were taken quick to heauen ;
 What will not holde Perfection, let it burst ;
 What force hath any Cannon, not being chargde,
 Or being not dischargd ? To haue stuffe and forme,
 And to lie idle, fearefull, and vnus'd,
 Nor forme, nor stuffe shewes ; happy *Semele*

Byrons Conspiracie. 195

That died compréſt with Glorie : Happineſſe
Denies comparifon, of leſſe, or more,
And not at moſt, is nothing : like the ſhaft
Shot at the Sunne, by angry *Hercules*,
And into ſhivers by the thunder broken
Will I be if I burſt : And in my heart
This ſhall be written : yet twas high and right.

Muficke againe.

Heere too ? they follow all my ſteppes with Muſique,
As if my feete were numerous, and trode founds
Out of the Center, with *Apollos* vertue,
That out of euery thing his ech-part toucht,
Strooke muſicall accents : whereſoe're I goe,
They hide the earth from me with couerings rich,
To make me thinke that I am heere in heauen.

Enter Picote in haſte.

Pic. This way, your Highneſſe.

Byr. Come they ?

Pic. I my Lord.

Exeunt.

*Enter the other Commiſſioners of France, Belieure,
Brulart, Aumall, Orenge.*

Bcl. My Lord *d'Aumall*, I am exceeding ſorie,
That your owne obſtinacie to hold out,
Your mortall enmitie againſt the King,
When Duke *du Maine*, and all the faction yeelded,
Should force his wrath to uſe the rites of treaſon,
Vpon the members of your ſenceleſſe Statue,
Your Name and Houſe, when he had loſt your perſon,
Your loue and duty.

Bru. That which men enforce
By their owne wilfulneſſe ; they muſt endure
With willing patience, and without complaint.

D'Aum. I uſe not much impatience nor complaint.
Though it offend me much, to haue my name

So blotted with addition of a Traitor.
And my whole memory, (with such despite,
Markt and begun to be so rooted out.)

Bru. It was despite that held you out so long,
Whose penance in the King was needfull iustice.

Bcl. Come let vs seeke our Duke, and take our
leaues
Of th' Archdukes grace. *Exeunt.*

Enter Byron and Pycote.

Byr. Here may we safely breathe ?

Py. No doubt (my Lord) no stranger knows this
way ;

Onely the Arch-duke, and your friend Count *Mansfield*,
Perhaps may make their generall scapes to you,
To vtter some part of their priuate loues,
Ere your departure.

Byr. Then, I well perceiue
To what th' intention of his highnesse tends ;
For whose, and others here, most worthy Lords,
I will become (with all my worth) their seruant,
In any office, but disloyaltie ;
But that hath euer showd so fowle a monster
To all my Ancestors, and my former life,
That now to entertaine it ; I must wholly
Giue vp my habite, in his contrary,
And striue to growe out of priuation.

Py. My Lord, to weare your loyall habite still,
When it is out of fashion ; and hath done
Service enough ; were rusticke miserie :
The habite of a seruile loyaltie,
Is reckond now amongst priuations,
With blindnesse, dumbnesse, deafnesse, scilence, death,
All which are neither natures by themselues
Nor substances, but mere decayes of forme,
And absolute decessions of nature,
And so, 'tis nothing, what shall you then loose ?
Your highnesse hath a habite in perfection,

And in desert of highest dignities,
 Which carue your selfe, and be your owne rewarder ;
 No true powre doth admit priuation,
 Aduerse to him ; or suffers any fellow
 Ioynde in his subiect ; you, superiors ;
 It is the nature of things absolute,
 One to destroy another ; be your Highnesse,
 Like those sleepe hils that will admit no clowds,
 No dews, nor lest fumes bound about their brows ;
 Because their tops pierce into purest ayre,
 Expert of humor ; or like ayre it selfe
 That quickly changeth ; and receiues the sunne
 Soone as he riseth ; euery where dispersing
 His royall splendor ; girds it in his beames,
 And makes it selfe the body of the light ;
 Hot, shining, swift, light, and aspiring things,
 Are of immortall, and celestiall nature ;
 Colde, darke, dull, heauie of infernall fortunes,
 And neuer aime at any happinesse ;
 Your excellencie knowes ; that simple loyaltie,
 Faith, loue, sinceritie, are but words, no things ;
 Meere deuisde for forme ; and as the Legate,
 Sent from his Holinesse, to frame a peace
 Twixt *Spaine* and *Sauoy* ; labour'd feruently,
 (For common ends, not for the Dukes peticular)
 To haue him signe it ; he againe endeouours
 (Not for the Legates paines, but his owne pleasure)
 To gratifie him ; and being at last encountred ;
 Where the flood *Tisyn* enters into *Po*,
 They made a kinde contention, which of them
 Should enter th' others boate ; one thrust the other :
 One legge was ouer, and another in :
 And with a fierie courtesie, at last
Sauoy leapes out, into the Legates armes,
 And here ends all his loue, and th' others labour ;
 So shall these termes, and impositions
 Exprest before, hold nothing in themselves
 Really good ; but flourish of forme :
 And further then they make to priuate ends

None wife, or free, their propper vse intends.

Byr. O 'tis a dangerous, and a dreadfull thing
To steale prey from a Lyon ; or to hide
A head distrustfull, in his opened iawes ;
To trust our bloud in others veines ; and hang
Twixt heauen and earth, in vapors of their breaths :
To leaue a fure pace on continuat earth,
And force a gate in iumps, from towre to towre,
As they doe that aspire, from height to height ;
The bounds of loyaltie are made of glasse,
Soone broke, but can in no date be repaired ;
And as the Duke *D'Aumall*, (now here in Court)
Flying his countrey ; had his Statue torne
Peece-meale with horses ; all his goods confiscate,
His Armes of honor, kickt about the streetes,
His goodly house at *Annet* rac'd to th' earth.
And (for a strange reproche of his foule treason)
His trees about it, cut off by their wastes ;
So, when men flie the naturall clime of truth,
And turne them-selues loose, out of all the bounds
Of Iustice, and the straight-way to their ends ;
Forfaking all the fure force in them-selues
To seeke, without them, that which is not theirs,
The formes of all their comforts are distract'd ;
The riches of their freedoms forfeited ;
Their humane noblesse sham'd ; the Mansions
Of their colde spirits, eaten downe with Cares ;
And all their ornaments of wit, and valure,
Learning, and iudgement, cut from all their fruites.

Alb. O, here were now the richest prize in *Europe*,
Were he but taken in affection,
Would we might growe together, and be twins
Of eithers fortune ; or that, still embrac't
I were, but Ring to such a pretious stone :

Byr. Your highnesse honors, and high bountie
 showne me,
Haue wonne from me my voluntary powre ;
And I must now mooue by your eminent will ;
To what particular obiects ; if I know

By this man's intercession, he shall bring :
My utmost answere, and performe betwixt vs,
Reciprocally, and full intelligence.

Alber. Euen for your owne deserued roiall good,
Tis ioyfully accepted, vse the loues
And worthy admirations of your friends,
That beget voves of all things you can wish,
And be what I wish : danger saies, no more. *Exit.*

Enter Mansfield at another dore. Exit Picote.

Manf. Your highnesse makes the light of this
Court stoope,
With your so neere departure, I was forc't
To tender to your excellence, in brieft,
This priuate wish, in taking of my leaue ;
That in some army Roiall, old Count *Mansfield*,
Might be commanded by your matchles valor,
To the supreamest point of victorie :
Who voves for that renowne all praier, and seruice :
No more, least I may wrong you. *Exit Manf.*

Byr. Thanke your Lordship.

Enter D'Aumall and Oreng.

D'Au. All maiestie be added to your highnesse,
Of which, I would not wish your brest to beare
More modest apprehension : then may tread,
The high gate of your spirit ; and be knowne
To be a fit Bound for your Boundlesse valor.

Or. So *Oreng* wisheth, and to the desarts
Of your great actions, their most roiall Crowne.

Enter Picoté.

Pic. Away my Lord, the Lords enquire for you.

Exit. Bir.

Manet Oreng, D'Aum, Roifeau.

Ore. Would we might winne his valor to our part.

D'Au. Tis well prepar'd in his entreaty here ;
 With all states higheft obferuations :
 And to their forme, and words, are added gifts,
 He was prefented with two goodly horfes,
 One of which two, was the braue Beaft *Pastrana* :
 With plate of gold, and a much prized iewell ;
 Girdle and hangers, fet with wealthy ftones :
 All which were vallew'd, at ten thoufand crownes ;
 The other Lords had fuites of tapiftry,
 And chaines of gold, and euery gentleman
 A paire of Spanifh Gloues, and Rapire blades :
 And here ends their entreaty ; which I hope
 Is the beginning of more good to vs,
 Then twenty thoufand times their giftes to them.

Enter Alber : Byr : Beli. Manf. Roifeau : with others.

Alber. My Lord, I grieue that all the fetting forth,
 Of our beft welcome, made you more retired :
 Your chamber hath beene more lou'd then our honors ;
 And therefore we are glad your time of parting
 Is come to fet you in the ayre you loue :
 Commend my feruice to his Maiefty,
 And tell him that this daie of peace with him
 Is held, as holie. All your paines my Lords
 I fhall be alwaies glad to gratifie
 With any loue and honour, your owne hearts
 Shall do me grace to wifh exprest to you.

Roif. Here hath beene ftrange demeaneure, which
 fhall flie,
 To the great author of this Ambaffy.

ACT 2. SCE. 1.

Sauoy, Laffin, Roncas, Rochette, Breton.

Sauoy. Admit no entry, I will speake with none,
Good signior *de Laffin*, your worth shall finde,
That I will make a iewell for my cabinet,
Of that the King (in fursfet of his flore)
Hath cast out, as the sweepings of his hall ;
I told him, hauing threatned you away,
That I did wonder, this finall time of peace,
Could make him cast his armor so securely
In such as you, and as twere set the head
Of one so great in counsailes, on his foote,
And pitch him from him with such guardlike strength.

Laffi. He may perhaps finde he hath pitcht away,
The Axeltree that kept him on his wheelles.

Sau. I told him so, I sweare, in other termes
And not with too much note of our close loues
Least so he might haue smokt our practises.

Laffi. To chuse his time, and spit his poison on me,
Through th' eares, and eies of strangers.

Sau. So I told him
And more then that, which now I will not tell you :
It rests now then, Noble and worthy friend,
That to our friendship, we draw Duke *Byron*,
To whose attraçtion there is no such chaine,
As you can fordge, and shake out of your braine.

Laffi, I haue deuised the fashion and the weight ;
To valures hard to draw, we vse retreates ;

And, to pull shaftes home, (with a good bow-arme)
 We thrust hard from vs ; since he came from Flanders
 He heard how I was threatned with the King,
 And hath beene much inquisitiue to know
 The truth of all, and seekes to speake with me ;
 The meanes he vsde, I answered doubtfully ;
 And with an intimation that I shund him,
 Which will (I know) put more spur to his charge ;
 And if his haughty stomacke be preperde,
 With will to any act : for the aspiring
 Of his ambitious aimes, I make no doubt
 But I shall worke him to your highnesse wish.

Sau. But vndertake it, and I rest assur'd :
 You are reported to haue skill in Magick,
 And the euent of things, at which they reach
 That are in nature apt to ouerreach :
 Whom the whole circle of the present time,
 In present pleasures, fortunes, knowledges,
 Cannot containe : those men (as broken loofe
 From humane limmits) in all violent ends
 Would faine aspire the faculties of fiends,
 And in such ayre breathe his vnbounded spirits,
 Which therefore well will fit such coniurations,
 Attempt him then by flying ; clofe with him,
 And bring him home to vs, and take my dukedome.

Laf. My best in that, and all things, vowes your
 seruice.

Sau. Thanks to my deare friend ; and the French
Vlisses. *Exit Sauoy.*

Enter Byron.

Byr. Here is the man ; my honord friend, *Laffin* ?
 Alone, and heauy countinanc't ? on what termes
 Stood th' insultation of the King vpon you ?

Laffi. Why do you aske ?

Byr. Since I would know the truth.

Laf. And when you know it ; what ?

Byr. Ile iudge betwixt you,

And (as I may) make euen th' exceffe of either.

Laf. Ahlas my Lord, not all your loyaltie,
Which is in you, more then hereditary,
Nor all your valure (which is more then humane)
Can do the seruice you may hope on me
In founding my displeafde integrity ;
Stand for the King, as much in policie
As you haue fird for him in deedes of armes,
And make your felfe his glorie, and your countries
Till you bee fuckt as drie, and wrought as leane,
As my fleade carcase : you shall neuer clofe
With me, as you imagine.

Byr. You much wrong me,
To thinke me an intelligencing instrument.³

Laff. I know not how your fo affected zeale,
To be reputed a true harted fubiect,
May stretch or turne you ; I am desperate ;
If I offend you, I am in your powre :
I care not how I tempt your conquering furie,
I am predestin'd to too bafe an end,
To haue the honor of your wrath destroy me ;
And be a worthy obiect for your fword :
I lay my hand, and head too at your fecte,
As I haue euer, here I hold it still,
End me directly, doe not goe about.

Byr. How strange is this ? the shame of his dif-
grace
Hath made him lunatique.

Laff. Since the King hath wrong'd me
He thinks Ile hurt my felfe ; no, no, my Lord :
I know that all the Kings in Christendome,
(If they should ioyne in my reuenge) would proue
Weake foes to him, still hauing you to friend :
If you were gone (I care not if you tell him)
I might be tempted then to right my felfe. *Exit.*

3 The edition of 1608 reads "an intelligencing Lord."

Byr. He has a will to me, and dares not shew it,
His state decai'd, and he disgrac'd ; distracts him.

Redit Laffin.

Laff. Change not my words my Lord, I onely said
I might be tempted then to right my selfe :
Temptation to treason, is no treason ;
And that word (tempted) was conditionall too,
If you were gone, I pray informe the truth. *Exitur.*

Byr. Stay iniur'd man, and know I am your friend,
Farre from these base, and mercenarie reaches,
I am I sweare to you.

Laff. You may be so ;
And yet youle giue me leaue to be *Laffin*,
A poore and expuate humor of the Court :
But what good bloud came out with me ; what veines
And finews of the Triumphs, now it makes ;
I list not vante ; yet will I now confesse,
And dare assume it ; I haue powre to adde
To all his greatnesse ; and make yet more fixt
His bould securitie ; Tell him this my Lord ;
And this (if all the spirits of earth and aire,
Be able to enforce) I can make good :
If knowledge of the sure euent of things,
Euen from the rise of subiects into Kings :
And falles of Kings to subiects, hold a powre
Of strength to worke it ; I can make it good ;
And tell him this to ; if in midst of winter
To make black Groues grow greene ; to still the thun-
der ;
And cast out able flashe from mine eies,
To beate the lightning back into the skies,
Proue powre to do it, I can make it good ;
And tell him this too ; if to lift the Sea
Vp to the Starres, when all the Windes are still ;
And keepe it calme, when they are most enrag'd :
To make earths driest palms, sweate humorous springs
To make fixt rocks walke ; and loose shadowes stand,

To make the dead speake : midnight see the Sunne,
Mid-daie turne mid-night ; to dissolue all lawes
Of nature, and of order, argue powre
Able to worke all, I can make all good.
And all this tell the King.

Byr. Tis more then strange,
To see you stand thus at the rapiers point
With one so kinde, and sure a friend as I.

Laff. Who cannot friend himselfe, is foe to any,
And to be fear'd of all, and that is it,
Makes me so skorn'd, but make me what you can ;
Neuer so wicked, and so full of fiends,
I neuer yet, was traitor to my friends :
The lawes of friendship I haue euer held,
As my religion ; and for other lawes ;
He is a foole that keepes them with more care,
Then they keepe him, safe, rich, and populare :
For riches, and for populare respects
Take them amongst yee Minions, but for safety,
You shall not finde the least flaw in my armes,
To pierce or taint me ; what will great men be,
To please the King, and beare authoritie. *Exit.*

Byr. How fit a sort were this to hanfell fortune ?
And I will winne it though I loose my selfe,
Though he prooue harder then *Egyptian* Marble,
Ile make him malliable, as th' *Op/yr* gold ;
I am put off from this dull shore of East,
Into industrious, and high-going Seas ;
Where, like *Pelides* in *Scamanders* flood,
Vp to the cares in furies, I will fight,
And pluck French *Iliou* vnderneath the waues :
If to be highest still, be to be best,
All workes to that end are the worthiest :
Truth is a golden Ball, cast in our way,
To make vs stript by falsehood : And as *Spaine*
When the hote scuffles of *Barbarian* armes,
Smotherd the life of *Don Sebastian*,
To guild the leaden rumor of his death
Gauc for a slaughterd body (held for his)

A hundred thousand crownes ; cauld all the state
 Of superstitious *Portugall* to mourne
 And celebrate his solemne funerals ;
 The Moores to conquest, thankfull feasts preferre,
 And all made with the carcasfe of a *Switzer* :
 So in the Giantlike, and politique warres
 Of barbarous greatnesse, raging still in peace,
 Showes to aspire iust obiects ; are laide on
 With cost, with labour, and with forme enough,
 Which onely makes our best acts brooke the light,
 And their ends had, we thinke we haue their right,
 So worst workes are made good, with good succeffe,
 And so for Kings, pay subiects carcases. *Exit.*

Enter Henry, Roifeau.

Hen. Was he so courted ?

Roif. As a Cittie Dame,
 Brought by her iealous husband, to the Court,
 Some elder Courtiers entertaining him,
 While others snatch, a fauour from his wife :
 One starts from this doore ; from that nooke another,
 With gifts, and iunkets, and with printed phrafe,
 Steale her employment, shifting place by place
 Still as her husband comes : so Duke *Byron*
 Was woode, and worshipt in the Arch-dukes Court,
 And as th' assistants that your Maiestie,
 Ioinde in Commission with him, or my selfe,
 Or any other doubted eye appear'd,
 He euer vanisht : and as such a dame,
 As we compar'd with him before, being won
 To breake faith to her husband, loofe her fame,
 Staine both their progenies, and comming fresh
 From vnderneath the burthen of her shame,
 Visits her husband with as chaste a browe,
 As temperate, and confirm'd behaiour,
 As she came quitted from confession.
 So from his scapes, would he present a presence,
 The practise of his state adulterie,

And guilt that should a gracefull bosome stricke,
Drownde in the fet lake, of a hopelesse cheeke.

Hen. It may be hee dissembled, or suppose,
He be a little tainted : men whom vertue
Formes with the stuffe of fortune, great, and gracious,
Must needs pertake with fortune in her humor
Of instabilitie : and are like to shafts
Growne crookt with standing, which to rectifie,
Must twice as much be bowd another way,
He that hath borne wounds for his worthy parts,
Must for his worst be borne with : we must fit
Our gouernment to men, as men to it :
In old time, they that hunted sauadge beasts,
Are said to clothe themselues in sauage skinnies,
They that were Fowlers when they went on fowling,
Wore garments made with wings resembling Fowles :
To Buls, we must not shew our selues in red,
Nor to the warlike Elephant in white,
In all things gouern'd, their infirmities
Must not be stird, nor wrought on ; Duke *Byron*
Floues with adust, and melancholy choller,
And melancholy spirits are venemous :
Not to be toucht, but as they may be cur'd :
I therefore meane to make him change the ayre,
And send him further from those Spanish vapors,
That still beare fighting sulphure in their breasts,
To breath a while in temperate English ayre,
Where lips are spic'd with free and loyall counsailes,
Where policies are not ruinous, but sauing ;
Wisdom is simple, valure righteous,
Humaine, and hating facts of brutish forces,
And whose graue natures, scorne the scoffes of *France*,
The empty complements of *Italy*,
The any-way encroaching pride of *Spaine*,
And loue men modest, harty, iust and plaine.

Sauoy, whispering with Lassin.

Sau. He found him for *Byron* ; and what I finde,

In the Kings depth ; ile draw vp, and informe,
In excitations to the Dukes reuolt,
When next I meete with him.

Laff. It must be done

With praifing of the Duke ; from whom the King
Will take to giue himfelfe ; which tolde the Duke,
Will take his heart vp into all ambition.

Sau. I know it (politick friend :) and tis my purpose,
Exit Laf.

Your Maiestie hath mist a royall fight,
The Duke *Byron*, on his braue beast *Pastrana*,
Who fits him like a full-saild Argossea,
Danc'd with a lofty billow, and as snug
Plyes to his bearer, both their motions mixt ;
And being considered in their site together,
They do the best present the state of man,
In his first royaltie ruling ; and of beasts
In their first loyaltie seruing ; one commanding,
And no way being mou'd ; the other seruing,
And no way being compeld : of all the fights
That euer my eyes witnest ; and they make
A doctrinall and witty Hieroglyphick,
Of a blest kingdome : to expresse and teach,
Kings to command as they could serue, and subiects
To serue as if they had powre to command.

Hen. You are a good old horsfeman I perceiue,
And still out all the vse of that good part :
Your wit is of the true *Pierian* spring,
That can make any thing, of any thing.

Sau. So braue a subiect as the Duke, no king
Seated on earth, can vante of but your Highnesse,
So valiant, loyall, and so great in seruice.

Hen. No question he fets valour in his height,
And hath done seruice to an equall pitche,
Fortune attending him with fit euents,
To all his ventrous and well-laid attempts.

Sau. Fortune to him was *Iuno*, to *Alcides*,
For when, or where did she but open way,
To any act of his ? what stone tooke he

With her help, or without his owne lost bloud ?
 What fort won he by her ? or was not forc't ?
 What victory but gainst ods ? on what Commander
 Sleepy or negligent, did he euer charge ?
 What Summer euer made she faire to him ?
 What winter, not of one continued storme ?
 Fortune is so farre from his Creditresse,
 That she owes him much : for in him, her lookes
 Are louely, modest, and magnanimous,
 Constant, victorious ; and in his Achieuements,
 Her cheekes are drawne out with a vertuous rednesse,
 Out of his eager spirit to victorie,
 And chast contention to conuince with honor ;
 And (I haue heard) his spirits haue flowd so high,
 In all his conflicts against any odds,
 That (in his charge) his lips haue bled with seruor :
 How seru'd he at your famous siege of *Dreux* ?
 Where the enemye (assur'd of victory)
 Drew out a bodie of foure thousand horse,
 And twice sixe thousand foote, and like a Crescent,
 Stood for the signall, you : (that show'd your selfe
 A sound old souldier) thinking it not fit
 To giue your enemy the ods, and honour
 Of the first stroke, commanded *de la Guiche*,
 To let flie all his cannons, that did pierce
 The aduerse thickest squadrons, and had shot
 Nine volleies ere the foe had once giuen fire :
 Your troope was charg'd, and when your dukes old
 father,
 Met with th' assailants, and their Groue of Reiters
 Repulst so fiercely, made them turne their beards
 And rallie vp themselues behind their troopes ;
 Fresh forces seeing your troopes a little seuerd,
 From that part first assaulted, gaue it charge,
 Which then, this duke made good, seconds his father,
 Beates through and through the enemies greatest
 strength,
 And breakes the rest like Billowes gainst a rock
 And there the heart of that huge battaile broke.

Hen. The heart but now came on, in that strong
body,
Of twice two thousand horfe, lead by *Du Maine*
Which (if I would be glorious) I could fay
I firft encountered.

Sau. How did he take in,
Beaune in view of that invincible army
Lead by the Lord great Conftable of Caftile ?
Autun, and *Nuis* : in Burgundy chaft away,
Vicount *Tauannes* troopes before Dijon,
And puts himfelfe in, and there that was won.

Hen. If you would onely giue me leaue my Lord,
I would do right to him, yet muft not giue.

Sau. A league from *Fontaine Francois*, when you
fent him,
To make difcouerie of the Caftile army,
When he defcern'd twas it (with wondrous wifdome
Joinde to his fpirit) he feem'd to make retreat,
But when they preft him, and the Barron of Lux,
Set on their charge fo hotely, that his horfe,
Was flaine, and he moft dangerously engag'd,
Then turnd your braue duke head, and (with fuch
eafe

As doth an Eccho beate backe violent founds,
With their owne forces) he, (as if a wall
Start fodainely before them) pafht them all
Flat, as the earth, and there was that field won.

Hen. Y're all the field wide.

Sau. O, I aske you pardon,
The ftrength of that field yet laie in his backe,
Vpon the foes part ; and what is to come,
Of this your Marfhal, now your worthie Duke
Is much beyond the reft : for now he fees
A fort of horfe troopes, iffue from the woods,
In number nere twelue hundred : and retyring
To tell you that the entire armie follow'd,
Before he could relate it, he was forc't
To turne head, and receiue the maine affaulte
Of fure horfe troopes : onely with twenty horfe :

The first he met, he tumbled to the earth,
 And brake through all, not daunted with two wounds,
 One on his head, another on his brest,
 The blood of which, drown'd all the field in doubt :
 Your maiesty himselfe was then engag'd,
 Your powre not yet arriu'd, and vp you brought
 The little strength you had : a cloud of foes,
 Ready to burst in stormes about your cares :
 Three squadrons rusht against you, and the first,
 You tooke so fiercely, that you beate their thoughts
 Out of their bosoms, from the vrged fight :
 The second, all amazed you ouerthrew,
 The third disperst, with fife and twenty horse
 Left of the fourescore that persude the chase :
 And this braue conquest, now your Marshall seconds
 Against two squadrons, but with fifty horse,
 One after other he defeats them both,
 And made them runne, like men whose heeles were
 tript,
 And pitch their heads, in their great generalls lap :
 And him he sets on, as he had beene shot
 Out of a Cannon : beates him into route,
 And as a little brooke being ouerrunne
 With a black torrent ; that beares all things downe,
 His furie ouertakes, his fomy back,
 Loded with Cattails, and with stackes of Corne,
 And makes the miserable Plowman mourne ;
 So was *du Maine* furchardgd, and so *Byron*
 Flow'd ouer all his forces ; euery drop
 Of his lost blood, bought with a worthy man ;
 And, onely with a hundred Gentlemen
 He wonne the place, from fiftene hundred horse.

Hen. He won the place ?

Sau. On my word, so tis sayd

Hen. Fie you haue beene extreamely misinform'd.

Sau. I onely tell your highnesse what I heard,
 I was not there ; and though I haue beene rude,
 With wonder of his vallor, and presum'd,
 To keepe his merit in his full carire,

Not hearing you, when yours made such a thunder ;
 Pardon my fault, since twas t'extoll your seruant ;
 But, is it not most true, that twixt yee both,
 So few achieu'd, the conquest of so many ?

Hen. It is a truth, must make me euer thankfull,
 But not performd by him, was not I there ?
 Commanded him, and in the maine assault,
 Made him but second ?

Sau. Hee's the capitall fouldier,
 That liues this day in holy Christendome,
 Except your highnesse, alwaies except *Plato*.

Hen. We must not giue to one, to take from
 many,
 For (not to praise our countrimen) here seru'd,
 The Generall *My Lord Norris*, sent from England :
 As great a captaine as the world affords :
 One fit to leade, and fight for Christendome ;
 Of more experience ; and of stronger braine ;
 As valiant for abiding ; In Command,
 On any fodaine ; vpon any ground
 And in the forme of all occasions
 As ready, and as profitably, dauntles ;
 And heere was then another ; *Collonell Williams*,
 A worthy Captaine ; and more like the Duke,
 Because he was lesse temperate then the Generall ;
 And being familiar with the man you praise,
 (Because he knew him haughty and incapable,
 Of all comparifon) would compare with him,
 And hold his swelling valour to the marke,
 Iustice had set in him, and not his will :
 And as in open vessells filld with water,
 And on mens shoulders borne, they put treene
 cuppes,
 To keepe the wild and slippery element,
 From washing ouer : follow all his Swayes
 And tickle aptnes to exceed his bounds,
 And at the brym containe him : so this Knight,
 Swum in *Byron*, and held him, but to right.

But leaue these hot comparifons, hee's mine owne,
And then what I poffeffe, Ile more be knowne.

Sau. All this shall to the duke, I fift for this.

Exeunt.

FINIS. Actus Secundi.

ACTVS 3. SCÆNA 1.

Enter La Fin, Byron following vnscene.

Laff. A fained paffion in his hearing now,
(Which he thinkes I perceauē not) making confcience,
Of the reuolt that he hath vrdgd to me,
(Which now he meanes to profeccute) would found,
How deepe he ftands affected with that scruple.
As when the Moone hath comforted the Night,
And fet the world in filuer of her light,
The Planets, Afterifms, and whole ftate of Heauen,
In beames of gold defcending ; all the windes,
Bound vp in caues, chargd not to driue abrode,
Their cloudy heads ; an vniuerfall peace,
Proclaimd in filence of the quiet earth.
Soone as her hot and dry fumes are let loofe,
Stormes and cloudes mixing ; fodainely put out
The eyes of all thofe glories : The creation,
Turnd into *Chaos*, and we then defire,
For all our ioye of life, the death of fleepe ;
So when the glories of our liues, mens loues,
Cleere confciences, our fames, and loyalties,
That did vs worthy comfort, are eclipsd,
Griefe and difgrace inuade vs ; and for all,
Our night of life beftdes, our Miferie craues,

Darke earth would ope and hide vs in our graues.

Byr. How strange is this ?

Laff. What ? did your highnesse heare ?

Byr. Both heard and wonderd, that your wit and
spirit,

And profit in experience of the flaueries,
Impot'd on vs ; in those mere politique termes,
Of loue, fame, loyalty, can be carried vp,
To such a height of ignorant conscience ;
Of cowerdise, and dissolution,
In all the free-borne powers of royall man.
You that haue made way through all the guards,
Of Jelouse State ; and seen on both your sides,
The pikes points chardging heauen to let you passe,
Will you, (in flying with a scrupulous wing,
About those pikes to heauen-ward) fall on them ?
This is like men, that (spirited with wine,)
Passe dangerous places safe ; and die for feare,
With onely thought of them, being simply sober ;
We must (in passing to our wished ends,
Through things calld good and bad) be like the ayre,
That euenly interposd betwixt the seas,
And the opposed Element of fire ;
At either toucheth, but partakes with neither ;
Is neither hot, nor cold, but with a sleight
And harmeles temper mixt of both th'extreames.

Laff. Tis shrode.

Byr. There is no truth of any good
To be desernd on earth : and by conuersion,
Nought therefore simply bad : But as the stuffe,
Prepar'd for *Arras* pictures, is no Picture,
Till it be formd, and man hath cast the beames,
Of his imaginouse fancie through it,
In forming antient Kings and conquerors,
As he conceiues they look't, and were attirde,
Though they were nothing so : so all things here,
Haue all their price set downe, from men's concepts,
Which make all terms and actions, good, or bad,
And are but pliant, and wel-coloured threads,

Put into fained images of truth :
To which, to yeeld, and kneele, as truth pure kings,
That puld vs downe with cleere truth of their Gospell,
Were Superstition to be hift to hell.

Laff. Beleue it, this is reafon.

Byr. T'is the faith,
Of reafon and of wifdome.

Laff. You perfwade,
As if you could create : what man can shunne,
The fearches, and compreffions of your graces.

Byr. We muft haue thefe lures when we hawke for
friends,

And wind about them like a fubtle Riuer,
That (feeming onely to runne on his courfe)
Doth ferch yet, as he runnes ; and ftill finds out,
The eafieft parts of entry on the shore ;
Gliding fo flyly by, as fcarce it toucht,
Yet ftill eates fome thing in it : fo muft thofe,
That haue large fields, and currants to difpofe.
Come, let vs ioyne our ftreames, we muft runne far,
And haue but little time : The Duke of Sauoy,
Is fhortly to be gone, and I muft needes,
Make you well knowne to him.

Laff. But hath your highnes,
Some enterprife of value ioynd with him ?

Byr. With him and greater perfons.

Laff. I will creepe
Vpon my bofome in your Princely feruice,
Vouch-fafe to make me knowne. I heare there liues
not,

So kind, fo bountyfull, and wife a Prince,
But in your owne excepted excellence.

Byr. He fhall both know, and loue you : are you
mine ?

Laff. I take the honor of it, on my knee,
And hope to quite it with your Maiefty. *Exit.*

Enter Sauoy, Roncas, Rochet Brcton.

Sau. *La Fin*, is in the right ; and will obtaine ;

He draweth with his weight ; and like a plummet
That swaies a dore, with falling off, pulls after.

Ron. Thus will *Laffin* be brought a Stranger to
you,

By him he leads ; he conquers that is conquerd,
Thats fought, as hard to winne, that fues to be wonne.

Sau. But is my Painter warnd to take his picture,
When he shall see me, and present *Laffin*?

Roch. He is (my Lord) and (as your highnesse
willd)

All we will presse about him, and admire,
The royale promise of his rare aspect,
As if he heard not.

Sau. Twill enflame him,
Such trickes the Arch-duke vsd t'extoll his greatnes,
Which complements though plaine men hold absurd,
And a meere remedy for desire of Greatnesse,
Yet great men vse them ; as their state Potatoes,
High Coollifes, and potions to excite
The lust of their ambition : and this Duke ;
You know is noted in his naturall garb
Extreamely glorious ; who will therefore bring
An appetite expecting such a baite ;
He comes, go instantly, and fetch the Painter.

Enter Byron, La Fin.

Byr. All honor to your highnesse,

Sau. Tis most true.

All honours flow to me, in you their Ocean ;
As welcome worthyest Duke, as if my marquifate,
Were circ'd with you in these amorous armes.

Byr. I forrow Sir I could not bring it with me,
That I might so supply the fruitlesse complement,
Of onely visiting your excellence,
With which the King now sends me t'entertaine you ;
Which notwithstanding doth confer this good,
That it hath giuen me some small time to shew,
My gratitude for the many secret bounties

I haue (by this your Lord Ambassador)
Felt from your heighnesse ; and in short, t'assure you,
That all my most defects are at your seruice.

Sau. Had the king sent me by you halfe his king-
dome,

It were not halfe so welcom ;

Byr. For defect,

Of whatsoeuer in my selfe, (my Lord,)

I here commend to your most Princely Seruice

This honord friend of mine ;

Sau. Your name I pray you Sir.

Laff. *Laffin*, my Lord.

Sau. *Laffin*? Is this the man,

That you so recommended to my loue ?

Ron. The same my Lord,

Sau. Y'are next my Lord the Duke,

The most desired of all men. O my Lord,

The King and I, haue had a mighty conflict,

About your conflicts, and your matchles worth,

In military vertues ; which I put

In Ballance with the continent of France,

In all the peace and safety it enioyes.

And made euen weight with all he could put in

Of all mens else ; and of his owne defects.

Byr. Of all mens else? would he weigh other
mens,

With my deseruings ?

Sau. I vpon my life,

The English Generall. the Mylor' *Norris*,

That seru'd amongst you here, he paralleld

With you, at all parts, and in some preferred him,

And Collonell *Williams* (a Welch Collonell)

He made a man, that at your most containd you :

Which the Welch Herrald of their praise, the Cucko,

Would scarce haue put, in his monology,

In iest, and said with reuerence to his merits,

Byr. With reuerence? Reuerence skornes him : by
the spoyle,

Of all her Merits in me, he shall rue it ;

Did euer *Curtian* Gulffe play fuch a part ?
 Had *Curtius* beene fo vsed, if he had brook't,
 That rauinous whirlepoole, pourd his folide fpirits,
 Through earth diffolued finews, ftept her veines,
 And rofe with faued Rome, vpon his backe,
 As I fwum pooles of fire, and Gullfs of braffe,
 To faue my country ? thruft this venturous arme,
 Beneath her ruines ; tooke her on my necke,
 And fet her fafe on her appeafed shore ?
 And opes the king, a fouler bog then this,
 In his fo rotten bofome, to deuoure
 Him that deuourd, what elfe had fwallowed him
 In a detraction, fo with fpight embrewed,
 And drowne fuch good in fuch ingratitude ?
 My fpirrit as yet, but flooping to his reft,
 Shines hotly in him, as the Sunne in cloudes,
 Purpled, and made proud with a peacefull Euen :
 But when I throughly fet to him ; his cheekes,
 Will (like thofe clouds) forgoe their collour quite,
 And his whole blaze, fmoke into endles night,
 San, Nay nay, we muft haue no fuch gall my
 Lord,
 O'reflow our friendly liuers : my relation,
 Onely deliuers my inflamed zeale
 To your religious merits ; which me thinkes,
 Should make your highnes canoniz'd, a Saint.
 Byr. What had his armes beene, without my
 arme,
 That with his motion, made the whole field moue ?
 And this held vp, we ftill had victory.
 When ouer charg'd with number, his few friends,
 Retir'd amazed, I fet them on affurd,
 And what rude ruine fea'd on I confirmed ;
 When I left leading, all his army reeld,
 One fell on other foule, and as the *Cyclop*
 That hauing loft his eye, ftrooke euery way,
 His blowes directed to no certaine fcope ;
 Or as the foule departed from the body,
 'The body wants coherence in his parts,

Can not confist, but feuer, and dissolue ;
So I remou'd once, all his armies shooke,
Panted, and fainted, and were euer flying,
Like wandring pulses sperst through bodies dying.

Sau. It cannot be denied, tis all so true,
That what seemes arrogance, is desert in you.

Byr. What monstrous humors feed a Princes
blood,

Being bad to good men, and to bad men good ?

Sau. Well let these contradictions passe (my lord,)
Till they be reconcil'd, or put in forme,
By power giuen to your will, and you present,
The fashion of a perfect gouernment ;
In meane space but a word, we haue small time,
To spend in priuate, which I wish may be
With all aduantage taken ; *Lord Laffin.*

Ron. Ist not a face of excellent presentment,
Though not so amoureuse with pure white, and red,
Yet is the whole proportion singular.

Roch. That euer I beheld.

Bret. It hath good lines,
And traicts drawne through it : the purple, rare,

Ron. I heard the famous and right learned Earle,
And Archbishop of *Lyons*, *Pierce Pinac*,
Who was reported to haue wondrous Iudgment
In mens euent, and natures, by their lookes :
(Npon his death bed, visited by this duke)
He told his sifter, when his grace was gon,
That he had neuer yet obserud a face,
Of worse presage then this ; and I will sweare,
That (something seene in Physiognomy)
I do not find in all the rules it giues
One slenderest blemish tending to mishap,
But (on the opposite part) as we may see,
On trees late blossomd, when all frosts are past,
How they are taken, and what will be fruit :
So on this tree of Scepters, I discern
How it is loaden with apparances.

Rules answering Rules ; and glances, crownd with
glances ;

He snatches away the picture.

Byr. What, does he take my picture ?

Sau. I my Lord.

Byr. Your Highnesse will excuse me ; I will giue
you

My likenesse put in Statue, not in picture ;
And by a Statuary of mine owne,
That can in Brasse expresse the witte of man,
And in his forme, make all men see his vertues :
Others that with much strictnesse imitate,
The some-thing stooping carriage of my neck,
The voluble, and milde radiance of mine eyes,
Neuer obserue my Masculine aspect,
And Lyon-like instinct, it shaddoweth :
Which Enuie cannot fay, is flatterie :
And I will haue my Image promise you,
Cut in such matter, as shall euer last ;
Where it shall stand, fixt with eternall rootes,
And with a most unmooued grauitie ;
For I will haue the famous mountaine *Oros*,
That lookes out of the Dutchy where I gouerne,
(Into your highnesse Dukedome) first made yours,
And then with such inimitable art
Exprest and handled ; chieflie from the place
Where most conspicuously, he shewes his face,
That though it keepe the true forme of that hill
In all his longitudes, and latitudes,
His height, his distances, and full proportion,
Yet shall it cleerely beare my counterfaite,
Both in my face and all my lineaments :
And every man shall say, this is *Byron*.
Within my left hand, I will hold a Cittie,
Which is the Cittie *Amiens* ; at whose siedge
I seru'd so memorably : from my right,
Ile powre an endlesse flood, into a Sea
Raging beneath me ; which shall intimate
My ceaselesse service, drunke vp by the King

As th' Ocean drinks vp riuers, and makes all
Beare his proude title ; *Iuory, Brasfe, and Goulde,*
That theeues may purchase ; and be bought and
fould,

Shall not be vfe about me ; lafting worth
Shall onely fet the Duke of *Byron* forth.

Sau. O that your ftatuary could exprefse you,
With any nereneffe to your owne instructions ;
That ftatue would I prize paff all the iewells
Within my cabinet of *Beatrice*,
The memorie of my Grandame Portugall ;
Moſt roiall Duke : we can not longe endure
To be thus priuate, let vs then conclude,
With this great reſolution : that your wifedome,
Will not forget to caſt a pleaſing vaile,
Ouer your anger ; that may hide each glance,
Of any notice taken of your wrong,
And ſhew your ſelf the more obſequious.
Tis but the virtue of a little patience,
There are ſo oft attempts made gainſt his perſon,
That ſometimes they may ſpeede, for they are plants
That ſpring the more for cutting, and at laſt
Will caſt their wiſhed ſhadow : marke ere long,

Enter Nemours Soiffon.

Sec who comes here my Lord, as now no more,
Now muſt we turne ouer ſtreame another way ;
My Lord, I hembly thanke his maieſty,
That he would grace my idle time ſpent here
With entertainment of your princely perſon ;
Which, worthely, he keepes for his owne boſome.
My Lord, the duke *Nemours* ? and Count *Soiffon* ?
Your honours haue beene bountifully done me
In often viſitation : let me pray you,
To ſee ſome iewells now, and helpe my choice :
In making vp a preſent for the King.

Nem. Your highneſſe ſhall much grace vs.

Sau. I am doubtfull
That I haue much incenst the Duke *Byron*,
With praising the Kings worthinesse in armes
So much past all men.

Soif. He deserues it, highly.

Exit. manet Byr : Laffin.

Byr. What wrongs are these, laid on me by the
King,
To equall others worths in warre, with mine ;
Endure this, and be turnd into his Moile
To beare his sumptures ; honord friend be true,
And we will turne these torrents, hence.

En. the King. Exit Laffi.

Enter Henry, Espe, Vitry, Fanin.

Hen. Why suffer you that ill aboding vermine,
To breede so neere your bosome ? bee assurde,
His hants are omenous, not the throtes of Rauens,
Spent on infected houses, howles of dogs,
When no found stirres, at midnight ; apparitions,
And strokes of spirits, clad in black mens shapes :
Or ougly womens : the aduerse decrees
Of constellations, nor securitie,
In vicious peace, are surer fatall vsers
Of semall mischiefes, and mortalities,
Then this prodigious feend is, where he sawnes :
Lafind, and not *Laffin*, he should be cald.

Byr. Be what he will, men in themselues entire,
March safe with naked feete, on coles of fire :
I build not outward, nor depend on proppes,
Nor chuse my comfort by the common eare :
Nor by the Moone-shine, in the grace of Kings :
So rare are true deseruers, lou'd or knowne,
That men lou'd vulgarely, are euer none :
Nor men grac't seruilely, for being spots
In Princes traines, though borne euen with their
crownes ;
The Stalion powre hath such a beesome taile,

That it sweepes all from iustice, and such filth
He beares out in it, that men mere exempt
Are merely cleereſt : men will ſhortly buie
Friends from the priſon or the pillorie,
Rather then honors markets. I feare none,
But foule Ingratitude. and Detraction,
In all the brood of villanie.

Hcn. No? not treaſon?

Be circumſpect, for to a credulous eye,
He comes inuiſible, vail'd with flatterie,
And flaterers looke like friends, as Woolues, like
Dogges.

And as a glorious Poeme fronted well
With many a goodly Herrald of his praiſe,
So farre from hate of praifes to his face,
That he praies men to praiſe him, and they ride
Before, with trumpets in their mouthes, proclayming
Life to the holie furie of his lines :
All drawne, as if with one eye he had leerd,
On his lou'd hand, and led it by a rule ;
That his plumes onely Imp the Muſes wings,
He ſleepes with them, his head is napt with baies,
His lips breake out with *Nectar*, his tunde ſecte
Are of the great laſt, the perpetuall motion,
And he puſt wirh their empty breath beleues
Full merit, eaſ'd, thoſe paſſions of winde,
Which yet ſerue, but to praiſe, and cannot merit,
And ſo his furie in their ayre expires :
So *de Laſſin*, and ſuch corrupted Herralds,
Hirde to encorage, and to glorifie
May force what breath they will into their cheekes
Fitter to blow vp bladders, then full men :
Yet may puff men to, with perſwaſions
That they are Gods in worth ; and may riſe Kings
With treading on their noiſes ; yet the wortheiſt,
From onely his owne worth recciues his ſpirit
And right is worthy bound to any merit ;
Which right, ſhall you haue euer ; leaue him then,
He followes none but markt, and wretched men ;

And now for England you shall goe my lord,
 Our Lord Ambassador to that matchlesse Queene ;
 You neuer had a voiage of such pleasure
 Honor, and worthy obiects : Ther's a Queene
 Where nature keepes her state, and state her Court,
Wisdome her studie, *Comtinnence* her fort,
 Where *Magnanimity*, *Humanitie* :
 Firmnesse in counsaile and integritie :
 Grace to her porest subiects : Maiestie
 To awe the greatest, haue respects diuine,
 And in her each part, all the vertues shine.

Exit Hen. & Sau. manet Byron.

Byr. Inioy your will a while, I may haue mine.
 VVherefore (before I part to this ambassage)
 Ile be resolu'd by a Magician
 That dwells hereby, to whome ile goe disguise,
 And shew him my births figure, set before
 By one of his profession, of the which
 Ile craue his iudgement, fayning I am sent
 From some great personage, whose natiuitie,
 He wiseth should be censurd by his skill.
 But on go my plots, be it good or ill.

Exit.

Enter La Broffe.

This houre by all rules of Astrologie,
 Is dangerous to my person, if not deadly.
 How haples is our knowledge to fore-tel
 And not be able to preuent a mischiefe,
 O the strange difference twixt vs and the stars :
 They worke with inclynations stronge and fatall
 And nothing know ; and we know all their working
 And nought can do, or nothing can preuent ?
 Rude ignorance is beastly, knowledge wretched,
 The heauenly powers enuy what they *Enioyne* :
 VVe are commanded t'imitate there natures,
 In making all our ends eternitie :
 And in that imitation we are plagued,
 And worse then they esteemd, that haue no foules,

But in their nostrils, and like beasts expire ;
As they do that are ignorant of arts,
By drowning their eternall parts in fence,
And sensuall affectations : while wee liue
Our good parts take away, the more they giue.

Byron solus disguised like a Carrier of letters.

Byr. The forts that fauorites hold in Princes
hearts,
In common subiects loues ; and their owne strengths
Are not so sure, and vnexpugnable,
But that the more they are presum'd vpon,
The more they faile ; dayly and hourelly prooffe,
Tels vs prosperity is at highest degree
The fount and handle of calamitie :
Like dust before a whirl-winde those men flie,
That prostrate on the grounds of fortune lye ;
And being great (like trees that broadest sproute)
Their owne top-heauy state grubs vp their roote.
These apprehensions startle all my powers,
And arme them with suspition gainst them-selues,
In my late proiects ; I haue cast my selfe
Into the armes of others ; and will see
If they will let me fall ; or toss me vp
Into th' affected compasse of a throne.
God saue you fir.

Labroff. Y' are welcome friend ; what would you ?

Byr. I would entreate you, for some crownes I
bring,
To giue your iudgement of this figure cast,
To know by his natiuitie there seene ;
What sort of end the person shall endure,
Who sent me to you, and whose birth it is.

Labroff. Ile herein do my best, in your desire ;
The man is raisd out of a good descent,
And nothing oulder then your selfe I thinke ;
Is it not you ?

Byr. I will not tell you that :

But tell me on what end he shall arrive.

Labroff. My sonne, I see, that he whose end is
cast

In this set figure, is of noble parts,
And by his militarie valure raised,
To princely honours ; and may be a king,
But that I see a *Caput Algol* here,
That hinders it I feare.

Byr. A *Caput Algol* ?

What's that I pray ?

Labroff. Forbeare to aske me, sonne,
You bid me speake, what feare bids me conceale.

Byr. You haue no cause to feare, and therefore
speake.

Labroff. Youle rather wish you had beene ignorant,
Then be instructed in a thing so ill.

Byr. Ignorance is an idle salve for ill,
And therefore do not vrge me to enforce,
What I would freely know ; for by the skill
Showne in thy aged hayres, ile lay thy braine
Here scattered at my feete, and seeke in that,
What safely thou must vtter with thy tongue,
If thou deny it.

Labroff. Will you not allow me
To hold my peace ? what lesse can I desire ?
If not, be pleas'd with my constrained speech.

Byr. Was euer man yet punish't for expressing
What he was charg'd ? be free, and speake the worst.

Labroff. Then briefly this ; the man hath lately
done

An action that will make him loose his head.

Byr. Curst be thy throte & foule, Rauen, Schrieche-
owle, hag.

Labroff. O hold, for heauens sake hold.

Byr. Hold on, I will,
Vault, and contractor of all horrid sounds,
Trumpet of all the miseries in hell,
Of my confusions ; of the shamefull end
Of all my seruices ; witch, fiend, accurst

For euer be the poison of thy tongue,
And let the black fume of thy venom'd breath,
Infect the ayre, shrinke heauen, put out the starres,
And raine so fell and blew a plague on earth,
That all the world may falter with my fall.

Labroff. Pitty my age, my Lord.

Byr. Out prodigie,
Remedy of pittie, mine of flint,
Whence with my nailes and feete, ile digge enough,
Horror, and sauage cruelty, to build
Temples to Massacre: dam of deuils take thee,
Hadst thou no better end to crowne my parts.
The Bulls of *Colchos*, nor his triple neck,
That howles out Earthquakes: the most mortall
vapors,

That euer stifled and strooke dead the fowles,
That flew at neuer such a fightly pitch,
Could not haue burnt my bloud so.

Labroff. I told truth,
And could haue flatterd you.

Byr. O that thou hadst;
Would I had giuen thee twenty thousand crownes
That thou hadst flatterd me: there's no ioy on earth,
Neuer so rationall, so pure, and holy,
But is a Iester, Parasite, a Whore,
In the most worthy parts, with which they please,
A drunkenesse of soule, and a disease.

Labroff. I knew you not.

Byr. Peace, dog of *Pluto*, peace,
Thou knewst my end to come, not me here present:
Pox of your halting humane knowledges;
O death! how farre off hast thou kild? how soone
A man may know too much, though neuer nothing?
Sight of the Starres, and all Astrologie,
I will not loose my head: or if I do,
A hundred thousand heads shall off before.
I am a nobler substance then the Starres,
And shall the baser ouer-rule the better?
Or are they better, since they are the bigger?

I haue a will, and faculties of choife,
 To do, or not to do : and reason why,
 I doe, or not doe this : the starres haue none,
 They know not why they shine, more then this Taper,
 Nor how they worke, nor what : ile change my course,
 Ile peece-meale pull, the frame of all my thoughts,
 And cast my will into another mould :
 And where are all your *Caput Algols* then ?
 Your Plannets all, being vnderneath the earth,
 At my natiuitie : what can they doe ?
 Malignant in aspects ? in bloody houses ?
 Wilde fire consume them ; one poore cup of wine,
 More then I vse, that my weake braine will beare,
 Shall make them drunke and reele out of their spheres,
 For any certaine act they can enforce.
 O that mine armes were wings, that I might flie,
 And pluck out of their hearts, my destinie !
 Ile weare those golden Spurres vpon my heeles,
 And kick at fate ; be free all worthy spirits,
 And stretch your selues, for greatnesse and for height :
 Vntrusse your flaueries, you haue height enough,
 Beneath this steepe heauen to vse all your reaches,
 'Tis too farre off, to let you, or respect you.
 Giue me a spirit that on this lifes rough sea,
 Loues t'haue his failes fild with a lustie winde,
 Euen till his sayle-yerds tremble ; his Mafts crack,
 And, his rapt ship runne on her side so lowe
 That she drinckes water, and her keele plowes ayre :
 There is no danger to a man, that knowes
 What life and death is : there's not any law,
 Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawfull
 That he should stoope to any other law.
 He goes before them, and commands them all,
 That to him-felse is a law rationall.

Exit.

ACTVS 4. SCÆNA. 1.

Enter D'Aumont, with Crequi.

The Duke of *Byron* is return'd from *England*,
And (as they say) was Princely entertainde,
Schoold by the matchlesse Queene there, who I heare
Spake most diuinely; and would gladly heare,
Her speech reported.

Cre. I can serue your turne,
As one that speakes from others, not from her,
And thus it is reported at his parting :

THVS *Monsieur Du Byron* you haue beheld,
Our Court proportion'd to our little kingdome,
In euery entertainment; yet our minde,
To do you all the rites of your repaire,
Is as vnbounded as the ample ayre.
What idle paines haue you bestowd to see
A poore old woman? who in nothing liues
More, then in true affections, borne your king;
And in the perfect knowledge she hath learn'd,
Of his good knights, and seruants of your fort.
We thanke him that he keepes the memory
Of vs and all our kindnesse; but must say,
That it is onely kept; and not laid out
To such affectionate profit as we wish;
Being so much set on fire with his deserts,
That they consume vs; not to be restorde
By your presentment of him; but his person :

And we had thought, that he whose vertues flye
 So beyond wonder, and the reach of thought,
 Should check at eight houres faile, and his high spirit
 That stoopes to feare, lesse then the Poles of heauen ;
 Should doubt an vnder billow of the Sea,
 And (being a Sea) be sparing of his streames :
 And I must blame all you that may aduise him ;
 That (hauing helpt him through all martiall dangers)
 You let him stick, at the kinde rites of peace,
 Considering all the forces I haue sent,
 To fet his martiall seas vp in firme walls,
 On both his sides for him to passe at pleasure ;
 Did plainly open him a guarded way
 And led in Nature to this friendly shore,
 But here is nothing worth his personall fight,
 Here are no walled Citties ; for that Christall
 Sheds with his light, his hardnesse, and his height
 About our thankfull person, and our Realme ;
 Whose onely ayde, we euer yet desirde ;
 And now I see, the helpe we sent to him,
 Which should haue swum to him in our owne bloud,
 Had it beene needfull ; (our affections
 Being more giuen to his good, then he himselfe)
 Ends in the actuall right it did his state,
 And ours is sleighted ; all our worth is made,
 The common-flock, and banck ; from whence are
 feru'd

All mens occasions ; yet (thanks to heauen)
 Their gratitudes are drawne drye ; not our bounties.
 And you shall tell your King, that he neglects
 Ould friends for new ; and sets his footed Ease
 Aboue his honor ; Marshals policie
 In ranck before his iustice ; and his profit
 Before his royalty : his humanitie gone,
 To make me no repaiment of mine owne.

D'Au. What answered the Duke ?

Cre. In this fort.

Your highnesse sweete speech hath no sharper end,
 Then he would wish his life ; if he neglected,

The least grace you haue nam'd ; but to his wish,
Much powre is wanting : the greene rootes of warre,
Not yet so close cut vp, but he may dash
Against their reliques to his vtter ruine,
Without more neere eyes, fixt vpon his feete,
Then those that looke out of his countries foyle,
And this may well excuse his personall presence,
Which yet he oft hath long'd to set by yours :
That he might imitate the Maiestie,
Which so long peace hath practisde, and made full,
In your admir'd apparance ; to illustrate
And rectifie his habite in rude warre.
And his will to be here, must needs be great,
Since heauen hath thron'd so true a royaltie here,
That he thinkes no king absolutely crownde,
Whose temples haue not stood beneath this skie,
And whose height is not hardned with these starres,
Whose influences for this altitude,
Distild, and wrought in with this temperate ayre,
And this diuision of the Element
Haue with your raigne, brought forth more worthy
spirits,
For counsaile, valour, height of wit, and art,
Then any other region of the earth :
Or were brought forth to all your ancestors,
And as a cunning Orator, referues
His fairest similies, best-adorning figures,
Chiefe matter, and most mouing arguments
For his conclusion ; and doth then supply
His ground-streames layd before, glides ouer them,
Makes his full depth seene through ; and so takes vp,
His audience in applauses past the clouds.
So in your gouernment, concludiue nature,
(Willing to end her Excellence in earth
When your foote shall be set vpon the starres)
Shows all her Soueraigne Beauties, Ornaments,
Vertues, and Raptures ; ouertakes her workes
In former Empires, makes them but your foyles,
Swels to her full Sea, and againe doth drowne

The world, in admiration of your crowne.

D'Au. He did her (at all parts) confessed right.

Cre. She tooke it yet, but as a part of Courtship,
And sayd, he was the subtile Orator,
To whom he did too gloriously resemble,
Naturé in her, and in her gouernment,
He said, he was no Orator, but a Souldier,
More then this ayre, in which you breath hath made
me,

My studious loue, of your rare gouernment,
And simple truth, which is most eloquent,
Your Empire is so amply absolute,
That euen your Theaters shew more comely rule,
True nobleffe, royaltie, and happineffe
Then others courts : you make all state before
Vtterly obsolete ; all to come, twice fod.
And therefore doth my royall Soueraigne with
Your yeers may proue, as vitall, as your virtues,
That (standing on his Turrets this way turn'd,
Ordring and fixing his affaires by yours)
He may at last, on firme grounds, passe your Seas,
And see that Maiden-sea of Maiestie,
In whose chaste armes, so many kingdomes lye.

D'Au. When came she to her touch of his ambition ?

Cre. In this speech following, which I thus remember.

If I hold any merit worth his prefence,
Or any part of that, your Courtship giues me,
My subiects haue bestowed it ; some in counsaile,
In action some, and in obedience all ;
For none knowes, with such prooffe as you my Lord,
How much a subiect may renoune his Prince,
And how much Princes of their subiects hold ;
In all the seruices that euer subiect
Did for his Soueraigne ; he that best deferu'd
Must (in comparifon) except, *Byron* ;
And to winne this prize cleere ; without the maimes
Commonly giuen men by ambition,

When all their parts lye open to his view,
 Showes continence, past their other excellence :
 But for a subiect to affect a kingdome,
 Is like the Cammell, that of *Ioue* begd hornes,
 And such mad-hungrie men, as well may eate,
 Hote coles of fire, to feede their naturall heate ;
 For, to aspire to competence with your King
 What subiect is so grosse, and Gyantly ?
 He hauing now a *Daulphine* borne to him,
 Whose birth, ten dayes before, was dreadfully
 Vsherd with Earth-quakes, in most parts of *Europe*,
 And that giues all men, cause enough to feare
 All thought of competition with him.
 Commend vs good my Lord, and tell our Brother
 How much we ioy, in that his royall issue,
 And in what prayers, we raise our heart to heauen,
 That in more terror to his foes, and wonder
 He may drinke Earthquakes, and deuoure the thun-
 der :

So we admire your valure, and your vertues,
 And euer will contend, to winne their honor.
 Then spake she to *Crequie*, and Prince *D'Auergne*,
 And gaue all gracious farewels ; when *Byron*
 Was thus encountred by a Councillor
 Of great and eminent name, and matchlesse merit :
 I thinke (my Lord) your princely *Daulphin* beares
Arion on his Cradle, through your kingdome,
 In the sweete Musique ioy strikes from his birth.
 He answerd ; and good right ; the cause commands it.
 But (said the other) had we a fift *Henry*,
 To claime his ould right : and one man to friend,
 Whom you well know my Lord, that for his friendship
 Were promist the Vice-royaltie of *France*,
 We would not doubt of conquest, in despiht
 Of all those windy Earth-quakes. He replied ;
 Treason was neuer guide to English conquests,
 And therefore that doubt shall not fright our *Daul-*
phine ;
 Nor would I be the friend to such a foe,

For all the royalties in Christendome.
 Fix there your foote (sayd he) I onely giue
 Falsfe fire, and would be lothe to shoote you off :
 He that winnes Empire with the losse of faith,
 Out-buies it ; and will banck-route ; you haue layde
 A braue foundation, by the hand of virtue :
 Put not the rooffe to fortune : foolish flatuaries,
 That vnder little Saints suppose, great bafes
 Make lesse, to fence, the Saints ; and so where fortune,
 Advanceth uile mindes, to states great and noble,
 She much the more exposeth them to shame,
 Not able to make good, and fill their bafes,
 With a conformed structure ; I haue found,
 (Thanks to the bleffer of my searche) that counsailes,
 Held to the lyne of Iustice ; still produce,
 The surest states, and greatest, being sure,
 Without which fit assurance, in the greatest,
 As you may see a mighty promontorie
 More digd and vnder-eaten, then may warrant,
 A safe supportance, to his hanging browes,
 All passengers auoide him, shunne all ground
 That lyes within his shadow, and beare still
 A flying eye vpon him, so great men
 Corrupted in their grounds and building out
 Too swelling fronts for their foundations ;
 When most they should be propt, are most forsaken,
 And men will rather thrust into the stormes
 Of better grounded States, then take a shelter
 Beneath their ruinous, and fearefull weight ;
 Yet they, so ouersee, their faultie bafes,
 That they remaine securer in conceipt :
 And that securitie, doth worfe presage
 Their nere distructions, then their eaten grounds ;
 And therefore heauen it selfe is made to vs
 A perfect Hieroglyphick to expresse,
 The Idleneffe of such securitie,
 And the graue labour, of a wise distrust,
 In both sorts of the all-enclinyng starres ;
 Where all men note this difference in their flynyng,

As plaine as they distinguish either hand ;
The fixt starres wauer, and the erring, stand.

D'Aum. How took hee this so worthy admonition ?

Cra. Grauely applied (saide he) and like the man,
Whome all the world saies, ouerrules the starres ;
Which are diuine bookes to vs ; and are read
By vnderstanders onely, the true obiects,
And chief companions of the truest men ;
And (though I need it not) I thanke your counsaile,
That neuer yet was idle, But spherelike,
Still mooues about, and is the continent
To this blest Ile.

ACT 5. SCEN. 1.

Enter Byron, D'Auergne, Laffin.

Byr. The Circle of this ambassie is closde,
For which I long haue long'd, for mine owne ends ;
To see my faithfull. and leaue courtly friends,
To whom I came (me thought) with such a spirit,
As you haue seene, a lusty courser shoue,
That hath beene longe time at his manger tied ;
High fed, alone, and when (his headstall broken)
Hee runnes his prifon, like a trumpet neighs,
Cuts ayre, in high curuets, and shakes his head :
(With wanton stopings, twixt his forelegs) mocking
The heauy center ; spreds his flying crest,
Like to an Ensigne hedge, and ditches leaping,
Till in the fresh meate, at his naturall foode
He sees free fellowes, and hath met them free :
And now (good friend) I would be faine inform'd,

What our right Princely Lord, the Duke of *Sauoy*
Hath thought on, to employ my comming home.

Laf. To try the Kings trust in you, and withall,
How hot he trailes on our conspiracie :
He first would haue you, begge the gouernment,
Of the important Citadell of Bourg :
Or to place in it, any you shall name :
VVhich wilbe wondrous fit, to march before,
His other purposes ; and is a fort
Hee rates, in loue, aboue his patrimonie ;
To make which fortresse worthie of your suite :
He vows (if you obtaine it) to bestowe
His third faire daughter, on your excellence,
And hopes the King will not deny it you.

Byr. Denie it me ? deny me such a suite ?
Who will he grant, if he deny it me.

Laf. He'le find some politique shift to do't, I
feare.

Bir. What shift ? or what euasion can he finde,
What one patch is there in all policies shop,
(That botcher vp of Kingdomes) that can mend
The brack betwixt vs, any way denying.

D'Au. Thats at your peril :

Byr. Come, he dares not do't.

D'Au. Dares not ? presume not so ; you know
(good duke)

That all things hee thinkes fit to do, he dares.

Byr. By heauen I wonder at you, I will aske it,
As sternely, and secure of all repulse
As th' antient Persians did when they implorde,
Their idoll fire to grant them any boone ;
With which they would descend into a flood,
And threaten there to quench it, if they faild,
Of that they ask't it :

Laffi. Said like pour Kings King ;
Cold hath no aēt in depth, nor are fuites wrought
(Of any high price) that are coldly fought :
Ile haſt, and with your courage, comfort *Sauoy*.

Exit Laffi.

D'Au. I am your friend (my Lord) and will deferue

That name, with following any courfe you take ;
Yet (for your owne sake) I could wish your spirit
Would let you spare all broade termes of the King,
Or, on my life you will at laſt repent it :

Byr. What can he doe ?

D'Aum. All that you can not feare.

Byr. You feare too much, be by, when next I fee
him,

And fee how I will vrge him in this fuite,
He comes, marke you, that thinke
He will not grant it.

Enter Henry, Efpe. Soiff. Ianin.

I am become a fuitor to your highneſſe.

Hen. For what, my Lord, tis like you ſhall obtaine.

Bya. I do not much doubt that ; my ſeruices,
I hope haue more ſtrength in your good conceit
Then to receiue repulſe, in ſuch requests.

Hen. What is it ?

Byr. That you would beſtow on one whom I ſhall
name,
The keeping of the Citadell of Bourg,

Hen. Excuse me fir, I muſt not grant you that.

Byr. Not grant me that ?

Hen. It is not fit I ſhould ;
You are my gouernor in Burgundy,
And Prouince gouernors, that command in chiefe,
Ought not to haue the charge of fortrefſes ;
Beſides, it is the chiefe key of my kingdome,
That opens towards Italie, and muſt therefore,
Be giuen to one that hath immediatly
Dependence on vs.

Byr. Theſe are wondrous reaſons,
Is not a man depending on his merits
As fit to haue the charge of ſuch a key

As one that meerely hangs vppon your humors ?

Hen : Do not enforce your merits fo your self ;
It takes away their luster, and reward.

Byr : But you will grant my fuite ?

Hen : I sweare I cannot,
Keeping the credit of my braine and place.

Byr. Will you deny me then ?

Hen : I am inforc't ;
I haue no power, more then your selfe in things
That are beyond my reason.

Byr. Then my selfe ?
That's a strange sleight in your comparison ;
Am I become th' example of such men
As haue left power ? Such a diminutiue ?
I was comparatiue in the better fort ;
And such a King as you, would say I cannot,
Do such ; or such a thing ; were I as great
In power as he ; euen that indefinite he,
Exprest me full : This Moone is strangely chang'd.

Hen. How can I helpe it ? would you haue a King
That hath a white beard ; haue so Greene a braine ?

Byr : A plague of braine ; what doth this touch
your braine ?

You must giue me more reason or I sweare

Hen : Sweare ; what doe you sweare ?

Byr : I Sweare you wrong me,
And deale not like a King, to iest, and sleight,
A man that you should curiously reward ;
Tell me of your gray beard ? it is not gray
With care to recompence me, who eas'd your care.

Hen : You haue beene recompenc't, from head to
foote.

Byr : With a distrust'd dukedome ? Take your
dukedome

Bestow'd on me againe ; It was not giuen
For any loue, but feare, and force of shame.

Hen : Yet twas your honor ; which if you respect
not,

Why seeke you this Addition ?

Byron : Since this honour,
Would shew you lou'd me to, in trusting me,
Without which loue, and trust ; honor is shame ;
A very Pageant, and a propertie :
Honor, with all his Adiuncts, I deferue,
And you quit my deserts, with your gray beard.

Hen : Since you expostulate the matter so ;
I tell you plaine ; Another reason is
Why I am mou'd to make you this deniall
That I suspec't you to haue had intelligence
With my vowd enimies.

Byr : Miserie of vertue,
Ill is made good, with worse ? This reason poures
Poyson, for Balme, into the wound you made ;
You make me madde, and rob me of my soule,
To take away my try'd loue, and my Truth ;
Which of my labors, which of all my woundes,
Which ouerthrow, which Battayle wonne for you,
Breedes this suspition ? Can the blood of faith,
(Lost in all these to finde it prooffe, and strength)
Beget disloyalty ? all my raine is false,
Into the horse-fayre ; springing pooles and myre ;
And not in thankfull grounds, or fields of fruite ;
Fall then before vs, O thou flaming Christall,
That art the vncorrupted Register
Of all mens merits : And remonstrate heere,
The fights, the dangers, the affrights and horrors,
Whence I haue rescu'd this vnthankfull King :
And shew (commixt with them) the ioyes, the glories
Of his state then : Then his kind thoughts of me :
Then my deseruings : Now my infamie :
But I will be mine owne King, I will see,
That all your Chronicles be filld with me,
That none but I, and my renowned Syre
Be said to winne the memorable fieldes
Of *Arques* and *Decepe* : and none but we of all
Kept you from dying there, in an Hospitall ;
None but my selfe, that wonne the day at *Dreux* :
A day of holy name, and needes, no night :

Nor none but I at *Fontaine Francois* burst,
 The heart strings of the leaguers ; I alone,
 Tooke *Amiens* in these armes, and held her fast,
 In spight of all the Pitchy fires she cast,
 And clouds of bullets pourd vpon my brest,
 Till she showd yours ; and tooke her naturall forme,
 Onely my selfe (married to victorie)
 Did people *Artois, Douay, Picardie,*
Bethune, and *Saint Paule, Bapaume,* and *Courcelles,*
 With her triumphant issue ;

Hen. Ha ha ha,

Exit,

Byron drawing and is held by D'Au.

D'Au. O hold my Lord ; for my sake, mighty
Spirit.

Exit.

Enter Byron Dau following vnseene.

Byr. Respeçt, Reuenge, slaughter, repaie for
 laughter,

What's graue in Earth, what awfull ? what abhord ?

If my rage be ridiculous ? I will make it,

The law and rule of all things serious.

So long as idle and rediculous King ⁴

Are suffered, soothed and wrest all right, to fasty

So long is mischief gathering massacres,

For their curst kingdomes ; which I will preuent,

Laughter ? Ile fright it from him, farre as he,

Hath cast irreuocable shame ; which euer,

Being found is lost and lost returneth neuer ;

Should Kings cast of their bounties, with their dan-
 gers ?

He that can warme at fires, where vertue burnes,

Hunt pleasure through her torments ; nothing seele,

Of all his subiects suffer ; but (long hid)

In wants, and miseries, and hauing past

Through all the grauest shapes, of worth and honor,

(For all *Heroique* fashions to be learned,

By those hard lessons) shew an antique vizard,

Who would not wish him rather hewd to nothing,

4 So long as such as he. 1608.

Then left so monstrous? flight my seruices?
Drowne the dead noises of my sword, in laughter?
My blowes, as but the passages of shadowes,
Ouer the highest and most barraine hills,
And vse me, like, no man; but as he tooke me
Into a desert, gasht with all my wounds,
Sustained for him, and buried me in flies;
Forth vengeance then, and open wounds in him
Shall let in Spaine, and Sauoy.

Offers to draw and D'Au: againe holds him.

D'Au. O my Lord,
This is to large a licence giuen your furie;
Giue time to it, what reason, sodainely,
Can not extend, respite doth oft supplie.

Byr. While respite holds reuenge, the wrong redoubles,
And so the shame of sufferance, it torments me,
To thinke what I endure, at his shrunke hands,
That scornes the guift, of one pore fort to me:
That haue subdu'd for him; O iniurie,
Forts, Citties, Countries, I, and yet my furie. *Exeunt.*

Hen. *Byron?*

D'Au. My Lord? the King calls.

Hen. Turne I pray,
How now? from whence flow these distracted faces?
From what attempt returne they? as disclayming,
Their late *Heroique* bearer? what, a pistoll?
Why, good my Lord, can mirth make you so wrathfull?

Byr. Mirth? twas mockerie, a contempt; a scandall

To my renowne for euer: a repulse
As miserably cold, as Stygian water,
That from sincere earth issues, and doth breake
The strongest vessells, not to be containde,
But in the tough hoofe of a patient Asse.

Hen. My Lord, your iudgement is not competent,
In this dissention, I may say of you;
As Fame saies of the antient Eleans,
That, in th' Olympian contentions,

They euer were the iustest Arbitrators,
 If none of them contended, nor were parties ;
 Those that will moderate disputations well,
 Must not themselues affect the coronet ;
 For as the ayre, containd within our eares :
 If it be not in quiet ; nor refrains,
 Troubling our hearing, with offensive sounds ;
 But our affected instrument of hearing,
 Repleat with noise, and singings in it selfe,
 It faithfully receiues no other voices ;
 So, of all iudgements, if within themselues
 They suffer spleene, and are tumultuous ;
 They can not equall differences without them ;
 And this winde, that doth sing so in your eares,
 I know, is no disease bred in your selfe,
 But whisperd in by others ; who in swelling
 Your vaines with emptie hope of much, yet able,
 To performe nothing ; are like shallow streames,
 That make themselues so many heauens ; to fight ;
 Since you may see in them, the moone, and Starres,
 The blew space of the ayre ; as farre from vs,
 (To our weake fences) in those shallow streames
 As if they were as deepe, as heauen is high ;
 Yet with your middle finger onely, found them,
 And you shall pierce them to the very earth ;
 And therefore leaue them, and be true to me
 Or yow'le be left by all ; or be like one
 That in cold nights will needes haue all the fire,
 And there is held by others, and embrac't
 Onely to burne him : your fire wil be inward,
 Which not another deluge can put out :

Byron kneedes while the King goes on.

O innocence the sacred amulet,
 Gainst all the poisons of infirmitie :
 Of all misfortune, iniurie, and death,
 That makes a man, in tune still in himselfe ;
 Free from the hell to be his owne accuser,
 Euer in quiet, endles ioy enjoying ;
 No strife, nor no sedition in his powres :

No motion in his will, against his reason,
No thought gainst thought, nor (as twere in the
confines

Of wishing and repenting) doth possesse
Onely a wayward, and tumultuofe peace,
But (all parts in him, friendly and secure,
Fruitefull of all best thinges in all worst seasons)
He can with euery wish, be in their plenty,
When, the infectious guilt of one foule crime,
Destroyes the free content of all our time.

Byr. Tis all acknowlegd, and, (though all to late)
Heere the short madnesse of my anger ends :
If euer I did good I lockt it safe
In you, th' impregnable defence of goodnesse :
If ill, I presse it with my penitent knees
To that vnfounded depth, whence naught returneth.

Hen. Tis musique to mine eares : rise then for
euer,
Quit of what guilt foeuer, till this houre,
And nothing toucht in honnor or in spirit,
Rise without flattery, rise by absolute merit.

Enter Esp : to the King, Byron : &c.

Enter Sauoy with three Ladies.

Esp. Sir if it please you to bee taught any Court-
ship take you to your stand : *Sauoy* is at it with three
Mistresses at once, he loues each of them best, yet all
differently.

Hen. For the time he hath beene heere, he hath
talkt a Volume greater than the Turkes Alcaron ;
stand vp close ; his lips go still.

Sau. Excuse me, excuse me ; The King has ye all.

1. True Sir, in honorable subiection.

2. To the which we are bound, by our loyalty.

Sau. Nay your excuse, your excuse, intend me for
affection : you are all bearers of his fauours ; and
deny him not your opposition by night.

3. You say rightly in that ; for therein we oppose vs to his command.

1. In the which he neuer yet prest vs.

2. Such is the benediction of our peace.

Sau. You take me still in flat misconstruction, and conceiue not by me.

1. Therein we are strong in our owne purpofes ; for it were something scandalous for vs to conceiue by you.

2. Though there might be question made of your fruitfulness, yet drie weather in haruest dooes no harme.

Hen. They will talke him into *Sauoy* ; he begins to hunt downe.

Sau. As the King is, and hath beene, a most admired, and most vnmatchable souldier, so hath he beene, and is, a sole excellent, and vnparelleld Courtier.

Hen. *Pouvre Amy Mercie.*

1. Your highnes does the King but right fir.

2. And heauen shall blesse you for that iustice, With plentiful store of want in Ladies affections.

Sau. You are cruell, and will not vouchsafe me audience to any conclusion.

1. Befeech your grace conclude, that we may present our curtsies to you, and giue you the adiew.

Sau. It is faide, the King will bring an army into *Sauoy*.

2. Truly we are not of his counsaile of warre.

Sau. Nay but vouchsafe me.

3. Vouchsafe him, vouchsafe him, else there is no play in't.

1. Well I vouchsafe your Grace.

Sau. Let the King bring an army into *Sauoy*, and Ile finde him sport for fortie yeares.

Hen. Would I were fure of that, I should then haue a long age, and a merry.

1. I thinke your Grace woulde play with his army at Balloone.

2. My faith, and that's a martiall recreation.

3. It is next to impious courting.

Sau. I am not hee that can fet my Squadrons ouer-night, by midnight leape my horſe, curry ſeauen miles, and by three, leape my miſtris ; returne to mine armie againe, and direct as I were infatigable, I am no fuch tough ſouldier.

1. Your diſparitie is beleeu'd ſir.

2 And tis a peece of virtue to tell true.

3. Gods me, the King,

Sau. Well, I haue ſaid nothing that may offend.

1. 'Tis hop't fo.

2. If there be any mercie in laughter.

Sau. Ile take my leaue.

After the tedious ſlay my loue hath made,
(Moſt worthy to command our earthly zeale)
I come for pardon, and to take my leaue ;
Affirming though I reape no other good,
By this my voiage ; 'but t'haue ſeene a Prince
Of greatnes, in all grace ſo paſt report ;
I nothing ſhould repent me, and to ſhew
Some token of my gratitude, I haue ſent,
Into your treaſury, the greateſt Iewells,
In all my Cabinet of Beatrice,
And of my late deceaſed wife, th'Infanta,
Which are two Baſons, and their Ewrs of chriſtall,
Neuer yet valued for their workmanſhip,
Nor the exceding riches of their matter.
And to your ſtable (worthy Duke of *Byron*)
I haue ſent in two of my fayreſt horſes.

Byr. Sent me your horſes ? vpon what deſert ?

I entertaine no preſents, but for merits ;
Which I am farre from at your highnes hands ;
As being of all men to you the moſt ſtranger,
There is as ample bounty in reſuſing ;
As in beſtowing, and with this I quit you.

Sau. 'Then haue I loſt nought but my poore good will.

Hen. Well cosine, I with all thanks, welcome that ;

And the rich arguments with which you proue it,
 Wishing I could, to your wish welcome you ;
 Draw, for your marquifate, the articles ;
 Agreed on in our composition,
 And it is yours ; but where you haue propof'd,
 (In your aduices) my designe for Millane,
 I will haue no warre with the King of Spaine,
 Vnlesse his hopes proue weary of our peace ;
 And (Princely cosine) it is farre from me,
 To thinke your wisedome, needeful of my counsaile,
 Yet loue, oft-times must offer things vnneedeful ;
 And therefore I would counsaile you to hold
 All good termes, with his Maiestie of *Spaine* :
 If any troubles should be stirr'd betwixt you,
 I would not stirre therein, but to appease them ;
 I haue too much care of my royal word,
 To breake a Peace so iust and consequent,
 Without force of precedent iniurie :
 Endles desires are worthles of iust Princes,
 And onely proper to the swinge of tyrants.

Sau. At al partes spoke like the most christian king,

I take my humblest leaue, and pray your Highnes,
 To holde me as your seruant, and poore kinsman,
 Who wisheth no supreamer happines
 Than to be yours : To you (right worthy Princes)
 I wish for all your fauours powr'd on me
 The loue of al these Ladies mutually,
 And (so they please their Lordes) that they may please
 Themselues by all meanes. And be you assurde
 (Most louely Princefles) as of your liues,
 You cannot be true women, if true wiues. *Exit.*

Hen. Is this he *Espernon*, that you would needes
 Perfwade vs courted so absurdly.

Espr. This is euen he sir, howfoeuer he hath studied
 his Parting Courtship.

Hen. In what one point seemde hee so ridiculous as you would present him?

Esp. Behold me sir, I beseech you behold me, I appeare to you as the great Duke of *Sauoy* with these three Ladies.

Hen. Well sir, we graunt your resemblance.

Esp. He stole a carriage sir, from Count *d'Auuergne* heere.

D'Auer. From me sir?

Esp. Excuse me sir, from you I assure you: heere sir, he lies at the Lady *Antoniette*, iust thus, for the worlde, in the true posture of Count *d'Auuergne*.

D'Auer. Y'are exceeding delightfome.

Hen. Why is not that wel? it came in with the organ hose.

Esp. Organ hose? a pox ant; let it pipe it selfe into contempt; hee hath stolne it most feloniously, and it graces him like a diseafe.

Hen. I thinke he stole it from *D'Auuergne* indeed.

Esp. Well, would he had robd him of all his other diseases,

He were then the foundest lord in *France*.

D'Au. As I am sir, I shall stand all weathers with you.

Esp. But sir, he hath praifd you aboue th' inuention of Rimers.

Hen. Wherein? or how?

Esp. He tooke vpon him to describe your victories in warre, and where he should haue sayd, you were the most absolute souldier in Christendome, (no Assc could haue mist it) hee deliuerd you for as pretty a fellow of your hands, as any was in *France*.

Hen. Marry God dild him.

Esp. A pox on him.

Hen. Well, (to be serious) you know him well
To be a gallant Courtier: his great wit
Can turne him into any forme he lists,
More fit to be auoyded, then deluded.

For my Lord Duke of *Byron* here, well knowes,
That it infecteth, where it doth affect :
And where it seemes to counsaile, it conspires.
With him go all our faults, and from vs flie,
(With all his counsaile) all conspiracie.

Finis Actus Quinti,

& ultimi.

THE
TRAGEDIE
OF CHARLES

Duke of BYRON.

By GEORGE CHAPMAN.



THE TRAGEDIE OF

Charles Duke of Byron.

ACTVS, I. SCENA, I.

Enter Henry, Vidame, D'escures, Espernon, Ianin.

Hen. **B**Yron fallne in so tratrous a relaps,
Aleadged for our ingratitude : what offices,
Titles of honor, and what admiration,
Could *France* afford him that it pourd not
on ?

When he was scarce arriu'd at forty yeares,
He ranne through all chiefe dignities of *France*.
At fourteene yeares of age he was made Colonell
To all the Suisses seruing then in Flanders ;
Soone after he was marshall of the campe,
And shortly after, marshall Generall :
He was receiued high Admirall of *France*
In that our Parliament we held at *Tours* ;
Marshall of *France* in that we held at *Paris*.

And at the Siege of *Amiens* he acknowledged,
 None his Superiour but our felfe, the King ;
 Though I had there, the Princes of the blood
 I made him my Lieutenant Generall,
 Declard him Ioyntly the prime Peere of *France*,
 And raifd his Barony into a Duchy,
Iani. And yet (my Lord) all this could not allay
 The fatall thirft of his ambition,
 For fome haue heard him fay he would not die,
 Till on the wings of valour he had reacht
 One degree higher ; and had feene his head,
 Set on the royal Quarter of a crowne ;
 Yea at fo vnbeleeu'd a pitch he aynd,
 That he hath faid his heart would ftill complaine,
 Till he afpird the ftyle of Soueraigne,
 And from what ground my Lord rife all the leuyes
 Now made in *Italy* ? from whence fhould fpring
 The warlike humor of the Count *Fuentes* ?
 The reftles ftirrings of the Duke of *Sauoye* ?
 The discontent the Spaniard entertaind,
 With fuch a threatening fury, when he heard
 The preiudiciall conditions,
 Propof'd him, in the treaty held at *Veruins* ?
 And many other braueries, this way ayming,
 But from fome hope of inward ayd from hence ?
 And that, all this dereftly aymes at you,
 Your highnes hath by one intelligence,
 Good caufe to thinke ; which is your late aduice,
 That the Sea army, now prepar'd at *Naples*,
 Hath an intended Enterprife on *Prouence* ?
 Although the cunning Spaniard giues it out,
 That all is for *Algier*.

Hen. I muft beleeeue,
 That without treafon bred in our owne brefts,
 Spaines affayres are not in fo good eftate,
 To ayme at any action againft *France* :
 And if *Byron* fhould be their instrument,
 His altred difpofition could not growe,
 So far wide in an instant ; nor refigne,

His valure to these lawles resolutions
Vpon the sodaine ; nor without some charms,
Of forreigne hopes and flatteries fung to him :
But far it flyes my thoughts, that such a spirit,
So active, valiant, and vigilant ;
Can see it selfe transformed with such wild furies.
And like a dreame it shewes to my concepts,
That he who by himselfe hath wonne such honor :
And he to whome his father left so much,
He that still dayly reapes so much from me,
And knowes he may encrease it to more prooffe
From me, then any other forreigne King ;
Should quite against the streame of all religion
Honor, and reason, take a course so foule,
And neither keepe his Oth, nor saue his Soule.
Can the poore keeping of a Citadell
Which I denyed, to be at his disposure,
Make him forgoe the whole strength of his honours ?
It is impossible, though the violence,
Of his hot spirit made him make attempt
Vpon our person for denying him ;
Yet well I found his loyall iudgement seru'd,
To keepe it from effect : besides being offer'd,
Two hundred thousand crownes in yearly pention.
And to be Generall of all the forces
The *Spaniards* had in *France* ; they found him still,
As an vnmatcht *Achilles* in the warres,
So a most wise *Ulysses* to their words,
Stopping his eares at their enchanted sounds ;
And plaine he tould them that although his blood
(Being mou'd) by Nature, were a very fire
And boyld in apprehension of a wrong ;
Yet should his mind hold such a scepter there,
As would containe it from all act and thought
Of treachery or ingratitude to his Prince.
Yet do I long, me thinkes, to see *La Fin*,
Who hath his heart in keeping ; since his state,
(Growne to decay and he to discontent)
Comes neere the ambitious plight of Duke *Byron*.

My Lord *Vidame*, when does your Lordship thinke,
Your vnckle of *La Fin* will be arriu'd.

Vid. I thinke (my Lord) he now is neere ariuing
For his particular iourney and deuotion,
Voud to the holy Lady of *Loretto*,
Was long since past and he vpon returne.

Hen. In him, as in a christall that is charm'd,
I shall descerne by whome and what designes,
My rule is threatened : and that sacred power
That hath enabled this defensiue arme,
(When I enioyd but an vnequall Nooke,
Of that I now possesse) to front a King
Farre my Superiour : And from twelue set battailes,
March home a victor : ten of them obtaind,
VVithout my personall seruice ; will not see
A traitrous subiect foile me, and so end
VVhat his hand hath with such successe begunne.

Enter a Ladie, and a Nurse bringing the Daulphine.

Esp. See the young Daulphin brought to cheere
your highnes.

Hen. My royall blessing, and the King of heauen,
Make thee an aged and a happie King :
Helpe Nurse to put my sword into his hand ;
Hold Boy, by this ; and with it may thy arme
Cut from thy tree of rule, all traitrous branches,
That striue to shadow and eclips thy glories ;
Haue thy old fathers angell for thy guide,
Redoubled be his spirit in thy brest ;
VVho when this State ranne like a turbulent sea,
In ciuill hates and bloody enmity,
Their wrathes and enuies, like so many windes,
Setled and burst : and like the Halcions birth,
Be thine to bring a calme vpon the shore,
In which the eyes of warre may euer sleepe,
As ouermatcht with former massacres,
When guilty, made Noblesse, feed on Noblesse ;
All the sweete plentie of the realme exhausted ;

When the nak't merchant, was purfude for spoile,
When the pore Pezants, frighted needieft theeues
With their pale leaneneffe ; nothing left on them
But meager carcafes fustaind with ayre,
Wandring like Ghosts affrighted from their graues,
When with the often and inceffant founds
The very beafts knew the alarum bell,
And (hearing it) ranne bellowing to their home :
From which vnchristian broiles and homicides,
Let the religious fword of iuftice free
Thee and thy kingdomes gouern'd after me.
O heauen ! or if th' vnsettled bloud of France,
VVith eafe, and welth, renew her ciuill furies :
Let all my powers be emptied in my Sonne
To curb, and end them all, as I haue done.
Let him by vertue, quite out of from fortune,
Her fetherd foulders, and her winged fhooes,
And thruft from her light feete, her turning ftone ;
That fhe may euer tarry by his throne.
And of his worth, let after ages fay,
(He fighting for the land ; and bringing home
Iuft conquefts, loden with his enimies fpoiles)
His father paff all France in martiall deeds,
But he, his father twenty times exceeds.

*Enter the Duke of Byron, D' Auuergne
and Laffin.*

Byr. My deare friends *D' Auuergne*, and *Laffin*,
We neede no coniurations to conceale :
Our clofe intendments, to aduance our ftates
Euen with our merits ; which are now neglected ;
Since Britaine is reduc't, and breathleffe warre
Hath fheath'd his fword, and wrapt his Ensignes vp ;
The King hath now no more vfe of my valure,
And therefore I fhall now no more enioy
The credite that my feruice held with him ;
My feruice that hath driuen through all extreames,

Through tempests, droughts, and through the deepeft
floods ;

Winters of shot : and ouer rockes so high
That birds could scarce aspire their ridgy toppes ;
The world is quite inuerted : vertue throwne
At Vices feete : and sensuall peace confounds,
Valure and cowardise : Fame, and Infamy ;
The rude and terrible age is turnd againe :
When the thicke ayre hid heauen, and all the
starres,

Were drown'd in humor, tough, and hard to peirfe,
When the red Sunne held not his fixed place ;
Kept not his certaine course, his rise and set
Nor yet distinguisht with his definite boundes ;
Nor in his firme conuerfions, were discern'd
The fruitfull distances of time and place,
In the well varied seasons of the yeare ;
When th' impossibl incurfions of floods
Wasted and eat the earth ; and all things shewed
Wilde and difordred : nought was worfe then now ;
Wee must reforme and haue a new creation
Of State and gouernment ; and on our *Chaos*
Will I fit brooding vp another world.

I who through all the dangers that can siege
The life of man, haue forst my glorious way
To the repayring of my countries ruines,
Will ruine it againe, to re-advance it ;
Romaine *Camyllus*, faste the State of Rome
With farre lesse merite, then *Byron* hath France ;
And how short of this is my recompence.
The King shall know, I will haue better price
Set on my seruices ; in spight of whome
I will proclaime and ring my discontents
Into the farthest eare of all the world.

Laff. How great a spirit he breaths ? how leard ?
how wise ?

But (worthy Prince) you must giue temperate ayre,
To your vnmatcht, and more then humane winde ;
Else will our plots be frost-bit, in the flowre.

D'Au: Betwixt our selues we may giue liberall
vent

To all our fiery and displeaf'd impreffions ;
Which nature could not entertaine with life,
Without fome exhalation ; A wrongd thought
Will breake a rib of Steele.

Byr. My Princely friend,
Enough of thefe eruptions ; our graue Councillor
Well knowes that great affaires will not be forg'd
But vpon Anuills that are linde with wooll ;
We muft afcend to our intentions top,
Like Clouds that be not feene till they be vp.

Laff. O, you do too much rauish ; and my foule
Offer to Musique in your numerous breath ;
Sententious, and fo high, it wakens death ;
It is for thefe parts, that the Spanifh King
Hath sworne to winne them to his fide
At any price or perrill ; That great *Sauoy*,
Offers his princely daughter, and a dowry,
Amounting to five hundred thoufand crownes ;
With full tranfport of all the Soueraigne rights
Belonging to the State of Burgundy ;
Which marriage will be made the onely Cyment
T'effect and ftrengthen all our fecret Treaties ;
Instruct me therefore (my affured Prince)
Now I am going to refolue the King
Of his fufpitions, how I fhall behaue me.

Byr. Go my moft trusted friend, with happy fecte :
Make me a found man with him ; Go to Court
But with a little traine : and be prepar'd
To heere, at firft, tearmes of contempt and choller,
Which you may eafily calme, and turne to grace.
If you befeech his highneffe to beleue
That your whole drift and courfe for Italy,
(Where he hath heard you were) was onely made
Out of your long-well-knowne deuotion
To our right holy Lady of *Lorretto*,
As you haue told fome of your friends in Court ;
And that in paffing Mylan and Thurin,

They charg'd you to propound my marriage
 With the third daughter of the Duke of Sauoy ;
 Which you haue done, and I reiected it,
 Refolu'd to build vpon his royall care
 For my bestowing, which he lately vowd.

Laff. O, you direct, as if the God of light
 Sat in each nooke of you ; and pointed out
 The path of Empire ; Charming all the dangers
 On both sides arm'd, with his harmonious finger.

Byr. Besides let me intreat you to dismisse,
 All that haue made the voyage with your Lordship,
 But specially the Curate : And to locke
 Your papers in some place of doubtlesse safety ;
 Or sacrifice them to the God of fire ;
 Considering worthily that in your handes
 I put my fortunes, honour, and my life.

Laff. Therein the bounty that your Grace hath
 showne me,
 I prize past life, and all thinges that are mine ;
 And will vndoubtedly preferue, and tender
 The merit of it, as my hope of heauen.

Byr. I make no question ; farewell worthy friend.
Exit.

Henry, Chancellor, Laffin, D'Escures, Ianin,

Henry hauing many papers in his hand.

Hen. Are these proofes of that purely Catholike
 zeale
 That made him with no other glorious title,
 Then to be calld the scourge of *Huguenots* ?

Chan. No question sir, he was of no religion ;
 But (vpon false groundes, by some Courtiers laid)
 Hath oft bene heard to mocke and iest at all.

Hen. Are not his treasons haynous ?

All. Most abhord.

Chan. All is confirmd that you haue heard before,
 And amplified with many horrors more.

Hen. Good *De'Laffin*; you were our golden plummet,
To found this gulphe of all ingratitude;
In which you haue with excellent desert
Of loyalty and pollicie, exprest
Your name in action; and with such apparence
Haue prou'd the parts of his ingratefull treasons,
That I must credit, more then I desir'd.

Laff. I must confesse my Lord, my voyages
Made to the Duke of Sauoy and to Mylan;
Were with indeauour, that the warres returnd,
Might breed some trouble to your Maiestie;
And profit those by whome they were procur'd;
But since, in their designs, your sacred person
Was not excepted (which I since haue seene)
It so abhord me, that I was resolu'd
To giue you full intelligence thereof;
And rather chus'd to fayle in promises,
Made to the seruant, then infringe my fealty
Sworne to my royall Soueraigne and Maister.

Hen. I am extreemely discontent to see,
This most vnnaturall conspiracie;
And would not haue the marshall of *Byron*,
The first example of my forced Iustice;
Nor that his death should be the worthy cause,
That my calme raigne, (which hetherto hath held
A cleare and cheerefull skie aboue the heads
Of my deare subiects) should so sodainely
Be ouercast with clowdes of fire, and thunder;
Yet on submission, I vow stil his pardon.

Ian. And still our humble counsayles, (for his seruice)
Would so resolute you, if he will employ
His honourd valure as effectually,
To fortifie the State, against your foes;
As he hath practis'd bad interdictments with them.

Hen. That vow shall stand; and we will now addressse,
Some messengers to call him home to Court:

VWithout the flendrest intimation,
 Of any ill we know ; we will restraine
 (VVithall forgiuenes, if he will confesse)
 His headlong course to ruine ; and his taste,
 From the sweete poyson of his friendlike foes :
Treason hath blisterd hedes, dishonest Things
Haue bitter Riuers, though delicious Springs ;
Descures haste you vnto him, and informe,
 That hauing heard by sure intelligence,
 Of the great leuies made in Italie,
 Of Arms and soldiers ; I am resolute,
 Vpon my frontiers to maintaine an Army ;
 The charge whereof I will impose on him ;
 And to that end, expressly haue commanded,
De Vic, our Lord Ambassador in Suisse,
 To demand leuie of six thousand men :
 Appointing them to march where Duke *Byron*
 Shall haue directions ; wherein I haue follow'd
 The counsaile of my Constable his Gossip ;
 Whose lik't aduice, I made him know by letters,
 Wishing to heare his owne ; from his owne mouth,
 And by all meanes coniuere, his speediest presence ;
 Do this with vtmost hast.

Desc. I will my Lord.

Exit Desc.

Hen. My good Lord Chancellor, of many Peeces,
 More then is here, of his conspiracies
 Presented to vs, by our friend, *Lafin* ;
 You onely, shall referue these seauen and twenty,
 Which are not those that must conclude against him ;
 But mention only him : since I am loth,
 To haue the rest of the conspirators knowne

Chan. My Lord, my purpose is to guard all these
 So safely from the sight of any other :
 That in my doublet I will haue them sow'd ;
 Without discouering them to mine owne eies,
 Till neede, or opportunitie requires.

Hen. You shall do well my Lord, they are of
 weight,
 But I am doubtfull that his conscience

Will make him so suspicious of the worst,
That he will hardly be induc't to come.

Ian. I much should doubt that to, but that I hope
The strength of his conspiracie, as yet
Is not so readie, that he dare presume,
By his refusall to make knowne so much
Of his disloyalty.

Hen. I yet conceiue ;
His practices are turn'd to no bad end,
And good *Laffin*, I pray you write to him,
To hasten his repaire : and make him sure,
That you haue satisfied me to the full
For all his actions, and haue vtterd nought,
But what might serue to banish bad impressions.

Laf. I will not faile my Lord.

Hen. Conuaie your Letters ;
By some choice friend of his : or by his brother :
And for a third excitement to his presence :
Ianin, your selfe shall goe, and with the powre
That both the rest employ to make him come,
Use you the strength of your persuasions.

Ian. I will my Lord, and hope I shall present him.

Exit Ian.

Enter Esper, Soisson, Vitry, Pralin, &c.

Esp. Wilt please your Maiestie to take your place,
The Maske is comming.

Hen. Roome my Lords, stand close.

*Musique and a Song above, and Cupid enters with a
Table written, hung about his neck ; after him two
Torch-bearers ; after them Mary D'Entragues, and
foure Ladies more with their Torch-bearers, &c.
Cupid speaks.*

Cup. My Lord, these Nymphs, part of the scatterd
traine,
Of friendlesse vertue (liuing in the woods

Of shady Arden : and of late not hearing
 The dreadfull sounds of Warre ; but that sweete Peace,
 Was by your valure lifted from her graue,
 Set on your royall right hand : and all vertues
 Summond with honor, and with rich rewards,
 To be her hand-maides) : These I say, the vertues,
 Haue put their heads out of their Caues and Couerts,
 To be her true attendants in your Court :
 In which desire, I must relate a tale,
 Of kinde and worthy emulation,
 Twixt these two Vertues, leaders of the traine.
 This on the right hand is *Sophrosyne*,
 Or *Chastitie* : this other *Daphyle*
 Or *Liberallitie* : their Emulation
 Begat a iarre, which thus was reconcil'd.
 I, (hauing left my Goddesse mothers lap,
 To hawk and shoote at Birds in *Arden* groues,)
 Beheld this Princely Nymph with much affection,
 Left killing Birds, and turn'd into a Birde,
 Like which I flew betwixt her Tuory brefts,
 As if I had beene driuen by some Hawke,
 To sue to her for safety of my life ;
 She smilde at first, and sweetly shadowed me,
 With soft protection of her siluer hand ;
 Some-times she tyed my legges in her rich hayre,
 And made me (past my nature, libertie)
 Proud of my fetters : As I pertly sat,
 On the white pillowes of her naked brefts,
 I sung for ioy ; she answered note for note,
 Relish for relish, with such ease and Arte,
 In her diuine diuision, that my tunes,
 Showd like the God of Shepheards to the Sunnes,
 Comparde with hers : ashamd of which disgrace,
 I tooke my true shape, bow, and all my shafts,
 And lighted all my torches at her eyes,
 Which (set about her, in a golden ring)
 I followd Birds againe, from Tree to Tree,
 Kild, and presented, and she kindly tooke.
 But when she handled my triumphant bow,

And saw the beauty of my golden shafts,
She begd them of me ; I, poore boy replied,
I had no other Riches ; yet was pleafde
To hazard all, and flake them gainft a kiffe,
At an old game I vfde, call'd Penny-prick.
She priue to her owne skill in the play,
Anfverd my challenge, fo I loft my armes :
And now my shafts are headed with her lookes,
One of which shafts ſhe put into my bow,
And ſhot at this faire Nymph, with whom before.
I told your Maieftie, ſhe had ſome iarre.
The Nymph did inſtantly repent all parts
She playd in vrging that effeminate warre,
Lou'd and ſubmitted ; which ſubmiſſion
This tooke ſo well, that now they both are one :
And as for your deare loue, their diſcords grew,
So for your loue, they did their loues renew.
And now to prooue them capable of your Court,
In ſkill of ſuch conceipts, and quallities
As here are praſtife ; they will firſt ſubmit
Their grace in dancing to your highneſſe doome,
And play the preaſe to giue their meaſures roome :

Muſique, Dance, &c., which done Cupid ſpeakes.

If this ſuffice, for one Court complement,
To make them gracious and entertain'd ;
Behold another parcell of their Courtſhip,
Which is a rare dexteritie in riddles,
Showne in one inſtance, which is here inſcrib'd.
Here is a Riddle, which if any Knight
At firſt ſight can reſolue ; he ſhall enioy
This Jewell here annex ; which though it ſhow
To vulgar eyes, no richer then a Pebble ;
And that no Lapydarie, nor great man
Will giue a Soule for it ; 'tis worth a Kingdome :
For 'tis an artificiall ſtone compoſde,
By their great Miſtreſſe, Vertue : and will make
Him that ſhall weare it, liue with any little,

Suffizde, and more content then any King.
 If he that vndertakes cannot resolue it ;
 And that these Nymphs can haue no harbor here ;
 (It being considered, that so many vertues
 Can neuer liue in Court) he shall resolue
 To leaue the Court, and liue with them in *Arden*.

Esp. Pronounce the riddle : I will vndertake it.

Cup. 'Tis this fir.

*What's that a faire Lady, most of all likes,
 Yet euer makes shew, she least of all seekes ?
 That's euer embrac'd and affected by her,
 Yet neuer is seene to please or come nigh her :
 Most seru'd in her night-weeds : does her good in a corner,
 But a poore mans thing, yet doth richly adorne her :
 Most cheape, and most deare, about all worldly pelfe,
 That is hard to get in, but comes out of it selfe.*

Esp. Let me peruse it, *Cupid*.

Cup. Here it is.

Esp. Your Riddle is good *Fame*.

Cup. Good fame ? how make you that good ?

Esp. Good fame is that a good Lady most likes,
 I am sure ;

Cup. That's granted.

Esp. Yet euer makes shewe she least of all seekes :
 for she likes it onely for vertue, which is not glorious.

Hen. That holds well.

Esp. 'Tis euer embrac't and affected by her : for she
 must, perseuer in vertue or fame vanishes. Yet neuer
 seene to please or come nigh her, for fame is invifible.

Cup. Exceeding right.

Esp. Most serued in her night-weeds : for Ladies
 that most wear their Nightweeds come lest abroad, and
 they that come lest abroad, serue fame most ; accord-
 ing to this ; *Non forma sed fama in publicum exire debet.*

Hen. 'Tis very substantiall.

Esp. Does her good in a corner : that is in her
 most retreat from the world, comforts her ; but a

poore mans thing : for euery poore man may purchase it, yet doth richly adorne a Lady.

Cup. That all must grant.

Efp. Most cheape for it costs nothing, and most deare, for gold cannot buy it ; aboue all worldly pelffe ; for thats transitory, and fame eternall. It is hard to get in ; that is hard to get : But comes out of it selfe ; for when it is vertuously deferued with the most inward retreate from the world, it comes out in spight of it, and so *Cupid* your iewell is mine.

Cup. It is : and be the vertue of it, yours.
Wee'l now turne to our daunce, and then attend,
Your heighnes will, as touching our resort,
If vertue may be entertaind in Court.

Hen. This show hath pleased me well, for that it figures
The reconcilement of my Queene and Mistresse :
Come let vs in and thanke them, and prepare,
To entertaine our trusty friend *Byron*. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTVS 3. SCÆNA 1,

Enter the Duke of Byron, D'Auergne.

Byr. Deare friend, we must not be more true to
Kings,
Then Kings are to their subiects, there are schooles,
Now broken ope in all parts of the world,
First founded in ingenious Italy,
Where some conclusions of estate are held,

That for a day preferue a Prince, and euer,
 Destroy him after : from thence men are taught,
 To glyde into degrees of height by crafte,
 And then lock in them-selues by villanie :
 But God, who knowes Kings are not made by art,
 But right of Nature, nor by treachery propt,
 But simple vertue, once let fall from heauen,
 A branch of that greene tree, whose root is yet,
 Fast fixt about the starrs : which sacred branch,
 Wee well may liken to that Lawrell spray,
 That from the heauenly Eagles golden feres,
 Fell in the lap of great *Augustus* wife :
 Which spray once set, grew vp into a tree,
 Where of were Garlands made, and Emperors
 Had their estates and foreheades crowned with them :
 And as the armes of that tree did decay
 The race of great *Augustus* wore away,
Nero being last of that imperiall line,
 The tree and Emperor together died.
 Religion is a branch, first set and blest
 By heauens high finger in the hearts of kings,
 Which whilelome grew into a goodly tree,
 Bright Angels sat and sung vpon the twigs,
 And royall branches for the heads of Kings,
 Were twisted of them but since squint ey'd enuye :
 And pale suspicion, dasht the heads of kingdomes,
 One gainst another : two abhorred twins,
 With two foule tayles : sterne Warre and Libertie,
 Entred the world. The tree that grew from heauen.
 Is ouerrunne with mosse ; the cheerfull musique,
 That heretofore hath sounded out of it,
 Begines to cease ; and as she casts her leaues,
 (By small degrees) the kingdomes of the earth
 Decline and wither : and looke whensoever
 That the pure sap in her, is dried vp quite ;
 The lamp of all authoritie goes out,
 And all the blaze of Princes is extinckt,
 Thus as the Poet sends a messenger
 Out to the stage, to shew the summe of all,

That followes after : so are Kings reuolts,
And playing both wayes with religion,
Fore-runners of afflictions imminent,
Which (like a Chorus) subiects must lament :

D'Au. My Lord I stand not on these deepe discourses,
To fettle my course to your fortunes ; mine
Are freely and inseperably linckt :
And to your loue my life.

Byr. Thankes Princely friend,
And whatsoeuer good shall come of me,
Perfu'd by al the Catholike Princes aydes
With whom I ioyne, and whose whole states propofde,
To winne my valor, promise me a throne :
All shall be equall with my selfe ; thine owne.

La Brun. My Lord here is *D'escuris* sent from
the King,
Desires acceffe to you.

Enter D'escures.

Byr. Attend him in.

Desc. Health to my Lord the Duke :

Byr. Welcome *D'escuris*,
In what health rests our royall Soueraigne.

Desc. In good health of his body, but his minde
Is somthing troubled with the gathering stormes,
Of forreigne powres ; that as he is inform'd
Addresse themselues into his frontier townes ;
And therefore his intent is to maintaine :
The body of an army on those parts ;
And yeeld their worthy conduct to your valor.

Byr. From whence heares he that any stormes are
rising ?

Desc. From Italy ; and his intelligence,
No doubt is certaine, that in all those partes
Leuies are hotly made ; for which respect,
He sent to his Ambassaſſor *De Vic*,
To make demand in Switzerland, for the raising,

With vtmost dilligence of fixe thousand men ;
 All which shall be commanded to attend,
 On your direction ; as the Constable
 Your honord Gossip gaue him in aduice ;
 And he sent you by writing : of which letters,
 He would haue answere, and aduice from you
 By your most speedie prefence.

Byr. This is strange,
 That when the enemy is t'attempt his frontiers,
 He calls me from the frontiers: does he thinke,
 It is an action worthy of my valor
 To turne my back, to an approaching foe ?

Defc. The foe is not so nere, but you may come,
 And take more strickt directions from his highnesse,
 Then he thinks fit his letters should containe ;
 Without the least attainture of your valour ;
 And therefore good my Lord, forbear excuse
 And beare your selfe on his direction ;
 Who well you know hath neuer made designe
 For your most worthy seruice, where he saw
 That any thing but honour could succede :

Byr. I will not come I sweare :

Def. I know your Grace,
 Will send no such vsfauorie replie.

Byr. Tell him that I beseech his Maiesty,
 To pardon my repaire till th' end be knowne
 Of all these leuiies now in Italie.

Def. My Lord I know that tale will neuer please
 him ;
 And wish you as you loue his loue and pleasure
 To satisfie his summons speedily :
 And speedily I know he will returne you.

Byr. By heauen it is not fit : if all my seruice
 Makes me know any thing : beseech him therefore,
 To trust my iudgement in these doubtfull charges,
 Since in assur'd assaults it hath not faild him.

Def. I would your Lordship now, would trust his
 iudgment,

Byr. Gods precious, y'are importunate past measure,
And (I know) further, then your charge extends,
He satisfie his highnesse, let that serue ;
For by this flesh and bloud, you shall not beare,
Any replie to him, but this from me.

Def. 'Tis nought to me my Lord, I wish your good,
And for that cause haue beene importunate.

Exit·Defc.

Brund. By no meanes goe my Lord ; but with distrust,
Of all that hath beene said or can be sent ;
Collect your friends, and stand vpon your gard,
The Kings faire letters, and his messages
Are onely Golden Pills, and comprehend
Horrible purgatiues.

Byr. I will not goe,
For now I see the instructions lately sent me,
That something is discouerd, are too true,
And my head rules none of those neighbor Nobles,
That euery Pursuant bring beneath the axe :
If they bring me out, they shall see ile hatch
Like to the Black-thorne, that puts forth his leafe,
Not with the golden fawnings of the Sunne,
But sharpest showers of haile, and blackest frosts,
Blowes, batteries, breaches, showers of Steele and
bloud,
Must be his down-right messengers for me,
And not the mistling breath of policie :
He, he himselfe, made passage to his Crowne
Through no more armies, battailes, massacres,
Then I will aske him to arriue at me ;
He takes on him, my executions,
And on the demolitions, that this arme,
Hath shaken out of forts and Citadells,
Hath he aduanc't the Tropheys of his valor ;
Where I, in those assumptions may scorne,
And speake contemptuously of all the world,
For any equal yet, I euer found ;

And in my rising, not the Syrian Starre
 That in the Lyons mouth, vndaunted shines,
 And makes his braue ascension with the Sunne,
 Was of th' Egyptians, with more zeale beheld,
 And made a rule to know the circuite
 And compasse of the yeare ; then I was held
 When I appeard from battaile ; the whole sphere,
 And full sustainer of the state we beare ;
 I haue Alcides-like gone vnder th' earth
 And on these shoulders borne the weight of France :
 And (for the fortunes of the thankles King)
 My father (all know) fet him in his throne,
 And if he vrge me, I may pluck him out.

Enter Mess.

Mess. Here is the president *Ianin*, my Lord ;
 Sent from the King, and vrgeth quick acesse.

Byr. Another Pursuant ? and one so quick ?
 He takes next course with me, to make him stay :
 But, let him in, let's heare what he importunes.

Enter Ianin.

Ianin. Honor, and loyall hopes to Duke *Byron*.

Byr. No other touch me : say how fares the King ?

Ian. Farely my Lord ; the cloud is yet farre off
 That aimes at his obscuring, and his will,
 Would gladly giue the motion to your powers
 That should disperse it ; but the meanes, himselfe,
 Would personally relate in your direction.

Byr. Still on that haunt ?

Ian. Vpon my life, my Lord,
 He much desires to see you, and your fight
 Is now growne necessarie to suppressse
 (As with the glorious splendor of the Sunne)
 The rude windes that report breaths in his eares,
 Endeauouring to blast your loyalty.

Byr. Sir, if my loyalty, flick in him no faster
 But that the light breath of report may loofe it,
 (So I rest still vnmoou'd) let him be shaken.

Ian. But these aloofe abodes, my Lord bewray,
 That there is rather firmnesse in your breath
 Then in your heart ; Truth is not made of glasse,
 That with a small touch, it should feare to breake,
 And therefore should not shunne it ; beleue me
 His arme is long, and strong ; and it can fetch
 Any within his will, that will not come :
 Not he that surfets in his mines of gold,
 And for the pride thereof, compares with God,
 Calling (with almost nothing different)
 His powers invincible, for omnipotent,
 Can back your boldest Fort gainst his assaults :
 It is his pride, and vaine ambition,
 That hath but two staires in his high designs ;
 (The lowest enuie, and the highest bloud)
 That doth abuse you ; and giues mindes too high,
 Rather a will by giddinesse to fall,
 Then to descend by iudgement.

Byr. I relye
 On no mans back nor belly ; but the King
 Must thinke that merit, by ingratitude crackt,
 Requires a firmer sementing then words.
 And he shall find it a much harder worke
 To foder broken hearts, then shiuerd glasse.

Ian. My Lord, 'tis better hold a Soueraignes loue
 By bearing iniuries ; then by laying out
 Stirre his displeasure ; Princes discontents
 (Being once incenst) are like the flames of *Ætna*,
 Not to be quencht, nor lessend : and be sure,
 A subiects confidence in any merit,
 Against his Soueraigne, that makes him presume
 To flie too high ; approoues him like a cloude,
 That makes a shew as it did haulke at kingdoms,
 And could command, all raisd beneath his vapor :
 When sodainly, the Fowle that hawkt so faire,
 Stoo pes in a puddle, or consumes in ayre.

Byr. I flie with no such ayme, nor am opposide
 Against my Soueraigne ; but the worthy height
 I haue wrought by my seruice, I will hold,

Which if I come away, I cannot do ;
 For if the enemy should inuade the Frontier,
 Whose charge to guard, is mine, with any spoile,
 (Although the King in placing of another
 Might well excuse me) Yet all forraine Kinges
 That can take note of no such secrete quittance,
 Will lay the weakenesse here, vpon my wants ;
 And therefore my abode is resolute.

Ian : I sorrow for your resolution,
 And feare your dissolution, will succeed.

Byr. I must indure it ;

Ian : Fare you well my Lord.

Exit. Ian.

Byr : Farewell to you ;

Enter Brun.

Captaine what other newes ?

Bru : *La Fin* salutes you.

Byr : Welcome good friend ; I hope your wisht
 arriual,

Will giue some certaine end to our disseignes ;

Bru : I know not that, my Lord ; reports are
 raif'd so doubtfull and so different, that the truth of
 any one can hardly be assur'd.

Byr. Good newes, *D'Auuergne* ; our trusty friend

La Fin,

Hath clear'd all scruple with his Maiestie,
 And vtterd nothing but what seru'd to cleare
 All bad Suggestions.

Bru : So he sayes, my Lord

But others say, *La Fins* assurances
 Are meere deceipts ; and wish you to beleue ;
 That when the *Vidame*, nephew to *La Fin*,
 Met you at *Autune*, to assure your doubts,
 His vncke had said nothing to the King
 That might offend you ; all the iournies charge,
 The King defraid ; besides, your truest friends
 Willd me to make you certaine that your place
 Of gouernment is otherwise dispos'd ;
 And all aduise you, for your latest hope,
 To make retreat into the *Franch County*.

Byr. I thanke them all, but they touch not the
depth,
Of the affaires, betwixt *La Fin* and me.
Who is returnd contented to his house,
Quite freed, of all displeasure or distrust ;
And therefore, worthy friends wele now to Court.

D'Au. My Lord, I like your other friends aduices,
Much better then *Laffins* ; and on my life
You can not come to Court with any fastie.

Byr. Who shall infringe it ? I know, all the Court,
Haue better apprehension of my valure ;
Then that they dare lay violent hands on mee ;
If I haue onely meanes to drawe this sword,
I shall haue powre enough to set me free,
From feasure, by my proudest enemie.

Exit.

Enter Effper. Vyt, Pral.

Effp. He will not come, I dare engage my hand.

Vyt. He will be fetcht then, ile engage my head.

Pra. Come, or be fetcht, he quite hath lost his
honor,

In giuing these suspicions of reuolt
From his allegiance : that which he hath wonne,
With fundry wounds, and perrill of his life ;
With wonder of his wisdome, and his valure,
He looseth with a most enchanted glorie :
And admiration of his pride and folly.

Vit. Why did you neuer see a fortunate man
Sodainely rais'd to heapes of welth and honor ?
Nor any rarely great in giufts of nature,
As valure, wit, and smooth vse of the tongue,
Set strangely to the pitch of popolare likings ?
But with as sodaine falls the rich and honord,
Were ouerwhelmd by pouertie, and shame
Or had no vse of both aboue the wretched.

Effp. Men neuer are satisf'd with that they haue ;
But as a man, matcht with a louely wife,
When his most heauenly Theorie of her beauties,

Is duld and quite exhausted with his practise :
 He brings her forth to feasts, where he ahlas,
 Falls to his viands with no thought like others,
 That thinke him blest in her, and they (poore men)
 Court, and make faces, offer seruice, sweate,
 With their desires contention, breake their braines
 For iests, and tales : fit mute, and loofe their looks,
 (Far out of wit, and out of countenance)
 So all men else, do what they haue transplant,
 And place their welth in thirst of what they want.

Enter Henry, Chancellor, Vyd : Desc : Ianin.

Hen. He will not come ; I must both grieue and wonder,

That all my care to winne my subiects loue
 And in one cup of friendship to commixe,
 Our liues and fortunes : should leaue out so many
 As giue a man (contemptuous of my loue,
 And of his owne good, in the Kingdomes peace)
 Hope, in a continuance so vngratefull,
 To beare out his designs in spight of me ;
 How should I better please all, then I do ?
 When they suppos'd, I would haue giuen some,
 Insolent garifons ; others Citadells,
 And to all forts, encrease of miseries ;
 Prouince by Prouince, I did visit all ?
 Whom those iniurious rumors had diswaide ;
 And shew'd them how, I neuer fought to build,
 More forts for me, then were within their hearts ;
 Nor vse more sterne constraints, then their good wills,
 To succor the necessities of my crowne,
 That I desird to ad to their contents
 By all occasions, rather then subtraet ;
 Nor wisht I, that my treasury should flow,
 With gold that swum in, in my subiects teares ;
 And then I found no man, that did not blesse,
 My few yeares raigne ; and their triumphant peace,
 And do they now so soone, complaine of ease ?
 He will not come ?

Enter Byron, D'Avuergne, brother, with others.

Esq. O madnesse ? he is come.

Chan. The duke is come my Lord :

Hen. Oh Sir, y'are welcome,

And fitly, to conduct me to my house ;

Byr. I must beseech your Maiesties excuse,
That (Ielouse of mine honor) I haue vfd,
Some of mine owne commandment in my slay,
And came not with your highnesse soonest summons.

Hen. The faithfull seruant right in holy writ ;
That said he would not come and yet he came :
But come you hether ; I must tell you now,
Not the contempt you flood to in your slay,
But the bad ground that bore vp your contempt,
Makes you arriue at no port, but repentance,
Despayre and ruine ;

Byr. Be what port it will,
At which your will, will make me be arriued,
I am not come to iustifie my selfe,
To aske you pardon nor accuse my friends,

Hen. If you conceale my enemies you are one,
And then my pardon shall be worth your asking,
Or else your head be worth my cutting of.

Byr. Being friend and worthy fautor of my selfe,
I am no foe of yours, nor no empayrer,
Since he can no way worthely maintaine
His Princes honor that neglects his owne :
And if your will haue beene to my true reason,
(Maintaining still the truth of loyalty)
A checke to my free nature and mine honor,
And that on your free iustice I presum'd
To crosse your will a little, I conceiue,
You will not thinke this forsaite worth my head ;

Hen. Haue you maintained your truth of loyalty ?
When since I pardoned foule ententions,
Resoluing to forget eternally,
What they apperd in, and had welcom'd you
As the kind father doth his riotous son.

I can approue fact's fowler then th' intents,
Of deepe difloyalty and highest treason;

Byr. May this right hand be thunder to my brest,
If I stand guilty of the fendrest fact,
Wherein the left of those two can be prooued,
For could my tender conscience but haue toucht,
At any such vnnaturall relaps;
I would not with this confidence haue runne,
Thus headlong in the furnace of a wrath,
Blowne, and thrice kindled: hauing way enough,
In my election both to shunne and sleight it.

Hen. Y'are grosely and vain gloriously abus'd,
There is no way in *Sauoy* nor in *Spaine*,
To giue a foole that hope of your escape,
And had you not (euen when you did) arriued,
(With horror to the proudest hope you had)
I would haue fetcht you.

Byr. You must then haue vs'd
A power beyond my knowledge, and a will
Beyond your iustice. For a little stay
More then I vsd would hardly haue beene worthy,
Of such an open expedition;
In which to all the censures of the world,
My faith and Innocence had beene foully soyld;
Which (I protest) by heauens bright witness
That shine farr, farr, from mixture with our feares,
Retaine as perfect roundnes as their spheares;

Hen. Tis well my Lord, I thought I could haue
frighted
Your firme confidence: some other time,
We will (as now in priuate) sift your actions.
And poure more then you thinke into the sieve,
Alwaies reseruing clemency and pardon
Vpon confession, be you nere so foule,
Come lets cleere vp our browes shall we to tennis.

Byr. I my Lord if I may make the match.
The Duke *Espernon* and my selfe will play,
With you and Count *Soiffons*;

Esp. I know my Lord.

You play well but you make your matches ill.

Hen. Come tis a match.

Exit.

Byr. How like you my ariuall ?

Efp. Ile tell you as a friend in your eare.

You haue giuen more preferment to your courage,
'Then to the prouident counfailes of your friends.

D'Au. I told him so my Lord, and much was
grieu'd

To see his bold approach, so full of will.

Byr. Well I must beare it now, though but with
th' head,

The shoulders bearing nothing.

Efp. By Saint *Iohn*,

Tis a good headleffe resolution.

Exeunt.

ACTVS 4.

SCÆNA I.

Enter the Duke of Byron, D'Avuergne.

Byr. O the most bafe fruites of a fetled peace !
In men, I meane ; worfe then their durty fields,
Which they manure much better then them-felues :
For them they plant, and sowe, and ere they grow,
Weedie, and choakt with thornes, they grub and
proyne,
And make them better, then when cruell warre,
Frighted from thence the fweaty labourer :
But men them-felues, instead of bearing fruites,
Grove rude, and foggie, ouer-growne with weedes,
Their spirits, and freedomes smootherd in their ease ;
And as their tyrants and their ministers,

Growe wilde in profecution of their lusts,
 So they grow prostitute, and lye (like whores)
 Downe and take vp, to their abhord dishonors :
 The friendlesse may be iniur'd and opprest ;
 The guiltlesse led to slaughter, the deseruer
 Giuen to the begger ; right be wholly wrongd,
 And wrong be onely houor'd ; till the strings
 Of euery mans heart, crack ; and who will stirre,
 To tell authority, that it doth erre.
 All men cling to it, though they see their blouds
 In their most deare associates and Allyes,
 Pour'd into kennels by it : and who dares
 But looke well in the breast, whom that impayres ?
 How all the Court now lookes askew on me ?
 Go by without saluting, shun my sight,
 Which (like a March Sunne) agues breeds in them,
 From whence of late, 'twas health to haue a beame.

D'Au. Now none will speake to vs, we thrust our-
 felues

Into mens companies, and offer speech,
 As if not made, for their diuerted eares,
 Their backs turnd to vs, and their words to others.
 And we must like obsequious Parasites,
 Follow their faces, winde about their persons,
 For lookes and answers : or be cast behinde,
 No more viewd than the wallet of their faults.

Enter Soisson.

Byr. Yet here's one views me ; and I thinke will
 speake.

Soiff. My Lord, if you respect your name and race,
 The preseruacion of your former honors,
 Merites and vertues ; humbly cast them all,
 At the kings mercy ; for beyond all doubt,
 Your acts haue thether driuen them : he hath proofes
 So pregnant, and so horride, that to heare them,
 Would make your valure in your very lookes,
 Giue vp your forces, miserably guilty :

But he is most loth (for his ancient loue
To your rare vertues :) and in their empaire,
The full discouragement of all that liue,
To trust or fauour any gifts in Nature,
T'expose them to the light ; when darknesse may
Couer her owne broode, and keepe still in day,
Nothing of you but that may brooke her brightnesse :
You know what horrors these high strokes do bring,
Raifd in the arme of an incensed King.

Byr. My Lord, be sure the King cannot complaine
Of any thing in me, but my true seruice,
Which in so many dangers of my death,
May so approoue my spotlesse loyaltie ;
That those quite opposite horrors you assure,
Must looke out of his owne ingratitude ;
Or the malignant enuies of my foes,
Who powre me out in such a Stygian flood,
To drowne me in my selfe, since their deserts
Are farre from such a deluge ; and in me
Hid like so many riuers in the Sea.

Soiff. You thinke I come to found you ; fare you
wel, *Exit.*

*Enter Chancellor, Espernon, Fanin, Vidame, Vitry,
Pralin, whispering by couples, &c.*

D'Au : See see, not one of them will cast a glaunce
At our eclipsed faces ;

Byr. They keepe all to cast in admiration on the
King :

For from his face are all their faces moulded.

D'Au : But when a change comes ; we shall see
them all

Chang'd into water, that will instantly
Giue looke for looke, as if it watcht to greet vs ;
Or else for one, they'l giue vs twenty faces,
Like to the little specks on fides of glasses ;

Byr. Is't not an easie losse to lose theyr lookes,
Whose hearts so soone are melted ?

D'Au: But me thinks,
(Being Courtiers) they should cast best looks on men,
When they thought worst of them.

Byr. O no my Lord,
They n'ere dissemble but for some aduantage ;
They sell theyr looks, and shadowes ; which they rate
After theyr markets, kept beneath the State ;
Lord what foule weather theyr aspects do threaten ?
See in how graue a Brake he sets his vizard :
Passion of nothing ; See, an excellent Iecture :
Now Courtship goes a ditching in theyr fore-heads ;
And we are false into those dismall ditches :
Why euen thus dreadfully would they be wrapt,
If the Kings butterd egges, were onely spilt.

Enter Henry.

Hen: Lord Chancellor ;

Cha: I my Lord ;

Hen: And lord *Vidame*: *Exit.*

Byr: And not *Byron*? here's a prodigious change ;

D'Au. He cast no Beame on you ;

Byr: Why now you see

From whence theyr countenances were copied.

Enter the captain of Byrons guard with a letter.

D'Au. See, here comes some newes, I beleuee my
Lord.

Byr. What faies the honest captaine of my guard ?

Cap. I bring a letter from a friend of yours.

Byr. Tis welcome then :

D'Au. Haue we yet any friends ?

Cap. More then yee would I thinke : I neuer
saw,

Men in their right mindes so vnrighteous
In their owne causes.

Byr. See what thou hast brought,
Hee will vs to retire our selues my Lord,
And makes as if it were almost too late,
What faies my captaine ; shall we goe or no ?

Cap. I would your daggers point had kiss my heart,

When you resolu'd to come.

Byr. I pray thee why?

Cap. Yet doth that fencelesse Apopelxy dull you?
The diuell or your wicked angell blinds you,
Bereauing all your reason of a man
And leaues you but the spirit of a horse,
In your brute nostrills : onely powre to dare.

Byr. Why, dost thou think, my comming here hath brought me

To such an vnrecoverable danger?

Cap. Iudge by the strange Ostents that haue succeeded,

Since your arriual : the kinde fowle, the wilde duck,
That came into your cabinet, so beyond
The sight of all your seruants, or your selfe:
That flew about, and on your shoulder sat
And which you had so fed, and so attended;
For that dum loue she shew'd you; iust as soone,
As you were parted, on the fodaine died.
And to make this no lesse then an Ostent;
Another that hath fortun'd since, confirms it:
Your goodly horse *Pastrana*, which the Archduke,
Gaued you at Bruxells; in the very houre,
You left your strength, fel-mad, and kild himselfe;
The like chanc't to the horse the great duke sent you:
And, with both these, the horse the duke of Lorraine,
Sent you at *Vimie* made a third prefage,
Of some Ineuitable fate that toucht you,
Who like the other pin'd away and died.

Byr. All these together are indeed ostentfull,
Which by another like, I can confirme:

The matchlesse Earle of *Essex* who some make,
(In their most sure diuinings of my death)
A parallell with me in life and fortune,
Had one horse like-wife that the very howre,
He sufferd death, (being well the night before)
Died in his pasture. Noble happy beasts,

That he, not hauing to their wills to liue :
 They vse no deprecations, nor complaints.
 Nor sute for mercy : amongst them the Lion ;
 Serues not the Lion ; nor the horfe the horfe,
 As man serues man : when men shew most their
 spirits

In valure and their vtmost dares to do ;
 They are compard to Lions, Woolues, and Bores,
 But by conuerfion ; None will fay a Lyon,
 Fights as he had the Spirit of a man.
 Let me then in my danger now giue cause,
 For all men to begin that *Simile*.
 For all my huge engagement, I provide me,
 This short sword onely ; which if I haue time,
 To shew my apprehendor, he shall vse
 Power of tenne Lions if I get not loose.

*Enter Henry, Chancellor, Vidame, Ianin, Vitry,
 Pralin.*

Hen. What shall we doe with this vnthankfull
 man ?

Would he (of one thing) but reueale the truth,
 Which I haue prooffe of, underneath his hand,
 He should not tast my Iustice. I would giue,
 Two hundred thousand crownes, that he would yeeld,
 But such meanes for my pardon, as he should ;
 I neuer lou'd man like him : would haue trusted,
 My Sonne in his protection, and my Realme :
 He hath deferu'd my loue with worthy seruice,
 Yet can he not deny, but I haue thrice,
 Sau'd him from death : I drew him off the foe
 At *Fontaine Francoise* where he was engag'd,
 So wounded and so much amazd with blowes,
 That (as I playd the fouldier in his rescue,)
 I was enforc't to play the Marshall,
 To order the retreat : becaufe he said,
 He was not fit to do it nor to serue me.

Cha. Your maiesty hath vsd your vtmost meanes,

Both by your owne perswasions, and his friends,
 To bring him to submission, and confesse
 (With some signe of repentance) his foule fault :
 Yet still he stands prefract and insolent.
 You haue in loue and care of his recouery
 Beene halfe in labour to produce a course,
 And resolution, what were fit for him.
 And since so amply it concernes your crowne,
 You must by law cut of, what by your grace,
 You cannot bring into the state of safety.

Ian. Begin at th' end my Lord and execute,
 Like *Alexander* with *Parmenio*.

Princes (you knowe) are Maisters of their lawes,
 And may resolue them to what forms they please,
 So all conclude in iustice ; in whose stroke,
 There is one sort of manadge for the Great ;
 Another for inferiour : The great Mother,
 Of all productions (graue Necessity)
 Commands the variation : And the profit,
 So certainly fore-seene, commends the example.

Hcu. I like not executions so informall,
 For which my predeceffors haue beene blam'd :
 My Subiects and the world shall knowe my powre,
 And my authority by lawes vsuall course
 Dares punish ; not the deuilish heads of treason,
 But there confederates be they nere so dreadfull.
 The decent ceremonies of my lawes,
 And their solemnities shall be obserued,
 With all their Sternenes and Seueritie.

Vit. Where will your highnes haue him apprehended ?

Hen. Not in the Castle (as some haue aduis'd)
 But in his chamber ;

Pral. Rather in your owne,
 Or comming out of it ; for tis assur'd
 That any other place of apprehension,
 Will make the hard performance, end in blood.

Vii. To shun this likely-hood, my Lord tis best
 To make the apprehension neere your chamber ;

For all respect and reuerence giuen the place,
More then is needfull, to chastice the person,
And faue the opening of too many veines ;
Is vain and dangerous.

Hen : Gather you your guard,
And I will finde fit time to giue the word,
When you shall seaze on him and on *D'Avuergne* ;

Vit : We will be readie to the death ; (my Lord)

Exeunt.

Hen : O thou that gouernst the keene fwords of
Kings,

Direct my arme in this important stroke,
Or hold it being aduanc't ; the weight of blood,
Euen in the basest subiect, doth exact
Deepe consultation, in the highest King ;
For in one subiect, deaths vniust affrights,
Passions, and paines, (though he be n'ere so poore)
Aske more remorse, then the voluptuous spleenes
Of all Kings in the world, deserue respect ;
Hee should be borne grey-headed that will beare
The sword of Empire ; Iudgement of the life,
Free state, and reputation of a man,
(If it be iust and worthy) dwells so darke
That it denies acceffe to Sunne and Moone ;
The foules eye sharpened with that sacred light,
Of whome the Sunne it selfe is but a beame,
Must onely giue that iudgement ; O how much
Erre those Kings then, that play with life and death,
And nothing put into their serious States,
But humor and their lusts ! For which alone
Men long for Kingdomes ; whose huge counterpoise
In cares and dangers, could a foole comprise,
He would not be a King but would be wise ;

*Enter Byron talking with the Queene: Esp: D'En-
tragues, D'Auer: with another Lady, others
attending.*

Hen : Heere comes the man, with whose ambitious
head

(Cast in the way of *Treason*) we must stay
His full chace of our ruine and our Realme ;
This houre shall take vpon her shady winge
His latest liberty and life to Hell.

D'Au. We are vndone ?

Queene : Whats that ?

Byr : I heard him not ;

Hen : Madam, y'are honord much, that Duke

Byron

Is so obseruant ; Some, to cardes with him,
You foure, as now you come, sit to *Primero* ;
And I will fight a battayle at the *Cheffe*.

Byr. A good safe fight belecue me ; Other warre
Thirfts blood, and wounds, and his thirst quencht, is
thankles ;

Efp. Lift, and then cut ;

Byr. Tis right the end of lifting,
When men are lifted to their highest pitch,
They cut of those that lifted them so high.

Qu : Apply you all these sports so seriously ?

Byr : They first were from our serious acts deuif'd,
The best of which are to the best but sports ;
(I meane by best, the greatest) for their ends,
In men that serue them best, are their owne pleasures.

Qu : So, in those best mens seruices, their ends
Are their owne pleasures ; passe.

Byr : I vy't ;

Hen : I fee't ;

And wonder at his frontles impudence ; *Exit Hen :*

Chan : How speedes your Maiesty ?

Que. Well ; the Duke instructs me
With such graue lessons of mortallitie
Forc't out of our light sport ; that if I loose,
I cannot but speed well.

Byr. Some idle talke,
For Courtship sake, you know does not amisse.

Chan. Would we might heare some of it.

Byr. That you shall,
I cast away a card now, makes me thinke,
Of the deceased worthy King of Spaine.

Chan. What card was that ?

Byr. The king of hearts (my Lord)
Whose name yeelds well the memorie of that King,
Who was indeed the worthy King of hearts,
And had, both of his subiects hearts, and strangers,
Much more then all the Kings of Christendome.

Chan. He winn them with his gold.

Byr. He wun them chiefly,
With his so generall Pietie and Justice :
And as the little, yet great Macedon,
Was sayd with his humane philosophy,
To teach the rapefull *Hyrcans*, mariage ;
And bring the barbarous *Sogdians*, to nourish,
Not kill their aged Parents ; as before,
Th' incestuous *Persians* to reuerence
Their mothers, not to vse them as their wiues ;
The *Indians* to adore the *Græcian* Gods,
The *Scythians* to inter, not eate their Parents ;
So he, with his diuine Philosophy,
(Which I may call his, since he chiefly vsd it)
In *Turky*, *India*, and through all the world,
Expell'd prophane idolatry ; and from earth,
Raisd temples to the highest : whom with the word,
He could not winne, he iustly put to sword.

Chan. He fought for gold, and Empire.

Byr. Twas Religion,
And her full propagation that he fought ;
If gold had beene his end, it had beene hoorded,
When he had fetcht it in so many fleetes :
Which he spent not on *Median* Luxurie,
Banquets and women ; *Calidonian* wine,
Nor deare *Hyrcanian* fishes, but employd it,
To propagate his Empire ; and his Empire
Desird t' extend so, that he might withall,
Extend Religion through it, and all nations,
Reduce to one firme constitution,
Of Pietie, Iustice, and one publique weale ;
To which end he made all his matchles subiects
Make tents their castles, and their garifons ;

True Catholikes contrimen ; and their allies,
Heretikes, strangers, and their enemies.
There was in him the magnanimity.

Montig. To temper your extreame applause (my
Lord)

Shorten, and answere all things in a word,
The greatest commendation we can giue
To the remembrance of that King deceast ;
Is, that he spar'd not his owne eldest sonne,
But put him iustly to a violent death,
Because, hee fought to trouble his estates.

Byr. If so ?

Chan. That bit (my Lord) vpon my life,
'Twas bitterly replied, and doth amaze him.

*The King sodainely enters hauing
determined what
to doe.*

Hen. It is resolud,
A worke shall now be done,
Which, (while learned *Atlas* shall with starres be
crownd,)

While th'Ocean walkes in stormes his wauy round,
While Moones at full, repaire their broken rings :
While *Lucifer* fore-shewes *Auroras* springs,
And *Arctos* stickes about the Earth vnmou'd,
Shall make my realme be blest, and me beloued ;
Call in the count *D'Auuergne.* *Enter D'Au.*

A word my Lord.

Will you become as wilfull as your friend ?
And draw a mortall iustice on your heads,
That hangs so blacke and is so loth to strike ?
If you would vtter what I knowe you knowe,
Of his inhumaine treason ; on Stronge Barre,
Betwixt his will, and duty were dissolud.
For then I know he would submit himselfe ;
Thinke you it not as strong a point of faith,
To rectifie your loyalties to me,

As to be trusty in each others wrong?
 Trust that deceives our selves in treachery,
 And Truth that truth conceales an open lie;

D'Au. My Lord if I could utter any thought,
 Instructed with disloyalty to you,
 And might light any fasty to my friend;
 Though mine owne heart came after it should out.

Hen. I knowe you may, and that your faith's
 affected

To one another, are so vaine and faulce,
 That your owne Strengths will ruine you: ye contend,
 To cast vp rampiers to you in the sea,
 And strive to stop the waues that runne before you.

D'Au. All this my Lord to me is misery.

Hen. It is; Ile make it plaine enough. Beleeue
 me.

Come my Lord Chancellor let vs end our mate.

Enter Varennes, whispering to Byron.

Var. You are vndone my Lord;

Byr. Is it possible?

Que. Play good my Lord: whom looke you for?

Esp. Your mind,

Is not vpon your Game.

Byr. Play, pray you play,

Hen. Enough, tis late, and time to leaue our play,
 On all hands; all forbear the roome, my Lord?

Stay you with me; yet is your will resolved,

To duty, and the maine bond of your life?

I sweare (of all th' Intrusions I haue made,
 Vpon your owne good, and continu'd fortunes)

This is the last; informe me yet the truth,

And here I vow to you, (by all my loue;

By all meanes showne you, euen to this extreame,

When all men else forsake you) you are safe.

What passages haue slipt twixt Count *Fuentes*,

You, and the Duke of *Sauoy*?

Byr. Good my Lord,

This nayle is driuen already past the head,
 You much haue ouercharged, an honest man :
 And I beseech you yeeld my Innocence iustice,
 (But with my single valure) gainst them all
 That thus haue poisoned your opinion of me,
 And let me take my vengeance by my sword :
 For I protest, I neuer thought an Aëtion,
 More then my tongue hath vtterd.

Hen. Would twere true ;
 And that your thoughts and deeds, had fell no fouler.
 But you disdaine submission, not remembring,
 That (in intentes vrgd for the common good)
 He that shall hould his peace being chardgd to speake :
 Doth all the peace and nerues of Empire breake
 Which on your conscience lie, adieu, good night.

Exit.

Byr. Kings hate to heare what they command
 men speake,
 Aske life, and to desert of death ye yeeld.
 Where Medicins loath, it yrcks men to be heald.

*Enter Vitry, with two or three of the Guard, Effter,
 Vidame, following. Vytry layes hand on Byrons
 sword.*

Vyt. Resigne your sword (my Lord) the King com-
 mands it.

Byr. Me to resigne my sword ? what King is he,
 Hath vsd it better for the realme then I ?
 My sword, that all the warres within the length,
 Breadth and the whole dimensions of great *France*,
 Hath sheathd betwixt his hilt aud horrid point ?
 And fixt ye all in such a flourishing Peace ?
 My sword that neuer enimie could inforce,
 Bereft me by my friendes ? Now, good my Lord,
 Beseech the King, I may resigne my sword,
 To his hand onely.

Enter Ianin.

Ianin. You must do your office,
The King commands you.

Vit: 'Tis in vaine to strue,
For I must force it.

Byron: Haue I n'ere a friend,
That beares another for me? All the Guard?
What will you kill me? will you smother here
His life that can command, and saue in field,
A hundred thousand liues? For man-hood sake;
Lend something to this poore forsaken hand;
For all my seruice, let me haue the honor
To dye defending of my innocent selfe,
And haue some little space to pray to God.

Enter Henry.

Hen: Come, you are an Atheist *Byron*, and a
Traytor,
Both foule and damnable; Thy innocent selfe?
No Leper is so buried quicke in vlcers
As thy corrupted foule: Thou end the war?
And settle peace in France? what war hath rag'd,
Into whose fury I haue not expos'd,
My person, which is as free a spirit as thine?
Thy worthy Father, and thy selfe, combine,
And arm'd in all the merits or your valors;
(Your bodies thrust amidst the thickest fights)
Neuer were bristled with so many battayles,
Nor on the foe haue broke such woods of Launces
As grew vpon my thigh; and I haue Marshald;
I am asham'd to bragge thus; where enuy
And arrogance, their opposit Bulwarke raise;
Men are allowd to vse their proper praise;
Away with him: *Exit Henry:*

Byr. Away with him? liue I?
And here my life thus sleighted? curfed man,
That euer the intelligensing lights

Betraid me to mens whorish fellowships ;
To Princes Moorish flaueries : To be made
The Anuille, on which onely blowes, and woundes
Were made the feed, and wombs of other honors ;
A property for a Tyrant, to fet vp,
And puffed downe, with the vapour of his breath ;
Will you not kill me ?

Vit : No, we will not hurt you,
We are commanded onely to conduct you
Into your lodging ;

Byr : To my lodging ? where ?

Vit : Within the Cabynet of Armes my Lord :

Byr : What to a prison ? Death ; I will not go ;

Vit : Weele force you then ;

Byr : And take away my sword ;
A proper point of force ; ye had as good,
Haue rob'd me of my foule ; Slaues of my Starrs,
Partiall and bloody ; O that in mine Eyes
Were all the Sorcerous poyfon of my woes,
That I might witch ye headlong from your height,
So, trample out your execrable light.

Vit : Come will you go my Lord ? this rage is
vaine ;

Byr. And so is all your graue authority ;
And that all France shall feele before I die ;
Ye see all how they vse good Catholiques ;

Efp. Farewell for euer ; so haue I defern'd
An exhalation that would be a Starre
Fall when the Sunne forfooke it, in a fincke.
Shooes euer ouerthrow that are too large,
And hugest canons, burst with ouercharge.

Enter D'Acuergne, Pralin, following with a Guard.

Pra. My Lord I haue commandment from the
King,
To charge you go with me, and aske your sword ;
D'Au : My sword, who feares it ? it was nere the
death

Of any but wilde Bores ; I prithee take it ;
 Hadst thou aduertif'd this when last we met,
 I had bene in my bed, and fast alleepe
 Two houres a goe ; lead ; ile go where thou wilt :

Exit.

Vid : See how he beares his crosse, with his small
 strength,

On easier shoulders then the other *Atlas*.

Eff : Strength to aspire, is still accompanied
 With weakenes to indure ; All popular gifts,
 Are coullors, it will beare no vineger ;
 And rather to aduerse affaires, betray ;
 Thine arme against them ; his State still is best
 That^s hath most inward worth ; and that's best tryed,
 That^s neither glories, nor is glorified. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS 5. SCÆNA 1.

Henry, Soissons, Ianin, Descures, cum aliis.

Hen : What shall we thinke (my Lords) of these
 new forces

That (from the King of Spaine) hath past the Alps ?
 For which (I thinke) his Lord Ambassador,
 Is come to Court, to get their passe for Flanders ?

Ian. I thinke (my Lord) they haue no end for
 Flanders ;

Count *Maurice* being allready entred Brabant
 To passe to Flanders, to relieue Ostend,
 And th' Arch-duke full prepar'd to hinder him ;
 For fure it is that they must measure forces,
 Which (ere this new force could haue past the Alps)
 Of force must be incountred.

^s In both these places the word *As* is substituted for "that," in the edition of 1625.

Soiff. Tis vnlikely,
That their march hath so large an ayme as Flanders ;
Desc: As these times fort, they may haue shorter
reaches ;

That would pierce further ;

Hen: I haue bene aduertit'd,
How Count *Fuentes* (by whose meanes this army
Was lately leui'd ; And whose hand was strong,
In thrusting on *Byrons* conspiracie)
Hath caus'd these cunning forces to aduance,
With coullor onely to fet downe in Flanders ;
But hath intentionall respect to fauor
And countnance his false Partizans in Bresse,
And friendes in Burgondie : to giue them heart
For the full taking of their hearts from me ;
Be as it will ; we shall preuent their worst ;
And therefore call in Spaines Ambassador,

Enter Ambassador with others.

What would the Lord Ambassador of Spaine ?

Amba: First (in my maisters name) I would beseech
Your highnes hearty thought ; That his true hand,
(Held in your vowd amities) hath not toucht,
At any least point in *Byrons* offence ;
Nor once had notice of a crime so foule ;
Whereof, since he doubts not, you stand resolu'd,
He prayes your Leagues continuance in this favor ;
That the army he hath rais'd to march for Flanders,
May haue safe passage by your frontier townes,
And finde the Riuer free, that runs by Rhosne.

Hen. My Lord my frontiers shall not be disfarm'd,
Till, by araignment of the Duke of *Byron*,
My scruples are resolu'd ; and I may know
In what account to hold your Maisters faith,
For his obseruance of the League betwixt vs ;
You wish me to beleeeue that he is cleare
From all the proiects caus'd by Count *Fuentes*,
His speciall Agent ; But where, deedes pull downe,

Words, may repaire, no faith ; I scarce can thinke
 That his gold was so bounteously employd,
 Without his speciall counsaile, and command :
 These faint proceedings in our Royall faiths,
 Make subiects proue so faithlesse : If becaufe,
 We sit aboute the danger of the lawes,
 We likewise lift our Armes aboute their iustice ;
 And that our heauenly Soueraigne, bounds not vs,
 In those religious confines ; out of which
 Our iustice and our true lawes are inform'd ;
 In vaine haue we expectance that our subiects,
 Should not as well presume to offend their Earthly,
 As we our Heauenly Soueraigne ? And this breach
 Made in the Forts of all Society ;
 Of all celestiall, and humane respects,
 Makes no strengths of our bounties, counsaile,s armes,
 Hold out against their treasons ; and the rapes
 Made of humanitie and religion,
 In all mens more then *Pagan* liberties,
 Atheismes, and slaueries will deriue their springs
 From their base Presidents, copied out of kings.
 But all this shall not make me breake the commerce,
 Authorisde by our treaties ; let your Armie
 Have the directest passe,⁶ it shall goe safe.

Amb. So rest your highnesse euer ; and assurde
 That my true Soueraigne, hates all opposite thoughts.⁷

Hen. Are our dispatches made to all the kings,
 Princes, and Potentates of Christendome ?
 Ambassadors and Prouince gouernors,
 T'enforme the truth of this conspiracie ?

Ian. They all are made my Lord, and some giue
 out,
 That 'tis a blow giuen to religion,
 To weaken it, in ruining of him,
 That said, he neuer wifht more glorious title,
 Then to be call'd the scourge of *Hugonots*.

6. Take the directest passe. 1608.

7. lothes all opposite thoughts. 1608.

Soiff. Others that are like fauourers of the fault,
Said 'tis a politique aduise from *England*,
To breake the sacred Iauelins,⁸ both together.

Hen. Such shut their eyes to truth, we can but set
His lights before them, and his trumpet found
Close to their eares ; their partiall wilfulnesse,
In resting blinde, and deafe, or in peruerting,
What their most certaine fences apprehend,
Shall naught discomfort our imperiall Iustice,⁹
Nor cleere the desperat fault that doth enforce it.

Enter Vyt.

Vyt. The Peeres of *France* (my Lord) refuse
t'apppeare,
At the arraignment of the Duke of *Byron*.

Hen. The Court may yet proceed ; and so command it,
'Tis not their slacknesse to appeare shall serue,
To let my will t'apppeare in any fact,
Wherein the bouldrest of them tempts my iustice.
I am resolu'd, and will no more endure,
To haue my subiects make what I command,
The subiect of their oppositions,
Who euer-more make slack their allegiance,
As kings forbear their pennance ; how sustaine
Your prisoners their strange durance ?

Vit. One of them,
(Which is the Count *D'Arvergne*) hath merry spirits,
Eates well, and sleepest : and neuer can imagine,
That any place where he is, is a prison ;
Where on the other part, the Duke *Byron*,
Enterd his prison, as into his graue,
Reiects all food, sleepest not, nor once lyes downe :
Furie hath arm'd his thoughts so thick with thornes,
That rest can haue no entry : he disdaines
To grace the prison with the splendrest show
Of any patience, least men should conceiue,

8. feared Iauelins. 1608.
9. impartiall Iustice. 1608.

He thought his sufferance in the best fort fit ;
 And holds his bands so worthlesse of his worth,
 That he empires it, to vouchsafe to them,
 The best part of the peace, that freedom owes it :
 That patience therein, is a willing flauerie,
 And (like the Cammell) stoopes to take the load :
 So still he walkes : or rather as a Byrde,
 Enterd a Clofet, which vnawares is made,
 His desperate prifon (being purfude) amazd,
 And wrathfull beates his brest from wall to wall,
 Affaults the light, strikes downe himfelfe, not out,
 And being taken, struggles, gaspes, and bites,
 Takes all his takers strokings, to be strokes,
 Abhorreth food, and with a fauadge will,
 Frets, pines, and dyes, for former libertie.
 So fares the wrathfull Duke ; and when the
 strength

Of these dumbe rages, breake out into founds,
 He breaths defiance, to the world, and bids vs,
 Make our felues drunke, with the remaining bloud
 Of fife and thirty wounds receiud in fight,
 For vs and ours ; for we shall neuer brag,
 That we haue made his fpirits check at death :
 This rage in walkes and words ; but in his lookes
 He coments all, and prints a world of bookes.

Hen. Let others learne by him to curb their
 spleenes,

Before they be curbd ; and to ceafe their grudges :
 Now I am fetled in my Sunne of height,
 The circulare splendor, and full Sphere of State
 Take all place vp from enuy : as the funne,
 At height, and paffiue ore the crownes of men,
 His beames diffufd, and downe-right pourd on
 them,

Caft but a little or no shade at all,
 So he that is aduanc'd aboue the heads,
 Of all his Emulators, with high light,
 Preuents their enuies. and depriues them quite.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Chancellor, Harlay, Potiers; Fleury,
in scarlet gownes, Laffin, Descures, with
other officers of state.*

Cha. I wonder at the prifoners fo long ftay,

Har : I thinke it may be made a queftion,
If his impacience will let him come.

Pot. Yes, he is now well ftayd : Time and his
Iudgment,

Haue caft his paffion and his feuer off.

Fleu. His feuer may be paft, but for his paffions,
I feare me we fhall find it fpic'd to hotly,
With his ould poulder.

Def. He is fure come forth ;
The Caroffe of the Marquis of *Rhofny*
Conducted him along to th' Arcenall,
Clofe to the Riuer-fide : and there I faw him,
Enter a barge couered with Tapiftry,
In which the kings gards waited and receiued him.
Stand by there cleere the place,

Cha. The prifoner comes.
My Lord *Laffin* forbear your fight a while,
It may incenfe the prifoner : who will know,
By your attendance nere vs, that your hand,
Was chiefe in his difcouery ; which as yet,
I thinke he doth not doubt.

Laf. I will forbear,
Till your good pleafures call me, *Exit Laf.*

Har. When he knowes
And fees *Laffin*, accufe him to his face,
The Court I thinke will shake with his diftemper.

Enter Vitry, Byron, with others and a garde.

Vit. You fee my Lord, 'tis in the golden chamber.

Byr. The golden chamber ? where the greateft
Kings

Haue thought them honor'd to receiue a place :
And I haue had it ; am I come to ftand

In ranke and habit here of men arraigned,
 Where I haue sat assistant, and beene honord,
 With glorious title of the chiefeft vertuous,
 Where the Kings chiefe Solicitor hath said,
 There was in *France*, no man that euer liu'd,
 Whose parts were worth my imitation ;
 That, but mine owne worth ; I could imitate none :
 And that I made my selfe inimitable,
 To all that could come after ; whom this Court
 Hath seene to sit vpon the Flower de Luice
 In recompence of my renowned seruice.
 Must I be sat on now, by petty Iudges ?
 These Scarlet robes, that come to fit and fight
 Against my life ; dismay my valure more,
 Then all the bloody Cassocks *Spaine* hath brought
 To field against it.

Vit. To the barre my Lord.

He salutes and

Har. Read the inditement.

stands to the barre.

Chan. Stay, I will inuert

(For shortnesse sake) the forme of our proceedings,
 And out of all the points, the proesse holds,
 Collect fve principall, with which we charge you.

1. First you conferrd with one, cald *Picote*,
 At *Orleance* borne, and into *Flanders* fled,
 To hold intelligence by him with the Archduke,
 And for two voyages to that effect,
 Bestowd on him, fve hundred, fiftie crownes.

2. Next you held treaty with the Duke of *Sauoy*,
 Without the Kings permission ; offering him
 All seruice and assistance against all men,
 In hope to haue in marriage, his third daughter.

3. Thirdly you held intelligence with the Duke,
 At taking in of *Bourge*, and other Forts ;
 Aduising him, with all your preiudice,
 Against the Kings armie, and his royall person.

4. The fourth is ; that you would haue brought
 the King,

Before Saint *Katherines Fort*, to be there flaine :
 And to that end writ to the Gouvernor,

In which you gaue him notes to know his highnesse.

5. Fifthly, you sent *Laffin* to treat with *Sauoy*,
And with the Count *Fuentes*, of more plots,
Touching the ruine of the King and realme.

Byr. All this (my Lord) I answer, and deny :
And first for *Picoté* ; he was my prisoner,
And therefore I might well conferre with him :
But that our conference tended to the Arch-duke,
Is nothing so ; I onely did employ him
To Captaine *La Fortune*, for the reduction
Of *Seuerre*, to the seruice of the King,
Who vsd such speedy dilligence therein,
That shortly 'twas assur'd his Maiestie.

2. Next, for my treaty with the Duke of *Sauoy*,
Roncas his Secretarie, hauing made
A motion to me, for the Dukes third daughter,
I tolde it to the King ; who hauing since,
Giuen me the vnderstanding by *La Force*
Of his dislike ; I neuer dreamd of it.

3. Thirdly, for my intelligence with the Duke,
Aduising him against his Highnesse armie :
Had this beene true, I had not vndertaken
Th' assault of *Bourg*, against the Kings opinion,
Hauing assistance but by them about me :
And (hauing wunne it for him) had not beene
Put out of such a gouernment so easily.

4. Fourthly, for my aduice to kill the King ;
I would beseech his Highnesse memory,
Not to let slip, that I alone diswaded
His viewing of that Fort ; informing him,
It had good marke-men ; and he could not goe,
But in exceeding danger, which aduice
Diurterd him : the rather, since I said,
That if he had desire to see the place
He should receiue from me a Plot of it ;
Offering to take it with five hundred men,
And I my selfe would go to the assault

5. And lastly, for intelligences held,
With *Sauoy* and *Fuentes* : I confesse,

That being denyed to keepe the Cytadell,
Which with incredible perill I had got,
And seeing another honor'd with my spoiles,
I grew so desparate that I found my spirit,
Enrag'd to any act, and wisht my selfe,
Couer'd with blood.

Chan. With whose blood?

Byr. With mine owne;
Wishing to liue no longer, being denyed,
With such suspition of me, and fet will,
To rack my furious humor into blood.
And for two moneths space, I did speake, and wright,
More then I ought; but haue done euer well,
And therefore your enformers haue beene false.
And (with intent to tyranize) suborned.

Flen. What if our witneses come face to face,
And iustifie much more then we alledge?

Byr. They must be hyrelings then, and men corrupted.

Pot. What thinke you of *La Fin*?

Byr. I hold *La Fin*,
An honor'd Gentleman, my friend and kinsman.

Har. If he then aggrauate, what we affirme,
With greater accusations to your face,
What will you say?

Byr. I know it cannot be.

Chan. Call in my Lord *La Fin*.

Byr. Is he so neere?

And kept so close from me? can all the world,
Make him a treacher. *Enter La Fin.*

Chan. I suppose my Lord,
You haue not stood within; without the eare
Of what hath heere beene vrgd against the Duke;
If you haue heard it, and vpon your knowledge
Can witnesse all is true, vpon your soule:
Vtter your knowledge.

Laff. I haue heard my Lord,
All that hath past here; and vpon my soule,
(Being chargd so vrgently in such a Court)

Vpon my Knowledge I affirme all true ;
And so much more : as had the prifoner liues
As many as his yeeres, would make all forsaite.

Byr. O all yee vertuous powers, in earth and
heauen,

That haue not put on hellish flesh and blood,
From whence these monstrous issues are produc'd,
That cannot beare in execrable concord,
And one prodigious subiect ; contraries ;
Nor (as the Ile that of the world admire)
Is seuerd from the world) can cut your selues
From the consent and sacred harmony
Of life, yet liue ; of honor, yet be honor'd ;
As this extrauagant, and errant rogue,
From all your faire *Decorums*, and iust lawes,
Findes powre to doe : and like a lothesome wen,
Sticks to the face of nature, and this Court ;
Thicken this ayre, and turne your plague rage,
Into a shape as dismall as his sinne.
And with some equall horror teare him off
From sight and memory : let not such a court,
To whose fame all the Kings of Christendome,
Now laid their eares ; so crack her royall Trumpe,
As to found through it, that here vanted iustice
Was got in such an incest : is it iustice
To tempt, and witch a man, to breake the law,
And by that witch condemne him ? let me draw
Poison into me with this cursed ayre,
If he betwitcht me, and transformd me not ;
He bit me by the eare, and made me drinke
Enchanted waters ; let me see an Image
That vttered these distinct words ; *Thou shalt dye,*
O wicked King ; and if the diuill gaue him
Such powre vpon an Image ; vpon me
How might he tyrannize ? that by his voves
And othes so Stygian, had my Nerues and will,
In more awe then his owne : what man is he
That is so high, but he would higher be ?
So roundly fighted, but he may be found,

To haue a blinde side, which by craft, perfude,
 Confederacie, and simply trusted treason,
 May wrest him past his Angell, and his reason?

Chan. Witchcraft can neuer taint an honest minde.

Harl. True gold, will any trial stand, vntoucht.

Pot. For coulours that will staine when they are
 tryed,

The cloth it selfe is euer cast aside.

Byr. Some times, the very Gloffe in any thing,
 Will seeme a staine; the fault not in the light,
 Nor in the guilty obieſt, but our sight.
 My gloffe, raifd from the richnesse of my stufte,
 Had too much splendor for the Owly eye,
 Of politique and thankleffe royaltie:
 I did deferue too much: a plurisie
 Of that blood in me is the cause I dye.
 Vertue in great men must be small and sleight:
 For poore starres rule, where she is exquisite,
 Tis tyrannous, and impious policie,
 To put to death by fraude and trecherie;
 Sleight is then royall, when it makes men liue,
 And if it vrge faults, vrgeth to forgiue.
 He must be guiltlesse, that condemnes the guiltie,
 Like things, do nourish like, and not destroy them:
 Mindes must be found, that iudge affaires of weight,
 And seeing hands, cut corosiuies from your sight.
 A Lord intelligencer? hangman-like,
 Thrust him from humane fellowship, to the desert
 Blowe him with curses; shall your iustice call
 Treacherie her Father? would you wish her weigh
 My valor with the hisse of such a viper?
 What haue I done to shunne the mortall shame
 Of so uniuſt an opposition;
 My enuious starres cannot deny me this,
 That I may make my Iudges witnesſes;
 And that my wretched fortunes haue referu'd
 For my last comfort; yee all know (my Lords)
 This body gasht with fife and thirty wounds,
 Whose life and death you haue in your award,

Holds not a veine that hath not opened beene,
And which I would not open yet againe,
For you and yours ; this hand that writ the lines
Alledgd against me, hath enacted still,
More good then there it onely talkt of ill.
I must confesse my choller hath transferd
My tender spleene to all intemperate speech :
But reason euer did my deeds attend.
In worth of praise, and imitation,
Had I borne any will to let them loose,
I could haue fleht them with bad seruices,
In *England* lately, and in *Switzerland* :
There are a hundred Gentlemen by name,
Can witnesse my demeanure in the first ;
And in the last Ambassage I adiure
No other testimonies then the Seigneurs
De Vic, and *Sillerie* ; who amply know,
In what fort, and with what fidelitie
I bore my selfe ; to reconcile and knit,
In one desire so many wills disioynde,
And from the Kings allegiance quite withdrawne.
My acts askt many men, though done by one.
And I were but one, I stood for thousands,
And still I hold my worth, though not my place :
Nor sleight me, Iudges, though I be but one,
One man, in one sole expedition,
Reduc'd into th' imperiall powre of *Rome*,
Armenia, *Pontus*, and *Arabia*,
Syria, *Albania*, and *Iberia*,
Conquer'd th' *Hyrceanians* ; and to *Caucasus*,
His arme extended ; the *Numidians*
And *Affrick* to the shores Meridionall,
His powre subiected ; and that part of *Spaine*
Which stood from those parts that *Sertorius* rulde,
Euen to the *Atlantique* Sea he conquered.
Th' *Albanian* kings, he from the kingdoms chac'd,
And at the *Caspian* Sea, their dwellings plac'd :
Of all the Earths globe, by powre and his aduice,
The round-eyd Ocean saw him victor thrice :

And what shall let me (but your cruell doome,) To adde as much to *France*, as he to *Rome*, And to leaue Iustice neither Sword nor word, To vse against my life ; this Senate knowes, That what with one victorious hand I tooke, I gaue to all your vses, with another : With this I tooke, and propt the falling Kingdome, And gaue it to the King : I haue kept Your lawes of state from fire, and you your selues, Fixt in this high Tribunall ; from whose height The vengefull Saturnals of the League Had hurld yee head-long ; doe yee then returne This retribution ? can the cruell King The kingdome, lawes, and you, (all fau'd by me) Destroy their fauer ? what (aye me) I did Aduerse to this ; this damnd Enchanter did, That tooke into his will, my motion ; And being banck-route both of wealth and worth, Pursued with quarrels, and with suites in law ; Feard by the Kingdome ; threatned by the King ; Would raife the loathed dung-hill of his ruines, Vpon the monumentall heape of mine : Torne with possessed whirle-winds may he dye, And dogs barke at his murtherous memory.

Chan. My Lord, our liberall sufferance of your speech,

Hath made it late ; and for this Session, We will dismisse you ; take him back my Lord.

Exit Vit. & Byron.

Har. You likewise may depart. *Exit Laffin.*

Chan. What resteth now

To be decreed against this great prisoner ? A mighty merit, and a monstrous crime, Are here concurrent ; what by witnesses ; His letters and instructions we haue prou'd Him selfe confesseth, and excuseth all With witch-craft, and the onely act of thought. For witch-craft I esteeme it a meere strength Of rage in him conceiu'd against his accuser ;

Who being examine hath denied it all ;
 Suppose it true, it made him false ; But wills
 And worthy mindes, witch-craft can neuer force.
 And for his thoughts that brake not into deeds ;
 Time was the cause, not will ; the mindes free act
 In treason still is Iudgd as th' outward fact.
 If his deserts haue had a wealthy share,
 In sauing of our land from ciuill furies :
Manlius had so that fast the Capitoll ;
 Yet for his after traiterous factions,
 They threw him head-long from the place he sau'd.
 My definite sentence then, doth this import :
 That we must quench the wilde-fire with his blood,
 In which it was so traiterously inflam'd ;
 Vnlesse with it, we seeke to incense the land,
 The King can haue no refuge for his life,
 If his be quitted : this was it that made
Lewis th'eleuenth renounce his countrymen,
 And call the valiant *Scots* out of their kingdome,
 To vse their greater vertues, and their faiths,
 Then his owne subiects, in his royall garde :
 What then conclude your censures ?

Omnes. He must dye.

Chan. Draw then his sentence, formally, and send
 him ;
 And so all treasons in his death attend him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Byron, Espernon, Soisson, Fanin, Vidame,
 Descures.*

Vit. I ioy you had so good a day my Lord.

Byr. I won it from them all : the Chancellor
 I answerd to his vttermost improuements :
 I mou'd my other Iudges to lament
 My insolent misfortunes ; and to lothe
 The pockie foule, and slate-bawde, my accuser.
 I made reple to all that could be said,
 So eloquently, and with such a charme,
 Of graue enforcements, that me thought I sat,

Like *Orpheus* casting reignes on fauage beafts ;
 At the armes end (as twere) I tooke my barre
 And fet it farre aboue the high tribunall,
 Where like a Cedar on Mount Lebanon,
 I grew, and made my iudges shew like Box-trees ;
 And Buxtrees right, their wishes would haue made
 them,

Whence boxes should haue growne, till they had
 strooke

My head into the budget : but ahlas,
 I held their bloody armes, with such strong reasons ;
 And (by your leaue) with such a iyrck of wit :
 That I fetcht blood vpon the Chancelors cheekes,
 Me thinkes I see his countenance as he sat ;
 And the most lawierly deliuery *Enter Soiffon, Esp:*
 Of his fet speeches : shall I play his part ?

Efp : For heauens sake, good my Lord.

Byr. I will ifaith,

Behold a wicked man : A man debauched,
 A man, contesting with his King ; A man :
 On whom (my Lord) we are not to conniue,
 Though we may condole : A man
 That *Læsa Maiestate* fought a lease,
 Of *Plus quam iatis*. A man that *vi et armis*
 Assaild the King ; and would *per fas et nefas*,
 Aspire the kingdome : here was lawiers learning.

Efp : He said not this my Lord, that I haue
 heard.

Byr. This or the like, I sweare. I pen no speeches.

Soiff. Then there is good hope of your wisht
 acquittall.

Byr. Acquittall ? they haue reason ; were I dead
 I know they can not all supply my place ;
 Ist possible the King should be so vaine,
 To thinke he can shake me with feare of death ?
 Or make me apprehend that he intends it ?
 Thinkes he to make his firmeest men, his cloudes ?

The clowdes (obseruing their Aeriall natures)
Are borne aloft, and then to moisture hang'd,
Fall to the earth ; where being made thick, and cold,
They loose both al their heate, and leuitie ;
Yet then againe recouering heate and lightnesse,
Againe they are aduanc't : and by the Sunne
Made fresh and glorious ; and since clowdes are rapt
With these vncertainties : now vp, now downe,
Am I to flit so with his smile, or frowne ?

Esp. I wish your comforts, and encouragements,
May spring out of your fastie ; but I heare
The King hath reasond so against your life,
And made your most friends yeeld so to his reasons,
That your estate is fearefull.

Byr. Yeeld t'his reasons ?
O how friends reasons, and their freedoms stretch,
When powre fets his wide tenters to their sides !
How like a cure, by mere opinion,
It workes vpon our bloud ? like th'antient Gods
Are *Moderne* Kings, that liu'd past bounds themselues,
Yet fet a measure downe to wretched men :
By many Sophismes, they made good, deceit ;
And, since they past in powre, surpast, in right :
When Kings wills passe ; the starres winck, and the
Sunne,

Suffers eclips : rude thunder yeelds to them
His horrid wings : sits smoothe as glasse engazd,
And lightning sticks twixt heauen and earth amazd :
Mens faiths are shaken : and the pit of truth
O'reflows with darknesse, in which I uslice sits,
And keepes her vengeance tied to make it fierce ;
And when it comes, th'encreased horrors shoue,
Heauen's plague is sure, though full of state, and slowe.

Sisl. O my deare Lord and brother, *Within.*
O the Duke.

Byr. What sounds are these my Lord ? hark, hark,
methinks
I heare the cries of people.

Efp. Tis for one,
Wounded in fight here at Saint *Anthones* Gate :

Byr. Sfoote, one cried the Duke : I pray harken,
Againe, or burst your felues with silence, no :
What contriman's the common headfman here ?

Soiff. He's a Bourgonian.

Byr. The great deuill he is,
The bitter wizard told me, a Burgonian,
Should be my headfman ; strange concurrences :
S'death whose here ? *Enter 4 Others bare Chanc : Har*
O then I am but dead, *Pot : Fleur : Vit : Pralin, with*
others.

Now, now ye come all to pronounce my sentence.
I am condemn'd vniustly : tell my kinsfolkes,
I die an innocent :
If any friend pittie the ruine of the States sustainer
Proclaime my innocence ; ah Lord Chancellor,
Is there no pardon ? will there come no mercie ?
I, put your hat on, and let me stand bare,
Shoue yourfelfe a right Lawier.

Chan. I am bare,
What would you haue me do ?

Byr. You haue not done,
Like a good Iustice ; and one that knew
He sat vpon the precious bloud of vertue ;
Y'auē pleafd the cruell King, and haue not borne,
As great regard to saue as to condemne ;
You haue condemn'd me, my Lord Chancellor,
But God acquites me ; he will open lay
All your clofe treasons against him, to collour
Treasons layd to his truest images ;
And you my Lord shall answere this iniustice,
Before his iudgement feat : to which I summon
In one yeare and a daie your hot apparense ;
I goe before, by mens corrupted domes ;
But they that cauf'd my death, shall after come
By the immaculate iustice of the highest.

Chan. Well, good my Lord, commend your foule
to him,

And to his mercie, thinke of that, I pray.

Byr. Sir, I haue thought of it, and euery howre,
Since my affliction, askt on naked knees
Patience to beare your vnbeleeu'd Iniustice :
But you, nor none of you haue thought of him,
uI my euiction : y'are come to your benches,
With plotted iudgements ; your linckt eares so lowd,
Sing with preiudicate windes, that nought is heard,
Of all, pore prisoners vrge gainst your award.

Har. Passion. my Lord, transports your bitterness,
Beyond all collour ; and your propper iudgement :
No man hath knowne your merits more then I ;
And would to God your great misdeeds had beene,
As much vndone, as they haue beene concealde ;
The cries of them for iustice (in desert)
Haue beene so lowd and piercing ; that they deafned
The eares of mercie ; and haue labord more,
Your Iudges to compresse then to enforce them.

Pot. We bring you here your sentence, will you
reade it.

Byr. For heauens sake, shame to vse me with such
rigor ;

I know what it imports, and will not haue,
Mine eare blowne into flames with hearing it ;
Haue you beene one of them that haue condemn'd
me ?

Flen. My Lord I am your Orator : God comfort
you.

Byr. Good Sir, my father lou'd you so entirely,
That if you haue beene one, my soule forgiues you ;
It is the King (most childish that he is
That takes what he hath giuen) that iniures me :
He gaue grace in the first draught of my fault,
And now restraines it : grace againe I aske ;
Let him againe vouchsafe it : send to him,
A post will soone returne : the Queene of England,
Told me that if the wilfull Earle of Essex,
Had vsd submission, and but askt her mercie,
She would haue giuen it, past resumption ;

She (like a gracious Princeffe) did desire
 To pardon him : euen as she praid to God,
 He would let doune a pardon vnto her ;
 He yet was guiltie, I am innocent :
 He still refusd grace, I importune it.

Chan. This askt in time (my Lord) while he be-
 fought it,

And ere he had made his feuerity knowne,
 Had (with much ioye to him) I know beene granted.

Byr. No, no, his bountie, then was misery,
 To offer when he knew twould be refusde ;
 He treads the vulgar pathe of all aduantage,
 And loues men, for their vices, not for their vertues ;
 My seruice would haue quickn'd gratitude,
 In his owne death, had he beene truely royall ;
 It would haue flirr'd the image of a King,
 Into perpetual motion ; to haue stood
 Neare the conspiracie restraind at Mantes ;
 And in a danger, that had then the Woolfe,
 To flie vpon his bosome, had I onely held
 Intelligence with the conspirators ;
 Who stuck at no check but my loyaltie,
 Nor kept life in their hopes, but in my death ;
 The seege of Amiens, would haue softned rocks,
 Where couer'd all in showers of shot and fire,
 I seem'd to all mens eyes a fighting flame
 With bullets cut, in fashion of a man ;
 A sacrifice to valour (impious King)
 Which he will needes extinguish with my blood ;
 Let him beware, iustice will fall from heauen,
 In the same forme I serued in that seege,
 And by the light of that, he shall decerne,
 What good my ill hath brought him ; it will nothing,
 Assure his State: the same quench he hath cast
 Vpon my life, shall quite put out his fame ;
 This day he loofeth, what he shall not finde,
 By all daies he seruuiues ; so good a seruant,
 Nor Spaine so great a foe ; with whom, ahlas,
 Because I treated am I put to death ?

Tis but a politique glofe : my courage raif'd me,
For the deare price of five and thirtie Ikarres,
And that hath ruin'd me, I thanke my Starres :
Come ile goe where yee will, yee fhall not lead me.

Chan. I feare his frenzie,
Neuer faw I man of fuch a fpirit fo amaz'd at death.

Har. He alters every minute : what a vapor !
The ftrongeft mind is to a ftorme of croffes. *Exeunt.*

Manet Efper : Soiffon : Ianin : Vidame, D'efcaures.

Efp. Oh of what contraries confifts a man !
Of what impoffible mixtures ? vice and vertue,
Corruption, and eternneffe, at one time,
And in one fubieft, let together, looffe ?
We haue not any ftrength but weakens vs,
No greatnes but doth cruft vs into ayre.
Our knowledges, do light vs but to erre,
Our Ornamentals are Burthens : Our delights
Are our tormentors ; fiendes that (raifd in feares)
At parting shake our Roofes about our eares.

Soi. O vertue, thou art now farre worfe then Fortune :

Her gifts flucke by the Duke, when thine are vanifht,
Thou brau'ft thy friend in Neede : Neceffity,
That vfd to keepe thy welth, contempt, thy loue,
Haue both abandond thee in his extreames,
Thy powers are shadowes, and thy comfort, dreames.

Vid. O reall goodneffe if thou be a power !
And not a word alone, in humane vfes,
Appere out of this angry conflagration,
Where this great Captaine (thy late Temple) burns,
And turne his vicious fury to thy flame,
From all earths hopes mere gilded with thy fame :
Let pietie enter with her willing croffe,
And take him on it ; ope his brest and armes,
To all the Storms, Neceffity can breath,
And burft them all with his embraced death.

Ian. Yet are the ciuile tumults of his fpirits,

Hot and outragious : not resolued, *Ahlas*,
 (Being but one man) render the kingdoms dome ;
 He doubts, stormes, threatens, rues, complains, im-
 plores,

Griefe hath brought all his forces to his lookes,
 And nought is left to strengthen him within,
 Nor lasts one habite of those greene'd aspects :
 Blood expells paleness, palenes Blood doth chase,
 And sorrow errs through all forms in his face.

Def. So furious is he, that the Politique law,
 Is much to seeke, how to enact her sentence :
 Authority backt with arms, (though he vnarm'd)
 Abhors his furie, and with doubtfull eyes,
 Views on what ground it should sustaine his ruines,
 And as a *Sauadge* Bore that (hunted longe,
 Affayld and fet vp) with his onely eyes,
 Swimming in fire keeps off the baying hounds,
 Though suncke himselfe, yet holds his anger vp,
 And snowes it forth in foame ; holds firme his stand,
 Of Battalions *Bristles* : feedes his hate to die,
 And whets his tuskes with wrathfull maiesty.
 So fares the furious Duke, and with his lookes,
 Doth teach death horrors ; makes the hangman learne
 New habites for his bloody impudence ;
 Which now habituall horror from him driues,
 Who for his life shunneth death, by which he liues.

Enter Chauncellor, Harlay, Potier, Fleury, Vitry.

Vit. Will not your Lordshippe haue the Duke dis-
 tinguist
 From other prisoners ? where the order is,
 To giue vp men condemn'd into the hands
 Of th'executioner ; he would be the death,
 Of him that he should die by, ere he sufferd,
 Such an abiection.

Cha. But to bind his hands,
 I hold it passing needefull.

Har. 'Tis my Lord,

And very dangerous to bring him loose.

Pra : You will in all dispaire and fury plunge him,
If you but offer it.

Pot. My Lord by this,
The prifoners Spirit is some-thing pacified,
And tis a feare that th' offer of those bands.
Would breed fresh furies in him, and disturbe,
The entry of his foule into her peace.

Cha. I would not that, for any possible danger,
That can he wrought, by his vnarmed hands,
And therefore in his owne forme bring him in.

*Enter Byron, a Bishop or two ; with all the guards,
souldiers with muskets.*

Byr. Where shall this weight fall ? on what re-
gion,
Must this declining prominent poure his lode ?
He breake my bloods high billows gainst my starres,
Before this hill be shooke into a flat,
All France shall feele an earthquake ; with what
murmur,
This world shrinkes into Chaos ?

Arch. Good my Lord,
Forgoe it willingly ; and now resigne,
Your sensuall powers entirely to your soule.

Byr. Horror of death, let me alone in peace,
And leaue my soule to me, whome it concernes ;
You haue no charge of it ; I feele her free,
How she doth rowze, and like a Faulcon stretch
Her filuer wings ; as threatening death, with death ;
At whom I ioyfully will cast her off :
I know this bodie but a finck of folly,
The ground-work, and raif'd frame of woe and frailtie :
The bond and bundle of corruption ;
A quick corse, onely sensible of grieve,
A walking sepulcher, or household thiefe :
A glasse of ayre, broken with lesse then breath,
A slaue bound face to face. to death. till death :

And what sayd all you more ? I know, besides
 That life is but a darke and stormy night,
 Of fencelesse dreames, terrors, and broken sleepes ;
 A Tyranie, deuifing paines to plague
 And make man long in dying, racks his death ;
 And death is nothing, what can you fay more ?
 I bring a long Globe, and a little earth,
 Am feated like earth betwixt both the heauens :
 That if I rife ; to heauen I rife ; if fall
 I likewise fall to heauen ; what stronger faith,
 Hath any of your foules ? what fay you more ?
 Why lofe I time in thefe things ? talke of knowledge,
 It ferues for inward vfe. I will not die
 Like to a Clergie man ; but like the Captaine,
 That prayd on horfe-back and with sword in hand,
 Threatend the Sunne, commanding it to stand ;
 Thefe are but ropes of fand.

Chan. Desire you then
 To fpeake with any man ?

Byr. I would fpeake with *La Force* and Saint
Blancart.

Do they flie me ?

Where is *Preuoft*, controwler of my houle ?

Pra. Gone to his houle ith countrie three daies
 fince.

Byr. He should haue flayd here, he keepes all my
 blancks ;

Oh all the world forfakes me ! wretched world,
 Confifting moft of parts, that flie each other :
 A firmneffe, breeding all inconstancy,
 A bond of all difiunction ; like a man
 Long buried, is a man that long hath liu'd ;
 Touch him, he falls to afhes ; for one fault,
 I forfeit all the fashion of a man ;
 Why should I keepe my foule in this dark light ?
 Whofe black beames lighted me to loofe my felfe.
 When I haue loft my armes, my fame, my winde,
 Friends, brother, hopes, fortunes, and euen my furie ?
 O happie were the man, could liue alone,

To know no man, nor be of any knowne !

Har. My Lord, it is the manner once againe
To read the sentence.

Byr. Yet more sentences ?
How often will you make me suffer death ?
As yee were proud to heare your powrefull domes ?
I know and feele you were the men that gaue it,
And die most cruellie to heare so often
My crimes and bitter condemnation vrg'd :
Suffice it, I am brought here ; and obey,
And that all here are priuie to the crimes.

Chan. It must be read my Lord, no remedie.

Byr. Reade, if it must be, then, and I must talke.

Harl. The proceffe being extraordinarily made and
examin'd by the Court, and chambers assenbled——

Byr. Condemn'd for depositions of a witch ?
The common deposition, and her whoore
To all whorish periuries and treacheries.
Sure he cal'd vp the diuill in my spirits,
And made him to vsurpe my faculties :
Shall I be cast away now he's cast out ?
What Iustice is in this ? deare countrey-men,
Take this true euidence, betwixt heauen and you,
And quit me in your hearts.

Cha. Goe on.

Har. Against *Charles Gontalt* of *Byron* : knight
of both the orders ; Duke of *Byron*, peere and marshall
of *France* ; Gouvernor of *Burgundy*, accus'd of treason
in a sentence was giuen the 22. of this month, con-
demning the said Duke of *Byron* of high treason, for
his direct conspiracies against the kings person ; en-
terprises against his state——

Byr. That is most false : let me for euer be,
Deprived of heauen, as I shall be of earth,
If it be true : knowe worthy countrey-men,
These two and twenty moneths I haue bene clere,
Of all attempts against the king and state.

Har. Treaties and trecheries with his Enemies ;
being marshall of the Kings army, for reparation of

which crimes they depriued him of all his estates, honors, and dignities, and condemned him to lose his head vpon a Scaffold at the Greauē.

Byr. The Greauē? had that place flood for my dispatch.

I had not yeelded ; all your forces should not,
Stire me one foote, wild horfes should haue drawne,
My body peece-meale, ere you all had brought me.

Har. Declaring all his goods moueable and im-moueable, whatfoeuer to be confiscate to the King : the Signeury of *Byron* to loofe the title of Duchy and Peere for euer.

Byr. Now is your forme contented ?

Chan. I my Lord,
And I must now entreat you to deliuer,
Your order vp, the king demands it of you.

Byr. And I restore it. with my vow of fasty,
In that world, where both he and I are one,
I neuer brake the oath I tooke to take it.

Cha. Wel now my Lord wee'l take our latest
leaues,

Befeeching heauen to take as clere from you,
All fence of torment in your willing death :
All loue and thought of what you must leaue here,
As when you shall aspire heauens highest sphere.

Byr. Thankes to your Lordship and let me pray
to,

That you will hold good censure of my life,
By the cleere witnesse of my soule in death,
That I haue neuer past act gainst the King,
Which if my faith had let me vndertake,
They had bene three yeares since, amongst the dead.

Har. Your soule shall finde his safety in her owne,
Call the executioner.

Byr : Good sir I pray,
Go after and beseech the Chancellor
That he will let my body be interr'd,
Amongst my predeceffors at *Byron*.

Defc. I go my Lord.

Exit.

Byr. Go, go ? can all go thus ?
 And no man come with comfort ? farewell world :
 He is at no end of his actions blest,
 Whose ends will make him greatest, and not best ;
 They tread no ground, but ride in ayre on stormes ;
 That follow state, and hunt their empty formes ;
 Who see not that the Valleys of the world,
 Make euen right with Mountains, that they grow
 Greene, and lye warmer ; and euer peacefull are,
 When Cloudes spit fire at Hilles, and burne them
 bare

Not Valleys part, but we should imitate Streames,
 That run below the Valleys, and do yeeld
 To euery Mole-hill ; euery Banke imbrace
 That checks their Currants ; and when Torrents come,
 That swell and raise them past their naturall height,
 How madde they are, and trubl'd ? like low straines
 With Torrents crownd, are men with Diademes ;

Vit : My Lord tis late ; wilt please you to go vp ?

Byr : Vp ? tis a faire preferment, ha ha ha,
 There should go showtes to vp-shots ; not a breath
 Of any mercy, yet ? come, since we must ;
 Whose this ?

Pral : The executioner, my Lord ;

Byr : Death slaue, downe, or by the blood that
 moues me

Ile plucke thy throat out ; goe, Ile call you straight,
 Hold boy ; and this,

Hang : Soft boy, ile barre you that

Byr : Take this then, yet I pray thee, that againe
 I do not ioy in fight of such a Pageant
 As presents death ; Though this life haue a curse ;
 Tis better then another that is worfe.

Arch : My Lord, now you are blinde to this worlds
 fight,

Looke vpward to a world of endles light.

Byr : I, I, you talke of vpward still to others,
 And downwards looke, with headlong eyes your selues.
 Now come you vp fir ; but not touch me yet ;

Where shall I be now ?

Hang : Heere my Lord ;

Byr : Wheres that ?

Hang : There, there, my Lord ;

Byr : And where, slaue, is that there ?

Thou feest I see not ? yet I speake as I saw ;

Well, now ist fit ?

Hang : Kneele, I beseech your Grace,
That I may do mine office with most order ;

Byr. Do it, and if at one blow thou art short,
Giue one and thirty, Ile indure them all.

Hold ; slay a little ; comes there yet no mercy ?

High Heauen curse these exemplarie proceedings,

When Iustice failes, they sacrificize our example ;

Hang. Let me beseech you, I may cut your haire ;

Byr : Out vgly Image of my cruell Iustice ;

Yet wilt thou be before me, slay my will,

Or by the will of Heauen Ile strangle thee ;

Vit : My Lord you make to much of this your
body,

Which is no more your owne :

Byr : Nor is it yours ;

Ile take my death, with all the horride rites

And representments, of the dread it merits ;

Let tame Nobilitie, and nummed fooles

That apprehend not what they vndergo,

Be such exemplarie, and formall sheepe ;

I will not haue him touch me, till I will ;

If you will needs racke me beyond my reason,

Hell take me, but Ile strangle halfe thats here,

And force the rest to kill me. Ile leape downe

If but once more they tempt me to dispaire ;

You with my quiet, yet giue cause of fury :

Thinke you to set rude windes vpon the Sea,

Yet keepe it calme ? or cast me in a sleepe,

With shaking of my chaines about mine eares ?

O honest Soldiers, you haue seene me free,

From any care, of many thousand deaths !

Yet, of this one, the manner doth amaze me.

View, view, this wounded bosome, how much bound
Should that man make me, that would shoote it
through ;

Is it not pittie I should lose my life,
By such a bloody and infamous stroke ?

Soldi: Now by thy spirit, and thy better Angel,
If thou wert cleere, the Continent of France,
Would shrinke beneath the burthen of thy death,
Ere it would beare it ;

Vit: Whose that ?

Soldi: I say well :

And cleere your Iustice, here is no ground shrinks,
If he were cleere it would : And I say more,
Clere, or not cleere, If he with all his foulness,
Stood here in one Scale, and the Kings chiefe Minion,
Stood in another, here : Put here a pardon,
Here lay a royall gift, this, this, in merit,
Should hoyle the other Mynion into ayre :

Vit: Hence with that franticke :

Byr: This is some poore witness

That my desert, might haue out-weighed my forfeit :
But danger, hauntes desert, when he is greatest ;
His hearty ills, are prou'd out of his glaunces,
And Kings suspicions, needes no Ballances ;
So heer's a most decreetall end of me :
Which I desire, in me, may end my wrongs ;
Commend my loue, I charge you, to my brothers,
And by my loue, and misery command them,
To keepe their faiths that bind them to the King,
And proue no stomakers of my misfortunes ;
Nor come to Court, till time hath eaten out,
The blots, and skarres of my opprobrious death ;
And tell the Earle, my deare friend of *D'Auvergne*,
That my death vtterly were free from griefe,
But for the sad losse of his worthy friendship ;
And if I had bene made for longer life,
I would haue more deseru'd him in my seruice,
Beseeching him to know I haue not vsde
One word in my arraignment ; that might touch him.

Had I no other want then so ill meaning :
 And so farewell for euer : neuer more
 Shall any hope of my reuiual fee me ;
 Such is the endleffe exile of dead men.
 Summer fucceeds the fpring ; *Autumne* the Summer
 The Frofts of Winter, the falne leaues of *Autumne* :
 All thefe, and all fruites in them yearely fade,
 And euery yeare returne : but curfed man,
 Shall neuer more renew, his vanisht face ;
 Fall on your knees, then Statifts ere yee fall,
 That you may rife againe : knees bent too late,
 Stick you in earth like ftatues : fee in me
 How you are powr'd downe from your cleereft
 heauens ;
 Fall lower yet : mixt with th'vnmoued center,
 That your own fhadowes may no longer mocke yee.
 Strike, ftrike, O ftrike ;
 Flie, flie commanding foule,
 And on thy wings for this thy bodies breath,
 Beare the eternall victory of death.

F I N I S.

MAY-DAY.

A vvitty Comedie,
diuers times acted at the
Blacke Fryers.

Written by GEORGE CHAPMAN.

Della mia morte eterna vita io vivo.



Semper eadem.

LONDON.

*Printed for Iohn Browne, dwelling in Fleetstreet
in Saint Dunstones Church-yard.*

1611.






MAY-DAY.

Actus prima, Scæna prima.

Chorus Iuuenum cantantes & saltantes.

Exeunt saltan.

Interim, Intrat Lorenzo, Papers in his hand.

Lor.  Ell done my lusty bloods, Well
done. Fit, fit obseruance
for this May-morning; Not
the May-Moneth alone,
they take when it comes;
Nor the first weeke of that
Moneth; Nor the first day;
but the first minute of the
first houre, of the first day. Loose no time bloods,
loose no time; though the Sunne goe to bedde neuer
fo much before you, yet be you vp before him; call

the golden sluggard from the filuer armes of his Lady, to light you into yours, when your old father *January* here in one of his last dayes, thrusts his fore-head into the depth of *Mayes* fragrant bosome : What may you *Aprilles* performe then ? O what may you doe ? Well yet will I say thus much for my selfe, wherefoeuer the affections of youth are, there must needs be the instruments, and where the instruments are, there must of necessity be the faculties ; What am I short of them then ? A sound old man, ably constituted, holsomly dyeted, that tooke his *May* temperately at their ages, and continued his owne ; why should he not continue their ages in his owne ? By the Masse I feele nothing that stands against it, and therefore sweet *May* I salute thee with the yongest : I haue loue to employ thee in, as well as the proudest yong princock, and so haue at you Mistris *Frances China* : haue at you Mistris *Franke* : I'll sprede my nets for you yfaith, though they be my very purse nets, wherein what heart will not willingly lye panting ? *(Enter Angelo.)*

Ang. How now ? Gods my life, I wonder what made this *May*-morning so cold, and now I see 'tis this *January* that intrudes into it ; what paper is that he holds in hand trow we ?

Lor. Here haue I put her face in rime, but I feare my old vaine will not stretch to her contentment. O haire, no haire but beames stolne from the Sunne.

Ang. Out vpon her, if it be shee that I thinke, shee has a Fox red cranion ;

Lor. A fore-head that disdaines the name of faire.

Ang. And reason, for 'tis a fowle one.

Lor. A matchlesse eye.

Ang. True, her eyes be not matches.

Lor. A checke, vermillion red.

Ang. Painted I warrant you.

Lor. A farre commanding mouth.

Ang. It stretches to her eares in deede.

Lor. A nose made out of waxe.

Ang. A red nose, in sincerity.

Lor. This could I fend, but person, person does it : A good presence, to beare out a good wit ; a good face, a pretty Court legge, and a dext dapper personage, no superfluous dimensions, but fluent in competence ; for it is not *Hector* but *Paris*, not the full armefull, but the sweet handfull that Ladies delight in.

Ang. O notable old whyniard.

Lor. Such a size of humanity now, and braine enough in it, it is not in the strength of a woman to withstand ; well shee may hold out a parlee or two, for 'tis a weake fort that obeyes at the first or second summons, if shee resist the third shee is discharg'd, though shee yeeld in future : for then it appears it was no fault of hers : but the man that would take no deniall. What rests now ? meanes for accessse : True. O an honest Baude were worth gold now.

Ang. A plague vpon him, I had thought to haue appear'd to him, but now if I doe, he will take me for the man he talks on : I will therefore post by his dull eye-sight, as in hast in businesse.

Lor. What Signior *Angelo* ? soft I command you.

Ang. Gods precious, what meane you Sir ?

Lor. I would be loth to be out-runne I assure you Sir : was I able to stay you ?

Ang. Your ability stood too stiffe Sir, bethrow me else.

Lor. O most offencelesse fault, I would thou would'st blaze my imperfection to one thou know'st, yfaith.

Ang. Well Sir another time, tell me where shee is, and Ile doe so much for you *gratis*. Good morrow Sir.

Lor. Nay stay good *Angelo*.

Ang. My businesse sayes nay Sir, you haue made me stay to my paine Sir, I thanke you.

Lor. Not a whit man I warrant thee.

Ang. Goe to then, briefly, to whom shall I commend your imperfections, will you tell me if I name her ?

Lor. That I will, yfaith Boy.

Ang. Is not her haire, no haire, but beames stolne from the Sunne ?

Lor. Blacke, blacke as an Ouzell.

Ang. A fore-head that disdaines the name of faire.

Lor. Away Witch, away :

Ang. A matchlesse eye.

Lor. Nay fie, fie, fie. I fee th'art a very Deuill
Angelo. And in earnest, I iested, when I said my desire of thy friendship touch'd my selfe, for it concerns a friend of mine iust of my standing.

Ang. To whom then would he be remembred that I can sollicite ?

Lor. To sweet Mistris *Franciscina* : with whom I heare thou art ready to lye downe, thou art so great with her.

Ang. I am as great as a neare Kinsfeman may be with her Sir, not otherwise :

Lor. A good confanguinity : and good *Angelo*, to ner wilt thou deliver from my friend, in all secrecy, these poore brace of bracelets ?

Ang. Perhaps I will Sir, when I know what the Gentleman and his intent is.

Lor. Neuer examine that man ; I would not trouble you with carrying too much at once to her, only tell her, such a man will resolute her, naming me : and I doe not greatly care, if I take the paines to come to her, so I stay not long, and be let in priuily : and so without making many wordes : here they be, put them vp closely I beseech thee, and deliuer them as closely.

Ang. Well Sir, I loue no contention with friends, and therefore pocket many things, that otherwise I would not : but I pray Sir licence me a question. Doe not I know this Gentleman that offers my Cozen this kindnesse ?

Lor. Neuer saw'st him in thy life, at least neuer knew'st him ; but for his bounty sake to all his well willers, if this message be friendly discharged, I may

chance put a deare friend of him into your bosome :
Sir, and make you profitably acquainted.

Ang. But I pray you Sir, is he not a well elderly Gentleman ?

Lor. Wide, wide ; as yong as day, I protest to thee.

Ang. I know he is yong too, but that is in ability of body, but is he not a prety little squat Gentleman, as you shall see amongst a thousand ?

Lor. Still from the cushion, still, tall and high, like a *Cedar*.

Ang. I know he is tall also, but it is in his minde Sir, and it is not *Hector* but *Paris*, not thy full arme-full, but the sweet handfull that a Lady delights to dandle.

Lor. Now the good Deuill take thee, if there be any fuch in hell, hell I beseech thee.

Ang. Well, well Signior *Lorenzo*, yfaith the litle Squire is thought to be as parlesse a peece of flesh, for a peece of flesh, as any hunts the hole pale of *Venus* I protest t'ee.

Lor. I cannot containe my selfe, yfaith Boy, if the Wenches come in my walke, I giue 'em that they come for, I dally not with 'hem.

Ang. I know you doe not Sir, his dallying dayes be done.

Lor. It is my infirmity, and I cannot doe withall, to die for't.

Ang. I beleeeue you Sir.

Lor. There are certaine enuious old fellows, my neighbours, that say, I am one vnwiely and stiffe : *Angelo*, didst euer heare any wench complaine of my stiffnesse ?

Ang. Neuer in my life : your old neighbours measure you by themselves.

Lor. Why ther's the matter then ?

Ang. But yfaith Sir : doe you euer hope to winne your purpose at my losing hands, knowing her (as all

the world does) a woman of that approued lowlynesse of life, and so generally tried?

Lor. As for that take thou no care, shee's a woman, is shee not?

Ang. Sure I doe take her to haue the flesh and blood of a woman.

Lor. Then good enough, or then bad enough, this token shall be my Gentleman Vsher to prepare my accessse, and then let me alone with her.

Ang. I marry Sir, I thinke you would be alone with her; Well Sir, I will doe my best, but if your Gentleman Vsher should not get entrance for you now, it would be a grieffe to me. (*Enter Gasparo an old Clowne.*)

Lor. Feare it not man: Gifts and gold, take the strong't hold; Away, here comes a snudge that must be my sonne in law: I would be loth he should suspect these tricks of youth in me, for feare he feare my daughter will trot after me.

Ang. Fare you well Sir.

Exit.

Gasp. Godge you God morrow Sir, godge you God morrow.

Lor. God morrow neighbour *Gasparo*: I haue talk't with my daughter, whom I doe yet finde a greene yong plant, and therefore vnapt to beare such ripe fruit, I thinke I might haue said rotten, as your selfe: But shee is at my disposition, and shall be at yours in the end, here's my hand, and with my hand take hers.

Gasp. Nay by my faith Sir, you must giue me leaue to shake her portion by the hand first.

Lor. It is ready told for you Sir, come home when you will and receiue it, (*Enter Emilia.*) and see, yonder shee comes; away, shee cannot yet abide you, because shee feares shee can abide you too well.

Gasp. Well, I will come for her potion Sir, and till then, God take you to his mercy.

Exit.

Lor. Adiew my good sonne in law, Ile not interrupt her, let her meditate a my late motion. *Exit.*

Emi. 'Tis strange to see the impiety of parents,
Both priuilegd by custome, and profess,
The holy institution of heauen ;
Ordeyning marriage for proportiond minds,
For our chiefe humane comforts ; and t'encrease
The loued images of God in men :
Is now peruerted to th'increase of wealth ;
We must bring riches forth, and like the Cuckoe
Hatch others egges ; Ioyne house to house, in choices
Fit timber-logs and stones, not men and women : (*Enter Aurelio.*)

Ay me, here's one I must shunne, woude embrace.

Exit.

Aur. O stay and heare me speake or see me dye.
(*Enter Lodouico and Giacono.*)

Lod. How now ? what haue we here ? what a loathsome creature man is being drunke : Is it not pittie to see a man of good hope, a toward Scholler, writes a theame well, scannes a verse very well, and likely in time to make a proper man, a good legge, specially in a boote, valiant, well spoken, and in a word, what not ? and yet all this ouerthrowne as you see, drownd, quite drownd in a quarte pott.

Giac. O these same wicked healths, breede monstrous diseases.

Lod. *Aurelio*, speake man, *Aurelio* ?

Giac. Pray heauen all be well.

Lod. O speake, if any sparke of speech remaine.
It is thy deare *Emilia* that calles.

Aur. Well, well, it becomes not a friend to touch the deadly wounds of his friend with a smiling countenance.

Lod. Touch thee ? sblood I could finde in my heart to beate thee ; vp in a fooles name, vp : what a Scene of foppery haue we here ?

Aur. Prethee haue done.

Lod. Vp Cuckoe *Cupids* bird, or by this light Ile fetch thy father to thee.

Aur. Good *Lodouico*, if thou lou'st me, leaue me ;

thou com'st to counsaile me from that, which is ioyn'd with my soule in eternity : I must and will doe what I doe.

Lod. Doe so then, and I protest thou shalt neuer licke thy lips after my Kinsfellow, while thou liu'st : I had thought to haue spoken for thee, if thou hadst taken a manly course with her : but to fold vp thy selfe like an Vrchine, and lye a caluing to bring forth a husband : I am asham'd to thinke on't : sblood I haue heard of wenches that haue been wonne with finging and dancing, and some with riding, but neuer heard of any that was wonne with tumbling in my life.

Aur. If thou knew'st how vaine thou seem'st.

Lod. I doe it of purpose, to shew how vaine I hold thy disease, S'hart art thou the first that has shot at a wenches heart and mist it ? must that shot that mist her wound thee ? let her shake her heeles in a shrowes name : were shee my Cozen a thousand times, and if I were as thee, I would make her shake her heeles too, afore I would shake mine thus.

Aur. O vanity, vanity.

Lod. S'death, if any wench should offer to keepe possession of my heart against my will, I'de fire her out with Sacke and Sugar, or smoke her out with Tobacko, like a hornet, or purge for her, for loue is but a humor : one way or other I would vent her, thats infallible.

Aur. For shame hold thy tongue, me thinks thy wit should feelee how stale are these loue stormes, and with what generall priuiledge loue pierces the worthiest. Seeke to help thy friend, not mocke him.

Lod. Marry, feeke to helpe thy selfe then, in a halters name, doe not lie in a ditch, and say God helpe me, vse the lawfull tooles he hath lent thee. Vp I say I will bring thee to her.

Aur. Shee'll not endure me :

Lod. Shee shall endure thee doe the worst thou canst to her, I and endure thee till thou canst not endure her ; But then thou must vse thy selfe like a

man, and a wife man, how, how deepe foeuer shee is in thy thoughts, carry not the prints of it in thy lookes; be bold and carelesse, and stand not fautring a farre of, as I haue seene you, like a Dogge in a firmetypot, that licks his chops and wags his taile, and faine would lay his lips to it, but he feares tis too hot for him: thats the only way to make her too hot for thee. He that holds religious and sacred thought of a woman, he that beares so reuerend a respect to her, that he will not touch her but with a kist hand and a timorous heart; he that adores her like his Goddesse: Let him be sure shee will shunne him like her slaue. Alas good soules, women of themselues are tractable and tactable enough, and would returne *Quid* for *Quod* still, but we are they that spoile'em, and we shall answere for't another day. We are they that put a kind of wanton Melancholie into'em, that makes'em thinke their noses bigger then their faces, greater then the Sunne in brightnesse; and where as Nature made'em but halfe fooles, we make'em all foole. And this is our palpable flattery of them, where they had rather haue plaine dealing. Well, in conclusion, Ile to her instantly, and 'if I doe not bring her to thee, or at the least some speciall fauour from her, as a feather from her fanne, or a string from her shoo, to weare in thy hat, and so forth, then neuer trust my skill in poultry whilst thou liu'st againe.

Exit.

*Enter Quintiliano, Innocentio, Fransfischina,
Angelo, and Fannio.*

A purse of
twenty
pound in
gold.

Fran. **T**Hou shalt not to the warres, or if thou do'st Ile beare thee company, deare
Quint. doe not offer to forsake me.
Quint. Hands off wife, hang not vpon me thus;

how can I maintaine thee but by vsing my valour?
and how can I vse that, but in action and employment?
goe in, play at cardes with your Cozen *Angelo* here,
and let it suffice I loue thee.

Ang. Come sweet Cozen, doe not cloy your husband with your loue so, especially to hinder his preferment; who shall the Duke haue to employ in these Marshall necessities if not Captaine *Quintiliano*, he beares an honorable minde, and tis pittie but he should haue employment. Let him get a company now, and he will be able to maintaine you like a Duches hereafter.

Innoc. Well said Signior *Angelo*, goffaue me you speake like a true Cozen indeede, does he not *Quint*?

Quint. He does so, and I thanke him; yet see how the foole puts finger ith'eye still.

Ang. Ile cheere her vp, I warrant you Captaine; come Cuze, lets in to tables.

Innoc. Farewell sweet Mistris.

Fran. Farewell my good seruant.

Ang. Now take away thy hand, and shew thou didst laugh all this while; good Lord who would not marry to haue so kinde a wife make much on him?

Exit.

Quint. After Boy, giue your attendance.

Fann. Could you not spare me money for mine hostesse, where you put me to boarde? y'are a whole fortnight in arrerages.

Quint. Attend I say, the hostes of the Lyon has a legge like a Gyant, want for nothing Boy, so shee score truly.

Fann. Faith Sir, shee has chaulk't vp twenty shillings already, and sweares shee will chaulke no more.

Quint. Then let her choke, and choke thou with her: S'blood hobby horse, and she had chaulkt vp twenty pounds, I hope the world knowes I am able to pay it with a wet finger.

Fann. Alas Sir, I thinke y'are able, but the world does not know it.

Quint. Then the worlds an ignorant Sir, and you are an innocent, vanish Boy, away.

Fann. I hope he will foist some money for my score, out of this gull here. *Exit.*

Innoc. 'Tis a plaguy good wagge *Quint.* ist not?

Quint. Ile make him a good one 'ere I ha done with him; but this same louing foole my wife now, will neuer leaue weeping, till I make her beleue I will not haue a company. Who would be combred with these soft hearted creatures, that are cuer in extreames, either too kinde, or too vnkind?

Innoc. Saue me, 'tis true, 'tis a hard thing must please'em in sadnesse.

Quint. Damne me, if I doe not pittie her with my heart; plague on her kindnesse, she has halfe perswaded me to take no company.

Innoc. Nay sweet *Quint*: then how shall I be a Lieftenant?

Quint. Well, and my promise were not past to thee, I am a villaine if all the world should part *Franke* and me; thinke I loue thee therefore, and will doe thee credit: It will cost me a great deale a this same foolish money to buy me drum and ensigne, and furnish me throughly, but the best is I know my credit.

Innoc. Sfut *Quint*, wee'll want no money man, Ile make my row of houses flie first.

Quint. Let'em walke, let'em walke; Candle rents: if the warres hold, or a plague come to the towne, theill be worth nothing.

Innoc. True, or while I am beyond Sea, some sleepy wench may set fire ith bed-straw.

Quint. Right, or there may come an earthquake, and ouerturne'em.

Innoc. Iust, or there may be coniuring, and the winde may downe with'em.

Quint. Or some crafty petty-fogger may finde a

hole in the title, a thousand casualties belongs to 'em.

Innoc. Nay, they shall walke, thats certaine, Ile turne 'em into money.

Quint. Thats thy most husbandly course yfaith Boy, thou maist haue twenty ith' hundred for thy life, Ile be thy man for two hundred.

Innoc. Wil't yfaith *Quint*? goffaue me tis done.

Quint. For your life, not otherwise.

Innoc. Well, I desire no more, so you'll remember me for my Lieftenantship.

Quint. Remember thee? tis thine owne already Boy, a hundred pounds shall not buy it from thee; giue me thy hand, I doe here create thee Lieftenant *Innocentio*.

Innoc. If you haue a company Captaine.

Quint. If I haue : damne me if such another word doe not make me put thee out ath' place againe ; if I haue a company, Sfut, let the Duke deny me one, I would twere come to that once, that employment should goe with the vndeferuer, while men of seruice sit at home, and feede their hunger with the blood of red lattices. Let the Duke denie me to day, Ile renounce him to morrow. Ile to the enemy point blanke, I'me a villaine else :

Innoc. And I by heauen I sweare.

Quint. Well if that day come, it will proue a hot day with some body.

Innoc. But Captaine, did you not say that you would enter me at an Ordinary, that I might learne to conuerse ?

Quint. When thou wilt Lieftenant ; No better time then now, for now th'art in good clothes, which is the most materiall point for thy entrance there.

Innoc. I but how should I behaue my selfe ?

Quint. Marry Sir, when you come first in, you shall see a crew of Gallants of all forts :

Innoc. Nay Captaine if I come first in I shall see no body.

Quint. Tush man, you must not doe so, if you haue good clothes and will be noted let am all come in afore you, and then as I said shall you see a lusty crew of Gallants, some Gentlemen. some none ; but thats all one : he that beares himselfe like a Gentleman, is worthy to haue bene borne a Gentleman : some aged haue beards, and some haue none, some haue money, and some haue none, yet all must haue meate : Now will all these I say at your first entrance wonder at you, as at some strange Owle : Examine your person, and obserue your bearing for a time. Doe you then ath' tother side seeme to neglect their obseruance as fast, let your countenance be prooffe against all eyes, not yeelding or confessing in it any inward defect. In a word be impudent enough, for thats your chiefe vertue of society.

Innoc. Is that ? faith and I neede not learne that, I haue that by nature I thanke God.

Quint. So much the better, for nature is farre aboute Art, or iudgement. Now for your behauiour ; let it be free and negligent, not clogg'd with ceremony or obseruance, giue no man honour, but vpon equall termes ; for looke how much thou giu'st any man aboute that, so much thou tak'st from thy selfe : he that will once giue the wall, shall quickly be thrust into the kennell : measure not thy carriage by any mans eye, thy speech by no mans eare, but be resolute and confident in doing and saying, and this is the grace of a right Gentleman as thou art.

Innoc. Sft, that I am I hope, I am sure my father has bene twife Warden on's company.

Quint. Thats not a peare matter man, ther's no prescription for Gentility, but good clothes and impudence : for your place, take it as it fals, but so as you thinke no place to good for you ; fall too with ceremony whatsoeuer the company be : and as neere as you can, when they are in their Mutton, be thou in thy Wood-cocke, it shoves resolution. Talke any thing,

thou car'st not what, so it be without offence, and as neere as thou canst without fence.

Innoc. Let me alone for that Capitaine I warrant you.

Quint. If you chance to tell a lye, you must binde it with some oath, as by this bread, for breads a binder you know.

Innoc. True.

Quint. And yet take heede you sweare by no mans bread but your owne, for that may breede a quarrell : about all things you must carry no coales.

Innoc. By heauen not I, Ile freeze to death first.

Quint. Well Sir, one point more I must remember you of. After dinner there will be play, and if you would be counted compleate, you must venture amongst them ; for otherwise, theill take you for a Scholler or a Poet, and so fall into contempt of you : for there is no vertue can scape the accompt of basenesse if it get money, but gaming and law ; yet must you not loose much money at once, for that argues little wit at all times.

Innoc. As goffaue me, and thats my fault ; for if I be in once, I shall loose all I haue about me.

Quint. Is true, Lieftenant ? birlady Sir Ile be your moderator, therefore let me see how much money haue you about you ?

Innoc. Not much, some twenty marke or twenty pound in gold.

Quint. 'Tis too much to loose by my faith, Lieftenant ; giue me your purse Sir, hold yee, heers two brace of Angels, you shall venture that for fashion sake, Ile keepe the rest for you, till you haue done play.

Innoc. That will be all one, for when thats lost I shall neuer leaue till I get the rest from you : for I know thou wilt let me haue it if I aske it.

Quint. Not a penny by this gold.

Innoc. Prethee doe not then, as gossaue me and you do :

Quint. And I doe, hang me ; Come lets to the Duke.
Exeunt.

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundi, Scæna prima.

*Enter Lucretia and Temperance,
seuerall wayes.*

Tem. **N** Ay Mistris, pray eene goe in againe, for I haue some inward newes for you.

Lucr. What are those pray.

Tem. Tis no matter Mistris till you come in, but make much a time in the meane time, good fortune thrusts her selfe vpon you in the likenesse of a fine yong Gentleman, hold vp your apron and receiue him while you may, a Gods name.

Lucr. How say by that ? y'are a very wise coun-failer.

Tem. Well Mistris, when I was a Maide, and that's a good while agoe I can tell you.

Lucr. I thinke very well.

Tem. You were but a little one then I wisse.

Lucr. Nor you neither I beleeeue.

Tem. Faith it's one of the furthest things I can remember.

Lucr. But what when you were a Maide ?

Tem. Marry Mistris I tooke my time, I warrant you. And ther's Signior *Leonoro* now, the very flower of Venice, and one that loues you deerely I enfore you.

Lucr. God forgiue him if he doe, for Ile be sworne I neuer deseru'd his loue, nor neuer will while I liue.

Tem. Why then, what say to Signior *Collatine* ? ther's a dainty peece of Venzon for you, and a feruent louer indeed.

Lucr. He ? I dare say, he knowes not what wood loues shafts are made of, his Signiory woud think it the deepest disparagement could be done to him, to say that euer he spent sigh for any Dame in Italy.

Tem. Well, you haue a whole browne dozen a futers at least, I am sure ; take your choice amongst 'em all, if you loue not all, yet you may loue three or foure on 'em to be doing withall.

Lucr. To be doing withall ? loue three or foure ?

Tem. Why not, so you loue 'em moderately. What must that strange made peece *Theagines* that you cry out vpon so often, haue all from other, and yet know not where he is ?

Lucr. O my *Theagine*, not *Theagines*, thy loue hath turn'd me woman like thy selfe, shall thy sight neuer turne me man againe. Come lets to the Minster, God heare my prayers as I intend to stop mine eares against all my futers.

Tem. Well Mistris, yet peraduenture, they may make you open afore the Priest haue a penny for you.

Exeunt.

Enter Lodouico and Emilia.

Lodo. **H**Er's a coyle to make wit and women friends : come hither wench, let me haue thee fingle ; now sit thee downe, and heare good counsaile next thy heart, and God giue thee grace to lay it to thy heart.

Æm. Fie Cozen, will this wilde tongue of yours neuer receiue the bridle ?

Lod. Yes, thou shalt now see me stroke my beard, and speake sententioufly : thou tell'st me thy little father is in hand with a great rich marriage for thee, and would haue thee commit matrimony with old *Gasparo*, art thou willing with it ?

Æm. I rather wish my selfe married to a thousand deaths.

Lod. Then I perceiue thou know'st him not ; did he neuer wooe thee ?

Æm. I protest, I neuer chang'd three words with him in my life ; he hath once or twice woo'de my father for me, but neuer me.

Lod. Why thats the reason thou lou'st him not, because thou tak'st in none of his valiant breath to enflame thee, nor vouchsaf'st his knowledge : Ile tell thee what he is, an old saplesse trunke, fit to make touch-wood of hollow, and bald like a blasted Oke, on whose top Rauens sit and croke the portents of funerals ; one that noints his nose with clowted creame, and *Pomatum*. His breath smels like the butt end of a shoo-makers horne. A leprous scaly hide like an Elephant. The sonne of a Sow-gelder, that came to towne (as I haue heard thy father himselfe say) in a tottred russet cote, high shooes, and yet his hose torne aboute 'em ; A long pike-staffe in his necke (and a tord in his teeth) and a wallet on his right shoulder, and now the cullion hath with *Noucrint vniuersi* eaten vp some hundred Gentlemen : he must needs rise a Gentleman as 'twere out of their Ashes, or disparage a Gentlewoman to make himselfe a Gentleman, at least by the wiues side.

Æm. The wurfe my fortune to be entangled with fuch a winding bramble.

Lod. Entangl'd? Nay if I thought twould euer come to that, I'de hire fome fhag-ragge or other for halfe a chickeene to cut's throat, only to faue thy hands from doing it; for I know thou wouldst poison him within one moneth; loue thee he will neuer, and that must be thy happineffe; for if he doe, looke to be coop't vp like a prisoner, condemn'd to execution, scarce suffred to take the aire, so much as at a window, or waited on cortinually by an old beldame: not to keepe thee company, but to keepe thee from company: thy pocket searcht, thy cabinets ransackt for letters: euer in opposition, vnlesse (like the Moone) once a Moneth in coniunction; wealth thou maist haue indeede, but enioy it as in a dreame, for when thou wak'st thou shalt finde nothing in thy hand; (*Enter Gasparo*) and (to keepe my tale in goodnesse) see how all the ill that can be spoken of him is exprest in his preface.

Æm. O ougly, and monstrous spectacle.

Lod. Now tell me whether thou wouldst make choice of him or a young gallant in prime of his choiceneffe; one that for birth, person, and good parts, might meritoriously marry a Countesse; and one to whom his foule is not so deere as thy selfe. (*Enter Aurelio*) For all the world fuch another as he that comes here now: marke him well, see whether *Gasparo* and he be not a little different. *Exit Æmilia.* How now? Sownds *Aurelio*? stay beast, wilt thou make such a blest opportunity curse thee? Ile fetch her out to thee. *Exit Lod.*

Aure. Wretch that I am, how shee lothes me? if I abide her, I shall consume in the lightnings of her anger. (*Enter Lodouico with Æmilia.*) *Exit Aure.*

Lod. Here's a life indeede; what's he gone? passion of death, what a babe 'tis? I could finde in my heart to ierke him, but temper me friendship, no

remedy now ; now wit turne his defects to perfection. Why Cuze hee's quite out of sight. By my life I commend him ; why this is done like thy felfe *Aurelia*, were shee the Queene of loue and woude runne from thee, flie thou from her ; why now I loue thee, for I see th'art worthy of my loue, thou carriest a respect to thine owne worth, and wilt expresse it with spirit ; I dare say, thou look'st to haue had him fall on his knees, and ador'd thee, or begge his life at thy hands : or else turn'd Queene *Dido*, and pierce his tender heart with sword full sharpe ; no faith wench, the case is altered, loue made *Hercules* spin, but it made him rage after : there must goe time to the bridling of euery passion ; I hope my friend will not loue a wench against her will, if shee woude haue met his kindnesse halfe way, so : if shee skit and recoile, he shootes her off warily, and away he goes : I marry Sir, this was a Gentlemanly part indeede. Farewell Cuze, be thou free in thy choice too, and take a better and thou canst a Gods name.

Exiturus.

Æm. Nay deere Cuze, a word.

Lod. A word ? what's the matter ? I must needs after him, and clap him ath' backe, this spirit must be cherisht.

Æm. Alas what would you wish me to doe ?

Lod. Why, nothing.

Æm. Would you counsaile me to marry him against my fathers will ?

Lod. Not for the world, leaue him, leaue him, leaue him : you see hee's resolu'd, hee'll take no harme an you, neuer feare to embrew your hands with his liuer I warrant you.

Æm. Come you are such an other.

Lod. This same riches with a husband, is the only thing in the world, I protest ; good *Gasparo*, I am forry I haue abused thee yfaith, for my Cozens sake ; how prettily the wretch came crawling by with his crooked knees euen now : I haue seene a yong Gentlewoman, liue as merry a life with an old man, as

with the proudest yong vpstart on 'em all : farewell Cuze, I am glad th'art so wife yfaith.

Æm. If you goe, I die : fie on this affection, it rageth with suppression. Good Cuze, I am no longer able to continue it, I loue *Aurelio* better then it is possible for him to loue me.

Lod. Away, away, and could not this haue beene done at first, without all these superfluous disgracing ? O this same vnhearty nicenesse of women, is good for nothing but to keepe their huswife hands still occupied in this warp of dissembling.

Well wench redeeme thy fault, and write a kinde letter to him presently, before this resolution of his take too deepe roote in him.

Æm. Nay sweet Cuze, make me not so immodest, to write so sodainly, let me haue a little time to thinke vpon't.

Lod. Thinke me on nothing till you write : thinke as you write, and then you shall be sure to write as you thinke.

Women doe best when they least thinke on't.

Æm. But rather then write I will meete him at your pleasure.

Lod. Meete him ? dost thou thinke that I shall euer draw him againe to meete thee, that rush't from thee euen now with so iust a displeasure ?

Æm. Nay good Cuze, vrge not my offence so bitterly, our next meeting shall pay the forfeit of all faults.

Lod. Well th'art my pretty Cuze, and Ile doe my best to bring him to thee againe, if I cannot, I shall be forry yfaith, thou wr't so iniuriously strange to him. But where shall this interview be now.

Æm. There is the mischief, and we shall hardly auoide it, my father plies my haunts so closely : and vses meanes by our maide to entrap vs, so that this *Tarrase* at our backe gate is the onely place we may safely meete at : from whence I can stand and talke to you. But sweet Cuze you shall sweare, to keepe this my kindnesse from *Aurelio*, and not intimate by

any meanes that I am any thing acquainted with his comming.

Lod. Slife, do'st thinke I am an Affe? to what end should I tell him? hee and Ile come wandring that way to take the aire, or fo, and Ile discouer thee.

Æm. By meere chance as t'were.

Lod. By chance, by chance, and you shall at no hand see him at first, when I bring him for all this kindnesse you beare him.

Æm. By no meanes Cuze.

Lod. Very good: And if you endure any conference with him, let it be very little; and as neere as you can, turne to your former strangenesse in any case.

Æm. If doe not Cuze, trust me not.

Lod. Or if you thinke good, you may flirt away againe as soone as you see him, and neuer let your late fault be any warning t'ee.

Æm. I will doe all this, I warrant thee Cuze.

Lod. Will you so Cozen foole? canst thou be brought to that silly humour againe by any perswasions? by Gods Lord, and you be strange againe, more then needs must, for a temperat modesty, Ile break's necke downe from thee, but he shall doe as he did to thee.

Æm. Now, fie vpon you Cuze, what a foole doe you make me?

Lod. Well Dame, leaue your superfluous nicety in earnest, and within this houre I will bring him to this Tarrasse.

Æm. But good Cuze if you chance to see my chamber window open, that is vpon the Tarrasse, doe not let him come in at it in any case.

Sod. Sblood how can he? can he come ouer the wall think'st?

Æm. O Sir, you men haue not deuices with ladders of ropes to scale such walles at your pleasure, and abuse vs poore wenches.

Lod. Now a plague of your simplicity, would you discourage him with prompting him? well Dame, Ile prouide for you.

Æm. As you loue me Cuze, no wordes of my kindnesse from me to him.

Lod. Goe to, no more adoe. *Exit Lodouico and Emilia.*

*Enter Leonoro Lionell and
Temperance.*

Tem. **G**Od yee God morrow Sir, truly I haue not heard a sweeter breath then your Page has.

Leo. I am glad you like him Mistris *Temperance*.

Tem. And how dee Sir?

Leo. That I must know of you Lady, my welfare depends wholly vpon your good speede.

Tem. How say Sir? and by my foule I was coming to you in the morning when your yong man came to me; I pray let him put on, vnlesse it be for your pleasure.

Leo. He is yong, and can endure the cold well enough bare-headed.

Tem. A pretty sweet child 'tis I promise you.

Leo. But what good newes Mistris *Temperance*, will your Mistris be wonne to our kinde meeting?

Tem. Faith Ile tell you Sir, I tooke her in a good moode this morning, and broke with her againe about you, and shee was very pleasant as she will be many times.

Leo. Very well, and is there any hope of speede?

Tem. No by my troth Gentleman, none in the world, an obstacle yong thing it is, as euer I broke with all in my life: I haue broke with a hundred in my dayes, tho I say it, yet neuer met her comparifon.

Leo. Are all my hopes come to this Mistris *Temperance*?

Tem. Nay 'tis no matter Sir, this is the first time that euer I spake to any in these matters, and it shall be the last God willing.

Leo. And euen now shee had broke with a hundred and a hundred.

Tem. But doe you loue her Sir indeede ?

Leo. Do'st thou make a question of that ?

Tem. Pardon me I pray Sir, I meane dee loue her as a Gentleman ought to doe, that is, to confuminate matrimony with her as they fay ?

Leo. Thats no matter to you Mistris *Temperance*, doe you procure our meeting, and let my fauour be at her hands as I can enforce it.

Tem. You say like an honest Gentleman ; a woman can haue no more : and faith Sir I wish you well, and euey day ter dinner my Mistris vses to go to her chaire or else lie down vpon her bedde, to take a nappe or so, to auoide idlenesse as many good huswives do, you know, and then doe I sit by her and sew, or so : and when I see her fast a-sleepe, Lord doe I thinke to my selfe, (as you know we waiting women haue many light thoughts in our heads) Now if I were a man, and should beare my Mistris an ill will, what might I doe to her now.

Leo. Indeede then you haue very good opportunity.

Tem. The best that may be, for shee sleepe like a sucking Pigge, you may jogge her a hundred times, and shee'll stirre no more then one of your stones, here.

Leo. And could you put a friend in your place thinke you ?

Tem. Nay birlady Sir, backe with that legge, for if any thing come on't but well, all the burthen will lye vpon me.

Leo. Why what can come of it ? only that by this meanes I may folicite her loue my selfe.

Tem. I but who knowes if the Deuill (God blesse vs) should be great wee', how you would vse her ?

Leo. What do'st thou take me for a beast, to force her that I would make my wife ?

Tem. Beast Sir, Nay ther's no beastlineffe in it neither, for a man will shew like a man in those cases :

and besides, you may marre the bedde, which euery body will see that comes in ; and that I would not for the best gowne I shall weare this twelue Moneth.

Leo. Well, to put thee out of that feare, it shall be worth such a gowne to thee.

Tem. I thanke you for that Sir, but thats all one, and thus Sir, my old Master *Honorio*, at two a clocke will be at Tilting, and then will his sonne Signior *Aurelio*, and his man *Angelo*, be abroad ; at which houre if you will be at the backe gate, and muffle your selfe handsomely, you may linger there till I call you.

Leo. I marry Sir, so I may be there long enough.

Tem. Nay, but two a clocke, now, now is my houre Sir.

Leo. Very well, and till then farewell.

Tem. Boye to you hartily.

Leo. Boy to him indeede if he knew all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lodouico and Aurelio.

Lod. I Haue prouided thee a ladder of ropes, therefore resolute to meete her, goe wash thy face, and prepare thy selfe to die, Ile goe make ready the ladder.

Aur. But when is the happy houre of our meeting ?

Lod. Marry Sir, thats something vncertaine, for it depends wholly vpon her fathers absence, and when that will be God knowes : but I doubt not it will happen once within this twelue-Moneth.

Aur. Sownds a twelue-Moneth.

Lod. Nay harke you, you are all vpon the spurre now, but how many louers haue seru'd feauen twelue-Moneths prenticeships, for the freedome of their Mistris fauours ? notwithstanding to shorten your torments, your man *Angelo* must be the meane, to draw

the lapwing her father from his nest, by this deuice that I tell you. (*Enter Angelo.*)

Aug. I did euer dreame that once in my life good fortune would warme her cold hand in my naked bosome. And that once is now come, Ile lay hold vpon't, yfaith ; I haue you my little squire, I haue you vpon mine Anueill, vpon which I will mallet you and worke you ; coyning crownes, chickens, bracelets, and what not out of you ; for procuring you the deere gullage of my sweete heart mistresse *Francischina*.

Aure. I am glad it rests in my kinde seruant *Angelo*. *Angelo*, well met, it lies in thee now, make me no more thy master, but thy friend, and for euer happy in thy friendship.

Ang. In what part of me does that lie Sir, that I may pull it out, for you presently ?

Aure. My friend *Lodouico* heere hath told me, what thou reuealedst to him to day, touching his vncke *Lorenzo*, and his louefute to *Francischina*.

Ang. Slight I told it him in secret fir.

Lod. And so did I tell it him *Angelo*, I am a Iewe else.

Ang. It may well be fir, but what of that ?

Lod. This *Angelo*, he would haue thee procure my olde vnckles abfence from home this afternoone, by making him meete or pretending his meeting with his mistresse, and thy sweete heart *Francischina*.

Aure. Which if thou do'st *Angelo*, be sure of reward to thy wishes.

Ang. What talke you of reward fir ? to the louing and dutifull seruant, 'tis a greater encouragement to his seruice to heare his master say, God a mercy *Angelo*, spie out *Angelo*, Ile thinke of thy paines one day *Angelo*, then all your base rewards and preferments : yet not to hinder your hand fir, I will extend mine to his seruice presently, and get your old vncke (*Signior Lorenzo*) out of the waie long enough I warrant you.

Lod. Tis honestly said, which when thou hast performed, enforce vs

Exeunt.

Aug. I will not faile fir, I was resolu'd to make him away afore they spake to me, in procuring his accessse to *Francischina*, for what is his presence at her house, but his absence at his owne? and thus shall I with one trewell daube two walles, (*Enter Francisc.*) see how fitly shee meetes me. I will stand close heere as if it were in my shop of good fortune, & in respect of all ornamēts I can help her to, I will out of the fulnesse of my ioy, put her out of her studie and encounter her thus; D'ee lacke gentlewoman, d'ee lacke: very fayre new gownes, kirtles, petticots, wrought smocks, bracelets, d'ee lacke gentlewoman, d'ee lacke?

Hold vp the bracelets.

Fran. What means my loue by these strange salutations?

Aug. Prethee aske me no questions; hold take these bracelets, put vp this purse of gold quickly, and if thou wilt haue any of these things, I haue cried to thee, speake and tis performed.

Fran. From whose treasury comes all this, I prethee?

Aug. *Lorenzo, Lorenzo*, a gentleman of much antiquitie, and one that for his loue hath burn'd hundreds of hearts to powder; yet now it fals out, that his tree of life is scorcht and blasted with the flames of thy beauty, readie to wither eternally, vnlesse it be speedily comforted with the sweete drops of thy nose.

Fran. Gods my life, is that old squire so amorous?

Aug. You wrong him to terme him old, he can draw his bow, ride his horse, vse his sword, and traile his pike vnder Loues colours, as well as euer he did.

Fran. I beleeeue that easily.

Aug. Well, go thy waies in and prepare to entertaine him now thy husband is from home, only with good words, and best kindneses, making him put all into deeds till his treasury be deedlesse.

Fran. You speake as if I had nothing to respect but his entertainment, when you know how close and

timely it must be put in execution, considering with what envious eyes my neighbours suruey mee.

Ang. Think'st thou, I consider not all this? he shall come in disguis'd, wench, and do thou deuise for our mirth, what ridiculous disguise he shall come in, and he shall assume it.

Fran. What a magnifico of the Citie, and one of the Senate, thinkest thou he will not see into that inconuenience?

Ang. No more then no Senator, for in this case, my assurance is that *Cupid* will take the scarce from his owne eyes, and hoodwinke the old buzzard, while two other true turtles enjoy their happinesse: get thee in I beseech thee loue, tell thy gold, and say thy prayers. (*Enter Lorenzo.*) Now for a farre fetch't deuice to fetch ouer my loue-squire. *Exit. Fran.* I see him within eare-shot; well may beauty inflame others, riches may tempt others; but for mee, mine eares and mine eyes, are prooue against all the Syrens, and Venusses, in all the seas of the world; beauty is a whore, riches a baud, and Ile trust none an you.

Lor. What ailes poore *Angelo*?

Ang. Nay Mistresse *Franke*, if you proue disloyall once, farewell all constancy in women.

Lor. How now man? what's the matter?

Ang. O Sir are you so neare? I shall trust your experience in women the better while I liue.

Lor. I pre thee why so?

Ang. Say true Sir, did you neuer sollicit your louefute to fayre mistresse *Francischina*?

Lor. Neuer I protest *Angelo*.

Ang. Vpon my life 'tis a strange thing; I would haue sworn all Italy, could not so sodainly haue fastned a fauour vpon her, I look't for a siege of Troy at least, to surprize the turrets of her continence; but to yeeld at the first sight of her assaylants colours, and before any Cannon was mounted afore her, 'tis one of the loosest parts of a modest woman that euer I heard of.

Lor. How faist thou? did not I tell thee as much? beware of an old colt while you liue, he can tell when to strike I warrant you.

Ang. Women and fethers? now fie on that affinity.

Lor. Alas *Angelo*, a feeble generation, the sooner ouercome God knowes, the honefter minde, the sooner ouercome.

Ang. Gods my life, what light hufwife would yeeld at first to a stranger, and yet does this whirligig stand vpon termes of honour forsooth? tenders her reputation as the Apple of her eye; she has a ielous and a cutting husband, enuious neighbours, and will die many deathes rather then by any friends open acceffe to her, be whip't naked with the tongues of scandall and slander; and a whole sanctuary of such ceremonies.

Lor. O she does worthily in that *Angelo*, and like a woman of honour, thou hast painted her perfection in her faults thou find'st, and tickil'st me with her appetite.

Ang. And to auoid all fight of your entrance, you must needs come in some disguise she sayes; so much she tenders your high credit in the Citie, and her owne reputation, forsooth.

Lor. How, come in some disguise?

Ang. A toy, a very toy which runnes in her head with such curious feete Sir, becaufe if there be any resemblances of your person seene to enter her house, your whole substantiall selfe will be called in question; any other man she saies, might better aduenture with the least thing chang'd about'em then you with all; as if you were the onely noted mutton-monger in all the Citie.

Lor. Well *Angelo*, heauen forgiue vs the finnes of our youth.

Ang. That's true Sir, but for a paltry disguise, being a magnifico, she shall goe snicke vp.

Lor. Soft good *Angelo*, soft, let's think on't a little: what disguise would serue the turne saies shee?

Ang. Faith, I know not what disguise shee would haue for you : shee would haue you come like a Calfe with a white face, I thinke, shee talke of Tinkers, pedlers, porters, chimney-sweepers, fooles and Physicians, such as haue free egress and regress into mens houses without suspition.

Lor. Out vpon 'em, would she haue me vndergoe the shame and hazard of one of those abiects ?

Ang. Yfaith I told her so, a squire of that worship, one of the Senate, a graue Iusticer, a man of wealth, a magnifico ?

Lor. And yet by my troth, for the safegard of her honour, I would doe much ; me thinks a Friers weede were nothing.

Ang. Out vpon't, that disguise is worne thread bare vpon euery stage, and so much villany committed vnder that habit ; that 'tis growne as supicious as the vilest. If you will hearken to any, take such a transformation, as you may be sure will keepe you from discouery : for though it be the stale refuge of miserable Poets, by change of a hat or a cloake, to alter the whole state of a Comedie, so as the father must not know his owne child forfooth, nor the wife her husband, yet you must not thinke they doe it earnest to carry it away so : for say you were stuffed in a motley coate, crowded in the case of a base Violl, or buttond vp in a cloak-bag, euen to your chinne, yet if I see your face, I am able to say this is signior *Lorenzo*, and therefore vnlesse your disguise be such that your face may beare as great a part in it as the rest, the rest is nothing.

Lor. Good reason, in faith *Angelo* ; and what, shall I then smurch my face like a chimney sweeper, & weare the rest of his smokineffe ?

Ang. Ile tell you sir, if you be so mad to condescend to the humour of a foolish woman, by consideration that *Ioue* for his loue tooke on him the shape of a Bull, which is farre worse then a chimney sweeper, I can fit you rarely.

Lor. As how I pre thee ?

Ang. There is one little snail you know, an old chimney sweeper.

Lor. What, hee that sings, Maids in your smocks, hold open your locks, fludgs.

Ang. The very same sir, whose person (I borrowing his words) you will so liuely resemble, that himselfe in person cannot detect you.

Lor. But is that a fit resemblance to please a louer *Angelo*?

Ang. For that sir, she is provided: for you shall no sooner enter but off goes your rustie skabberd, sweete water is readie to scoure your filthy face, milk, & a bath of fernebraiks for your fustie bodie, a chamber perfum'd, a wrought shirt, night cap, and her husbands gowne, a banquet of Oysters pyes, Potatoes, Skirret rootes, Eringos, and diuers other whetstones of venery.

Lor. O let me hugge thee *Angelo*.

Ang. A bed as soft as her hayre, sheets as delicate as her skinne, and as sweete as her breath, pillowes imitating her breasts, and her breasts to boote, Hypocras in her cups, and Nectar in her lips, Ah, the gods haue bene beasts for lesse felicitie.

Lor. No more good *Angelo*, no more, how shall I requite the happinesse thou wilt bring me too? haste any mind of marriage?

Ang. Not much sir, but an extraordinary wife might tempt me.

Lor. By my troth and she were not promist, thou shouldest haue my daughter: but come lets to our disguise, in which I long to be singing.

Ang. Ile folow you presently. *Exit.* Signior Lodouico. (*Enter Lodouico and Giouenelle.*)

Lod. How now *Angelo*?

Ang. Why sir, I am providing meanes to leade your old vncke out a th' way, as you will'd me, by drawing him into the way of *Quintiliano's* wife, my sweet heart, and so make roome for him by *Quintili-*

anoes roome : you that lead him any way, must needes seeke him out and employ him to some tauerne.

Lod. He will be with me presently *Angelo*, and here's a freshman come from Padua, whom I will powder with his acquaintance, and so make him an excellent morfell to rellish his caroufes.

Ang. Goe to Sir, by this light you'll be complain'd on, there cannot be a foole within twenty mile of your head, but you engrosse him for your owne mirth : Noble-mens tables cannot be seru'd for you.

Lod. Sfut. Ile complaine of them man, they hunt me out and hang vpon me, so that I cannot be ridde on'em, but they shall get some body else to laugh at, or Ile turne'em ouer to our Poets, and make all the world laugh at'em.

Ang. Well Sir, here comes your man, make him sure from his wife, and I'll make the tother sure with her. *Exit.*

Enter Quintiliano, Innocentio, Fannio, Taylor, Taylors sonne, he Reads a bill.

Lod. See Signior *Giouanelle*, here comes the famous Captaine you would so faine bee acquainted withall ; be acquainted with him at your perill : Ile defend you from his swaggering humor, but take heede of his cheating.

Gio. I warrant you Sir, I haue not beene matriculated at the Vniuersity. to be meretriculated by him : faulted there to be colted here.

Lod. Very well Sir, lets heare him.

Quin. I haue examin'd the particulars of your bill Master *Taylor*, and if finde them true *Orthographie*, thy payment shall be correspondent : marry I will set no day, because I am loth to breake.

Taylor. Alas Sir, pray let this be the day : consider my charge, I haue many children, and this my poore child here whom I haue brought vp at schoole, must loose all I haue bestowed on him hitherto, if I pay not his Master presently the quartridge I owe him.

Quint. Foole do'st thou delight to heare thy sonne begge in Latin, pose him Lieftenant.

Innoc. How make you this in Latin boy? My father is an honest Taylor.

Boy. That will hardly be done in true Latin Sir.

Innoc. No? why so Sir?

Boy. Because it is false English sir.

Quint. An excellent Boy.

Innoc. Why is it false English?

Boy. Marry sir, as *bona Mulier* is said to be false Latin, because though *bona* be good, *Mulier* is naught; so to say my father is an honest Taylor, is false English; for though my father be honest, yet the Taylor is a theefe.

Quint. Beleeue it a rare shred, not of home-spunne cloth vpon my life: Taylor, goe, send the schoole-master to me at night and Ile pay him.

Tay. Thanke you good Captaine, and if you doe not pay him, at night my wife will come to you her selfe, that's certaine, and you know what a tongue shee has.

Quint. Like the sting of a Scorpion, shee nailes mine eares to the pillory with it, in the shame and torment shee does me. Goe I will voide this Bill and auoide her.

Tay. I thanke you sir. *Exit cum filio.*

Quint. Lieftenant is not this a braue gullery? The slaue has a pretty wife, and shee will neuer haue me pay him, because shee may euer come to my chamber, as shee sayes, to raile at me, and then shee goes home and tels her husband shee has tickled me yfaith.

Innoc. By my life, a rare jest.

Quint. Thou maist see this Boy is no shred of a Taylor, is he not right of my looke and spirit?

Innoc. Right as a line, yfaith.

Lod. And will agree in the halter.—Saue you Captaine *Quintiliano*.

Quint. And do'st thou liue my noble *Lodouico*?

Boy, take my cloake, when shals haue a rouse, ha? my Lieftenant and I were drunke last night, with drinking health on our knees to thee.

Giou. Why, would not your legs beare you Sir?

Quint. How many miles to midsommer? S'blood, whose foole are you? are not you the taffell of a Gander?

Giou. No indeede not I Sir: I am your poore friend Sir glad to see you in health.

Quint. Health? S'fut, how meane you that? dee thinke I came lately out ath' powdering Tubbe?

Giou. Gossaue mee Sir 'twas the furthest part of my thought.

Quint. Why y'are not angry, are you?

Lod. No, nor you shall not be.

Quint. S'blood, I hope I may and I will.

Lod. Be and you dare Sir.

Quint. Dare?

Lod. I, dare.

Quint. Plague on thee, th'art the mad'st *Lodouico* in the world, s'fut doe thou stabbe me, and th'ast a minde too't. or bid me stabbe my selfe, is this thy friend? do'st thou loue *Lodouico*?

Giou. With my heart I protest Sir.

Quint. S'heart, a lyes in's throate that does not; and whence com'st thou wagge, ha?

Giou. Euen now arriued from Padua Sir to see fashions.

Quint. Giue me thy hand, th'art welcome; and for thy fashions, thou shalt first drinke and wench it: to which end we will carouse a little, some fixe or seauen miles hence, and euery man carry his wench.

Innoc. But where shall we haue them Captaine?

Quint. Haue'em Lieftenant? if we haue'em not, my Valentine shall be one, and shee shall take a neighbour or two with her to see their nurst childe or so; wee'll want for no wenches I warrant thee. (*Enter Cuthbert Barber.*)

Lod. But who comes here?

Quint. O tis my Barber.

Lod. S'blood how thy trades men haunt thee.

Quint. Alas they that liue by men, must haunt'em,

Cut. God faue you Sir.

Quint. How now *Cutberd*, what newes out of Barbary?

Cut. Sir, I would borrow a word with you in priuate.

Quint. Be briefe then *Cutbeard*, thou look'st leane me thinks, I thinke th'art newly married.

Cut. I am indeede Sir.

Quint. I thought so, keepe on thy hat man, twill be the lesse perceiu'd, what, is not my Taylor and you friends yet? I will haue you friends thats certaine, Ile maintaine you both else.

Cut. I know no enmity betwixt vs Sir, you know Captaine I come about another matter.

Quint. Why but *Cutbeard*, are not you neighbours? your trades Cofen german, the Taylor and the Barber? does not the Taylor sow? doeſt not thou Barber reape? and doe they not both band themſelues againſt the common enemy of mankinde, the louſe? are you not both honeſt men alike? is not he an arrant knaue? you next dore to a knaue, becauſe next dore to him?

Cut. Alas Sir, all this is to no purpoſe, there are certaine odde crownes betwixt vs you know.

Quint. True *Cutbeard*, wilt thou lend me as many moe to make'em euen Boy?

Cut. Faith Sir, they haue hung long enough a conſcience.

Quint. Cut'em downe then *Cutbeard*, it belongs to thy profeſſion if they hang too long.

Cut. Well Sir if this be all, Ile come by'em as I can, and you had any honeſty.

Giou. S'blood honeſty you knaue? doe you taxe any Gentleman in this company for his honeſty?

Cut. Blame me not fir, I am vndone by him, and yet I am ſtill of as good credit in my Pariſh as he too.

Quint. S'blood Rascall, as good credit as I ?

Lod. Nay pre thee Captaine forbear.

Innoc. Good Captaine be gone.

Quint. Let me alone ; Ile not strike him by this hand, why hearke yee Rogue : put your credit in balance with mine ? do'st thou keepe this company ? here's Signior *Lodouico*, one of the *Clarissimi*, a man of worship : here's a Gentleman of Padua, a man of rare parts, an excellent scholler, a fine Ciceronian.

Cut. Well fir.

Quint. And here's my Lieftenant, I hope thou know'st the Worshipfull man his father with the blew beard, and all these are my companions ; and dare you a barbarous slaue, a squirting companion, compare with me ? but here's the point ; now behold and see : Signior *Giouenelle*, lend me foure or five pounds, let it be five pounds, if you haue so much about you.

Giou. Here's my purse fir, I thinke there be iust so much in't.

Quint. Very good, now *Cutbeard*, are you a slanderous cut-throat or no ? will thy credit doe this now ? without scrip or scrowle. But thou wilt thinke this is done for a colour now ; doe you not lend it me simply ?

Giou. What a question's that ?

Quint. For how long ?

Giou. At your pleasure Captaine.

Quint. Why so, here you poling Rascall, here's two crownes out of this money : now I hope wilt beleeeue 'tis mine, now the property is altered.

Cut. Why you might a done this before then.

Quint. No *Cutbeard*, I haue beene burnd ith' hand for that, Ile pay n'ere a knaue an yee all money, but in the presence of such honest Gentleman that can witnesse it ; of my conscience I haue paid it thee halfe a dozen times ; goe to fir be gone.

Cut. Fare yee well fir.

Quint. Thanke you Signior *Giouenelle* ; though y'are sure of this money againe at my hands, yet take

heede how this same *Lodouico* get it from you, he's a great sharker ; but th'ast no more money about thee hast thou ?

Giou. Not a doit, by this candle.

Quint. All the better, for hee'd cheat thee on't, if thou had'st euer so much, therefore when thou com'st to Padua, ply thy booke and take good courses, and 'tis not this againe shall serue thy turne at my handes, I sweare to thee.

Giou. Thanke you good Captaine.

Quint. Signior *Lodouico*, adiew.

Lod. Not so fir, we will not part yet, a caroufe or two me thinks is very necessary betwixt vs.

Quint. With all my heart Boy, into the Emperours head here.

Lod. Content.

Exeunt.

Actus secundi Finis.

Actus Tertius.

Lodouico, Angelo.

Ang.



Ay Sir, haue you plaid the man and hous'd the Captaine ?

Lod.

I haue hous'd and lodg'd him in the Emperours head Tauerne, and there I haue left him glorified with his two guls, so that preume of what thou wilt at his house, for he is out of the way by this time both waies.

Ang. T'is very well handled fir, and presume you & your friend my master *Aurelio* of what may fatisfie you at your vncles, for he is now going out of the way, and out of himfelfe alfo: I haue fo befmeard him with a chimney fweepers refemblance, as neuer was poore *Snaile*, whose counterfaite he triumphes in, neuer thinking I haue daubd his face fufficient, but is at his glaffe as curiously bufied to beautifie his face (for as of Moo's fo of chimney fweepers) the blackeft is moft beautifull as any Lady to paint her lips.

Lod. Thou art a notable villaine.

Ang. I am the fitter for your imployment Sir: ftand clofe I befeech you, & when I bring him into the ftreets, encounter and bayte him in ftcad of *Snayle*, but in any cafe let none elfe know it.

Lod. Not for the world.

Ang. If you fhould tell it to one, fo you charge him to fay nothing, 'twere nothing, and fo if one by one to it play holy water frog with twentie, you know any fecret is kept fufficiently; and in this, we fhall haue the better fport at a Beare baiting, fare ye well Sir.

Enter Honorio and Gasparo.

Hon. Signior *Lodonico* good euen to you.

Lod. The like to Signior *Honorio*, and harke you Sir, I muft be bound with my vnclc *Lorenzo*, and tell you a pleafant fcrete of him, fo in no fort you will vtter it.

Hon. In no fort as I am a Gentleman.

Lod. Why Sir hee is to walke the ftreets prefently in the likeneffe of *Snayle* the chimney fweeper, and with his cric.

Hon. What is hee Sir? to what end I befeech you Sir wil hee diffigure himfelfe fo?

Lod. Yfaith Sir I take it for some matter of pollicy that concernes towne gouernment.

Hon. Towne-bull gouernment, do you not meane so Sir?

Lon. O no Sir, but for the generall bufinesse of the Citie I take it.

Hon. Well fir well we will not examine it too farre, but geffe at it.

Lod. So fir when he comes forth do you take one corner to encounter him as I will doe another, and taking him for *Snayle*, imagine hee went about stealing of Citie venison, (though he do not,) and make what sport you thinke good with him, alwaies prouided it be cleanly, and that he may still thinke he goes inuifible.

Hon. I warraut yee Signior *Lodouico*, and thanke you hartily for this good cause of our honest recreation.

Lod. Scarce honest neither fir, but much good do it you, as it is,

Hon. O that my sonne, your friend *Aurelio*, were heere to helpe to candy this ieast a little.

Lod. Alas fir, his sicke stomacke can abide no sweete meates, hee's all for aye me, wee'll make the Ieast rellish well enough I warrant you: *Lorenzo* my vncke an old Senator, one that has read *Marcus Aurelius*, *Gesta Romanorum*, the *Mirror of Magistrates*, &c. to be led by the nose like a blind Beare that has read nothing. Let my man reade how hee deserues to be bayted.

Hon. 'Tis a pretty wonder yfaith Signior *Lodouico*.

Lod. Slife, 'twere a good deed, to get boyes to pinne cards at his backe, hang squibs at his tayle, ring him through the towne with bafons, befnowball him with rotten egges, and make him asham'de of the Commission before hee seale it.

Gasp. What saies Signior *Lodouico*, I beseech you fir? me thinkes his pleasant disposition should intend some waggerie.

Hon. I will tell you Signior *Gasparo*, but in any case you must say nothing.

Gasp. In no case will I say any thing sir.

Hon. Then this is the case: Signior *Lorenzo* (your probable father in law) in the case of *Snayle* the chimney sweeper, will straight tread the streets for his pleasure.

Gasp. For his pleasure?

Lor. For his pleasure sir, say it be so, wonder not, but least at it, consider what pleasure the world says he is most given to, and help to bait him hereafter, but in any case cleanly, and say nothing.

Gasp. O monstrous, I conceive you, my father in law, will his daughter have his tricks think you?

Hon. Faith for that you must even take fortune *de la pax*, kiss the Pax, and be patient like your other neighbours. So, here stand I, chose you another place.

Gasp. O me, what if a man should call him to sweep a chimney in earnest, what would he do? He put him too't a my credit, and here will I stand. (*Enter Lorenzo with his glass in his hand, and Angelo with a pot of painting.*)

Ang. How now sir, are you well yet think you?

Lor. A little more here good *Angelo*.

Ang. Very well sir, you shall have enough.

Lor. It will be the most perfect disguise that ever was imitated.

Ang. He warrant you that yfaith sir; ya're fitted beyond the forehead for a right counterfeit; It is well now sir?

Lor. Yet a little more here *Angelo*, and then master Painter let *Michael Angelo* himself amend thee.

Ang. For a perfect natural face, I care not if all the world explain it.

Lor. So now take this glass, and give me my furniture, and have at your smoky chimney.

Ang. Have at your smoky chimney Mistressle

Franke: heere fir take vp your occupation, and downe with *Snayle* for a chimney sweeper.

Lor. Away, see if the coast be cleare.

Ang. I will fir.

Lor. Take good view, looke about to the doores and windowes.

Ang. Not a dogge at a doore, not a cat at a window. Appeare in your likenesse, and not with your quality.

Lor. Chimney sweepe ; work for chimney sweepe, wilt do firha ?

Ang. Admirably.

Lor. Does my fute become me ?

Ang. Become you fir would to heauen mistresse

Franke could bring you to the wearing of it alwaies.

Lor. Ile forth yfaith then ; Maids in your smocks, fet open your locks,

Downe, downe, downe :

Let Chimney sweeper in :

And he will sweepe your chimneys cleane,

Hey derry, derry, downe.

How do'st like my crie, ha ?

Ang. Out of all crie, I forbid *Snayle* himselfe to creepe beyond you.

Lor. As God helpe, I begin to be proud on't : Chimney sweepe.

Ang. Gods pittie, who comes yonder ?

Lor. My nephew *Lodowicke* ; Gods me, Ile start backe againe.

Ang. Nay ther's no starting now, hee'll see you go into your house then ; fall into your note ; stand to *Snayles* person and I warrant you. (*Enter Lodowico.*)

Exit Ang.

Lor. Chimney sweepe.

Lod. How now *Snayle*, how do'st thou ?

Lor. Thanke your good worship.

Lod. Me thinkes thy song is more hearty then 'twas wont to be, and thou look'st much better.

Lor. Thanke God and good friends fir ; and a merry heart that prolongs life. Chimney sweepe.

Lod. Nay good *Snayle*, lets talke a little, you know *Rose* mine vncle *Lorenfoes* maide *Snayle* !

Lor. That I do well fir.

Lod. She complaines of you *Snayle*, and fayes, y'are the bawdiest old knaue in venery.

Lor. Alas fir, she wrongs me : I am not fedde thereafter, let her looke for that commendation in her richer customers.

Lod. Who are they *Snayle* ? I hope you doe not meane mine vncle her Master ; hee's mine vncle and I loue him well, and I know the old lickspiggot will be nibling a little when he can come too't : but I must needs fay he will do no hurt, hee's as gentle as an Adder that has his teeth taken out.

Lor. Y'are a merry Gentleman fir ; and I haue hastie labour in hand, I must craue pardon. (*Enter Honorio.*) Chimney sweepe.

Hono. What old *Snayle* ? how do'st thou and thy chimneyes ?

Lod. Marry fir I was asking him questions about one of them.

Hono. What Signior *Lodouico* ? what one is that I pray ?

Lod. Mine vncle *Lorenzos* maide *Rose* fir, and hee will needs perswade me, her old master keepes her for his owne faddle.

Hono. Her old master ? I dare sweare they wrong him that fay so ; his very age would make him asham'd to be ouertaken with those goatish licences.

Lod. True fir, and his great authority in the Citie, that should whippe such vnseasonable letchers about the wals of it.

Hono. Why, y'are ith' right fir, and now you talke of your vncle, I heard fay Captaine *Quintiliano* cheated him yesterday of fve pounds, as hee did a yong Gentleman of Padua this morning of as much more.

Lod. Faith fir he drew such a kinde of tooth from him indeede.

Hono. Is it possible he should be so wrought vpon by him? Now certaine I haue euer held him a most wife Gentleman.

Lod. An arrant Rooke by this light; a capable cheating stocke; a man may carry him vp and downe by the eares like a pipkin.

Hono. But do you thinke he will let the Capitaine passe so?

Lod. Why alas, what should he doe to him fir? the pasture is so bare with him, that a goose cannot graze vpon't.

Hono. Marry fir then would I watch him a time when he were abroad, and take out my penniworthes of his wife, if hee drew a tooth from me, I would draw another from her.

Lod. Well, God be with your worships: chimney sweeper, I thought I should neuer haue beene ridde of them, (*Enter Gasparo*) Chimney sweepe.

Gaspr. What old *Snayle*, do'st thou crie chimney sweepe still? why they say thou art turnd mightie rich of late.

Lor. I would they said true fir?

Gaspr. Yes by the masse, by the same token, that those riches make thy old name for venery encrease vpon thee.

Lor. Foolish tales fir, foolish tales.

Gaspr. Yes by the masse, *Snayle*, but they be told for such certaine tales, that if thou hast a daughter to marry with tenne thousand crownes, I would see her pit-hole, afore I would deale with her, for seare she should trot through her fathers trumperies.

Lor. Alas fir your worship knowes, I haue neither daughter nor riches, Idle talke fir, Idle talke: chimney sweepe.

Gaspr. Nay stay *Snayle*, and come into my house, thou shalt earne some money of mee, I haue a chimney to sweepe for thee.

Lor. I thanke your worship, I will waite vpon you next morning early fir: but now I haue promiſt to ſweepe another mans chimney in truth.

Goff. But good *Snayle* take mine in the way.

Lod. What does he crie chimney ſweepe, and reſuſe to ſweepe 'em?

Lor. No maſter, alas you know I liue by it, and now I crie as I go to worke that I haue promiſt, that I may get more againſt other times: what would ye haue me do troe?

Honor. Alas poore *Snayle*; farewell good *Snayle*, farewell.

Lor. Lord keepe your good worſhip.—And a very vengeance, I beſeech the blacke father of vengeance.

Lod. Poore vncke, he begins to be melancholy, has loſt his ſong among's

Goff. Was neuer ſuch man touch't with ſuch ouerſight?

Hon: Beare with age, Signior *Gaſparo*, beare with age, and let vs all tender his credite as we haue vow'd, and be ſilent; he little thought to haue beene thus betrayed as he is; and where ſecrecy is aſſur'd, it beares with many bad aſtions in the very beſt I can tell you, and ſo good Signior *Lodouico* adew, and I heartily thanke you.

Lod. Adue good Signior *Honorio*.

Goff. Adue to you likewise fir. *Exeunt Gaſparo & Honorio.*

Lod. Likewise to you fir. Alas poore vncke, I haue monſtrouſly abuſed him; and yet maruellous worthie, for he diſparageth the whole bloud of vs; and I wiſh all ſuch old ſheepebiters might alwaies dippe their fingers in ſuch ſauce to their mutton; but thus will he preſently bee ſafe; for by this hee is neere his ſweete hearts houſe, where he is like to be entertain'd with worſe cheere then we made him. *Quintilliano* is now carouſing in the Emperours head, while his owne head buddes hornes to carouſe in; and in the meane time

will my amorous friend and I, make both their absences
 shooing hornes to draw on the prefence of *Æmilia*.
Exit.

Enter Lorenzo and Angelo (Francisco about)

Ang. **W**Hat sayes your worship now? Do you
 not walke inuisible, all your ancient
 acquaintance, your owne nephew to talke with you and
 neuer difcouer you?

Lor. But *Angelo*, a villanous feare shooke me the
 whiles I sweare, for still I was afraid my tongue would
 haue likt away the foote of my face, and bewrayed me;
 but *Snayle*, hitherto thy rustie shell has protected me:
 perfeuer till I haue yonder house a my head, hold in
 thy hornes, till they looke out of *Quintillianoos* fore-
 head: for an old man to make a yong man cuckold,
 is one of *Hercules* labours.

Ang. That was the cleansing of other mens stables.

Lor. To make youth rampant in age, and age
 passant in youth, to take a man downe at his owne
 weapon; to call backe time in one, and thrust him
 headlong vpon another.

Aug. Now your worship is Oracle to your owne
 miracles; how you shine in this smoaky cloud? which
 you make the golden net to embrace *Venus*, y'auē
 past the pikes yfaith, and all the Iayles of the loue-god
 swarme in yonder house, to salute your recovery.

Lor. Wel *Angelo*, I tell thee, now we are past the
 danger, I would not for 40 crowns but haue heard,
 what I haue heard.

Ang. True fir, now you know what the world
 thinks on you, 'tis not possible for a great man, that
 shines alwaies in his greatnesse, to know himselfe; but
 O twice yong *Leander*, see where your *Hiero* stands

with torch of her beauty to direct you to her tower,
advance your sweete note, & vpon her.

Lor. Chimney sweepe, worke for chimney sweepe.

Fran. Come in chimney sweeper.

Lor. O *Angelo*.

Ang. Why now fir thine *Angelo* is your good
Angell; enter and prosper, and when you are in the
mid'st of your happinesse. thinke of him that prefer'd
you. *Exit Lorenzo.*

Fran. *Angelo*, giue him not too much time with
me, for feare of the worst, but goe presently to the backe
gate, and vse my husbands knocke, then will I pre-
sently thrust him into my cole-house: and there shall
the old flesh-monger fast for his iniquity. *Exit.*

Ang. Well said mine owne *Franke* yfaith, we shall
trim him betwixt vs, I for the most slouely case in the
towne; shee, for the most fluttish place in the house:
Neuer was old horse-man so notoriously ridden; well,
I will presently knocke him into the cole-house, and
then haste to *Lodouico*, to know when he shall be releast.

Exit.

Enter Lodouico with a ladder of ropes, Aurelio,
(*Emilia above.*)

Lod. **H**ere's thy ladder, and ther's thy gallowes, thy
Mistress is thy hangman, and must take thee
downe: This is the Tarraffe where thy sweet heart
tarries; what wouldst thou call it in Rime?

Aur. Celestiall spheare, wherein more beauty
shines.

Lod. Roome for a passion.

Aur. Then on Dardanian Ida, where the pride
Of heauens selected beauties striu'd for prize.

Lod. Nay you shall know, we haue watred our houses in Helicon. I cannot abide this talking and vndoing Poetry, leaue your mellifluous numbers : yonder's a sight will steale all reason from your rime I can tell you ; downe of your knees you slaue, adore. Now lets heare you inuocate, O the suple hammes of a louer, goe to, doe not, stand vp close, for she must not see you yet, though she know you are here.

Æm. Cozen *Lodowicke* ?

Lod. Who cals *Lodowicke* ?

Æm. What tempest hath cast you on this sollitary shore ? Is the party come ?

Lod. The party ? now a plague of your modesty, are your lips too nice to name *Aurelio* ?

Æm. Well, is he come then ?

Lod. He, which he ? s'fut name your man with a mischiefe to you, I vnderstand you not.

Æm. Was there euer such a wild-braine ? *Aurelio*.

Lod. *Aurelio* ? Lord how loth you are to let any found of him come out an you, you hold him so deare within, Ile present her with a sight, will startle her nicety a little better ; hold you, fasten the end of this ladder I pray.

Æm. Now Iesus blesse vs, why cofen, are you mad ?

Lod. Goe to you spirit of a feather, be not so soft hearted, leaue your nicety, or by this hemp Ile so hamper thy affections in the halter of thy louers absence, making it vp in a gordian knot of forgetfulness, that no *Alexander* of thy allurements, with all the swordes of thy sweet words, shall euer cut in peeces.

Æm. Lord, how you roule in your rope-ripe termes.

Lod. Goe to, tell me, will you fasten the ladder or no ?

Æm. I know not what I should say t'ee : I will fasten it, so only your selfe will come vp.

Lod. Only my selfe will come vp then.

Æm. Nay sweet Cuze, sweare it.

Lod. If I should sweare thou wouldst curse me : take my word in a halters name, and make the ladder as fast to the Tarrasse, as thou would'st be to *Aurelio*.

Æm. Nay see if he doe not make me giue ouer againe ?

Lod. Was there euer such a blew kitling ? fasten it now, or by heauen thou do'st loose me for euer.

Æm. Well sir, remember your word ; I will fasten it, but yfaith Cuze, is not the Gentleman, and his parting choller parted yet ?

Lod. Yfaith with much adoe :

Æm. Nay, nay, choose him : I shall liue, if they be not : and if I liue till his choller kill me, I shall liue till he leaue louing me, and that will be a good while first.

Lod. Lord, Lord, who has enform'd you of such amorous seruency in him : are you so confident in his kindnesse ?

Æm. Nay by my troth, tis but a carelesse confidence neither, which alwaies last longer then that which is timorous : well Cuze, here I haue fastned it for your pleasure ; but alas, the feare of my fathers comming so distract me, that I scarce know what I doe or say.

Lod. Your father ? do'st thinke we would venture all this preparation, and not make him safe ?

Æm. But are you sure he is safe ?

Lod. Am I sure this is *Aurelio* ? looke vpon him wench, is it not thy loue ? thy life ? come sir, mount.

Æm. O cosen *Lodwicke*, doe you thus cosen and betray me ?

Lod. Cuze, Cuze, thou hast acted thy dissembling part long enough, in the most modest iudgement, and passing naturally, giue ouer with thy credit then, vnmaske thy loue, let her appeere in her natue simplicity, striue to conceale her no longer from thy loue, for I must needs tell thee he knowes all.

Æm. What does he know ?

Lod. Why all that thou told'st me, that thou lou'dst him more then he can loue thee, that thou hast set vp thy resolution, in despight of friends or foes, weales or woes, to let him possesse thee wholly, and that thou didst wooe me to bring him hither to thee : All this he knowes ; that it was thy deuce to prepare this ladder, and in a word, all the speech that past betwixt thee and and me he knowes, I told him euery word truly and faithfully Gods my Iudge.

Æm. Now was there euer such an immodest creature ?

Lod. *Via*, with all vaine modesty, leaue this colouring, and strip thy loue stark naked, this time is too precious to spend vainly ; mount I say.

Aur. Modell of heavenly beauty.

Lod. Sownds, wilt thou melt into rime a the tother side ? shall we haue lines ? change thy stile for a ladder, this will bring thee to Parnassus, vp I say.

Aur. Vnworthy I t'approach the furthest step to that felicity that shines in her.

Lod. O spurblinde affection, I haue seene a fellow, to a worse end ascend a ladder with a better will, and yet this is in the way of marriage, and they say, marriage and hanging haue both one constellation. To approue the which old saying, see if a new ladder make 'em not agree.

Æm. Peace, some bodie comes.

Lod. That you heard, was but a moufe, so boy I warrant thee.

Aur. O sacred goddesse, what foe're thou art
That in meere pitty to preferue a soule
From vndeferu'd destruction, hast vouchsaf't
To take *Emiliaes* shape.

Lod. What a poetickall sheepe is this ? S'life, will you stand riming there vpon a stage, to be an eye-marke to all that passe ? is there not a chamber by ? withdraw I say for shame, haue you no shame in you ? heere will come some bodie presently I lay my life on't.

Aur. Deare mistresse, to auoid that likely danger,
Vouchsafe me onely priuate conference,
And 'tis the fulnes of my present hopes.

Exeunt.

Lod. *Aurelio*, Occasion is bald, take her by the forelock ; so, so. In *Hymens* name get you together, heere will I stand Sentinell. This is the backe gate to *Honorios* house, which shall be *Aurelios*, if God giue him grace to weepe for his fathers death in time. And in this garden, if I could see the chaste *Lucreesse*, or the affable mistresse *Temperance*, I might (thus wrapt in my cloake) steale a little courtship through the chinke of a pale. But indeed I thinke it safer to sit closer, and so to cloud the summe of my visnomy, that no eye discerne it. (*He sits downe and muffles himselfe in his cloake.*) So be it, thats my resolution. Now to my contemplation, this is no Pandarisme, is it ? No, for there is neither money nor credit propos'd or expected, and besides there is no vnlawfull act intended, no not this same *lasciuia actio animi* : I thinke for his part, much lesse hers : go to, let me do my kinswoman, and her sex right, sit at rest with me then reputation, and conscience, fall asleepe with the world, but this same idle attendance is the spite of it, Idleneffe is accounted with other men a sinne, to me 'tis a penance, I was begot in a stirring season, for now hath my foule a thousand fancies in an instant, as what wench dreams on when she lies on her backe, when one hen layes an egge and another sits it, whether that hen shall mother that chicken ? If my bull leape your cow, is not the calfe yours ? yes no doubt, for *Edificium cedit solo* faies the Lawyer : and then to close all comes in a sentence, *Non omnia possumus omnes* : for some are borne to riches, others to verses, some to be bachelers, others to be cuckolds, some to get crownes, and others to spend'm, some to get children, and others to keepe 'em : and all this is but idleneffe, would to God I had some scuruy poeme about me to laugh at, (*Enter Temperance.*) but marke, yonders a motion to be seene.

Temp. Yonder he sits yfaith, well done true loue, good Signior *Leonoro*, he keepes promise the best, he does not see me yet.

Lod. 'Tis the flai'd Madam *Temperance*, a pretty pinnace she has bene in her daies, and in her nights too, for her burthen, and reasonable good vnder sayle, and see she hath discovered a sayle, see, see, she hailes him in, ha? tis this way to the rewards, flight 'tis this way: I hope the baud knowes not me, and yet I know not, she may be a witch, for a whore she was before I knew her, a baud I haue knowne her any time this dozen yeares, the next step to honour then is a witch, because of Nature, for where the whore ends, the baud begins, and the corruption of a baud, is the generation of a witch. And *Pythagoras* holds opinion, that a witch turnes to a wild Cat, as an old Ostler turnes to an ambling nagge. (*Enter Leonoro muffled in his cloake with Lyonell.*)

Lco. This is the backe gate, where *Temperance* should meete me at this howre.

Lyon. I wonder she sayles, for I see her not.

Lco. Why sits that fellow there troe? come let's houer hereabouts 'twill not be long er'e we encounter.

Exit.

Lod. So, now this riddle is expounded, this baud tooke me for this aduenturer whom (twentie to one) she attended, to waft him into *Lucretias* chamber, what a beast was I, not to apprehend this aduantage, thus muffled as I am, she could not haue perceiued mee till I had bene in, And I might safely haue staid a while without endangering my louers: (*Enter Temperance stealing along the stage.*) S'light she takes me still for her first man.

Tem. Come, come, gingerly for Gods sake, gingerly
Exeunt.

Enter Leonoro and Lyonell.

Leo. See *Lyonell*, yet she is not come, and the priuy attendant is gone.

Lyo. I wonder what it was.

Leo. I feare me some other clyent of hers, whom she preferres before me, come, we must not linger here too long together, wee'll enter on this backside, to the Emperours head, where we will stay a little, and then make the last triall of this bauds honesty. (*Enter Quintiliano, Giouenelli, and Fannio in their doublet and hose.*)

Quint. Come Ancient, lets leaue our company a little, and ayre our selues in this backside.—Who goes there?

Leo. A friend.

Quint. The word.

Leo. God faue you Captaine *Quintiliano*.

Quint. Shote him Ancient, a spie, the word's the Emperours head, and thither you shall go fir.

Leo. Pardon me good Captaine.

Gio. Come, be not retrograde to our desires.

Leo. I attend a friend of mine.

Quint. Th'ast attended him already, I am witnesse too't, deni't and he dare, whatsoe're he bee, and he shall attend thee another while, and he will: Th'art as good a man as he, and he be the Duke himselfe, for a *Clarissimo*; entertaine him Ancient, bid the *Clarissimo*, welcome, Ile call a drawer, and wee'll haue some wine in this Arbor. *Exit.*

Gio. Yare very welcome Signior *Clarissimo*, desire you more acquaintance fir.

Leo. My name is *Leonoro* fir, & indeed I scarce know you.

Gio. No fir, and you know me, you must know as much as I know, for *Scientia* and *Scientificus* is all one; but that's all one, in truth fir, you shall not spend a penny here, I had money, I thanke God euen now, and peradventure shall haue againe e're we part, I haue sent to a friend of mine.

(Enter Quintilliano and a drawer with a cup of wine & a towell.)

Quint. Here honourable *Clarissimo*, I drinke to thee.

Leo. Thanke you good Captaine.

Quint. S'fut, winefucker, what haue you fild vs heere, baldredafh? taste *Leonoro*.

Leo. Me thinks 'tis sacke.

Geo. Let vs taste fir, 'tis claret, but it has beene fetch't againe with *Aqua vitæ*.

Quint. S'light me thinks t'as taken salt water, who drew this wine you rogue?

Draw. My fellow *Sam* drew it fir, the wine's a good neat wine, but you loue a pleasanter grape, Ile fit your palate fir. (*He flands close.*)

Quint. Is this thy boy *Leonoro*?

Leo. For fault of a better fir.

Quint. Afore heauen 'tis a sweete fac't child, me thinks he should shew well in womans attire: and hee tooke her by the lilly white hand, and he laid her vpon a bed. Ile helpe thee to three crownes a weeke for him, and she can act well. Ha'st euer practis'd my pretty *Ganimede*?

Lyo. No, nor neuer meane fir.

Geo. Meane fir? No marry Captaine, there will neuer be meane in his practise I warrant him.

Quint. O finely taken; Sirha, *Clarissimo*, this fellow was an arrant Affe this fore-noone, afore he came to be an Antient.

Leo. But where's your Lieftenant Captaine?

Quint. Sownds man, hee's turnd swaggerer.

Leo. Ist possible?

Quint. Swaggerer by this light he; and is in the next roome writing a challenge to this tall Gentleman my Antient here.

Leo. What, mutinous in your owne company?

Quint. S'fut man, who can bridle the asses valour?

Giou. S'blood and any man thinke to bridle me.

Leo. But what was the quarrell?

Quint. Why fir, because I entertained this Gentleman for my Antient, (being my deare friend and an excellent scholler) he takes pepper ith'nose and sneeces it out vpon my Antient; now fir (he being of an vncole-carrying spirit) fals foule on him, cals him gull openly; and euer since I am faine to drinke with 'em in two roomes, dare not let 'em come together for my life, but with pen and inke-hornes, and so my Lieftenant is in the next chamber casting cold Inke vpon the (*Enter Innocentio.*) flame of his courage, to keepe him from the blot of cowardlife, see where he comes with his challenge: good *Clarissimo* hold my Antient.

Leo. Good Antient, forbear in a Tauerne.

Quint. Reuenge noble Lieftenant, hast thou done it?

Innoc. S'light I thinke I haue pepperd him, but twas his owne seeking you know.

Quint. Thats certaine.

Giou. Sownds my seeking fir?

Quint. Hold him *Leonoro*; and if it be possible, perswade him to heare the challenge from the enemies owne mouth.

Leo. Ile vndertake he shall Captaine: Good Antient let me entreate you.

Giou. Well fir, because y'are a stranger to me, you shall doe more with me.

Leo. Thanke you good ancient.

Quint. Reade fiery Lieftenant, reade boy, legibly.

Innoc. Here it is fir: Signior *Giouenelli*, it is not ignorant vnto you, that euen now you crost me ouer the cocks-comb.

Giou. I did so fir: I will not denie it I warrant you.

Leo. Good Ancient peace.

Innoc. And that openly, or else it would neuer haue greu'd me.

Quint. That openly was all indeede.

Innoc. And moreouer, very vnreuerendly to call me gull, and asse to my face : And therefore, though I held it good discretion in me to winke at the blow, not seeing to take notice of it.

Leo. Good discretion in deede.

Innoc. Yet know that I will haue satisfaction from you.

Giou. Well fir, and you shall.

Quint. Nay good Ancient heare him.

Innoc. And desire you to send me word, whether you will maintaine it or no, hoping that you will not offer that discourtesie to doe me wrong, and stand to it when you haue done.

Leo. That were foule indeede.

Innoc. And as for the words, in that you call'd me gull, and Asse to my face, resolute me by letter (for I do not thinke fit we should meete) first whether you spake any such words or no : and secondly by whom you meant 'em. And if by me (as I thinke you durst not) confesse you are sorry for 'hem : and if I haue offended you, I heartily aske you forgiuenesse. And so farewell.

Quint. Afore heauen Ancient, this would haue tickled you, but good *Leonoro*, and thou bee'ft a right *Clarissimo*, lets make 'em friends, and drinke to one another : S'fute, we haue no wine here me thinks, where's this Aperner ?

Drawer. Here Sir.

Quint. Haue you mended your hand fir.

Draw. I Capitaine, and if this please not your taste, either you or I cannot taste a cup of wine.

Quint. Sounds y'are very fauourable fir, here Lieutenant, drink to thy Ancient, and voide mutinies with your officer, marshall law is dangerous.

Innoc. Is he content I should drinke to him ?

Leo. He is I warrant thee.

Innoc. Why then Ancient good lucke t'ee.

Giou. Let come Lieutenant, I pledge you.

Quint. Why so, now my company is cur'de againe,


afore 'twas wounded. Come honorable *Clarissimo*, lets retire to our strength, taste a fresh carouse or two, and then march home with Musicke. Tapster, call vs in some Musicke.

Draw. I will sir.

Finis Actus Tertij.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Quintiliano, Leonoro, Innocentio, Lionello, I'annio, with Musicke.

Quint.  Trike vp Scrapers, honorable *Clarissimo*, and thy sweet *Adonis*, adieu, remember our deuice at the show soone.

Leo. I will not faile Captaine, farewell t'ee both : come *Lionel*, now let vs trie the truth of Madam *Temperance*, and see if shee attend vs.

Innoc. I hope by this time shee rememhers her promise sir. *Excunt Leo. and Lio.*

Quint. How now Lieftenant, where's my Ancient ?

Innoc. Marry Captaine y'aue left him casting the reckoning ith' chimney.

Quint. Why then his purse and his stomacke will be empty together, and so I cashier him ; let the scholler report at Padua, that Venice has other manner of learning belongs to it : what does his *Continuum* & *Contignum* here ? let 'em goe to the Inke pot and beware of the wine pot.

Fill red cheek't *Bacchus*, let the *Burdeaux* grape
Skip like *la voltos* in their fwelling vaines.

Te dan, dan tiddle, te dan de dan tiddle didle, &c.

Innoc. O God Captaine that I could dance fo.

Quint. He tooke her by (strike vp fidlers) the
lilly white hand and he laid her vpon the bedde. Oh
what a spirit haue I now? I long to meete a Sergeant
in this humor, I would but haue one whiffe at one of
these fame peuter button'd shoullder-clappers, to trie
whether this chopping knife or their pestels were the
better weapons. Here's a blade Boy, it was the old
Dukes first predeceffors; Ile tell thee what Lieftenant,
this sword has dubd more Knights then thy knife has
opened Oysters.

Innoc. Ist possible Captaine, and me thinks it
stands a little.

Quint. No matter for that, your best mettald
blades will stand soonest: fo, now we haue attaind
our Mansion house. At which Ile sing a verse shall
breake the dores. *O noble Hercules*, let no Stygian
lake.

Te dan dan tiddle, te dan de dan tiddle didle, &c.

Farewell scrapers, your reward now shall be that I will
not cut your strings nor breake your fiddles, *via*, away.

Innoc. Come Captaine, lets enter, I long to see
my Mistris, I warrant shee's a heauy Gentlewoman for
your absence.

Quint. S'tut she's an Asse, honour wooes me, pre-
ferment cals me, and I must lye pampred in a wenches
lap, because shee dotes on me. Honour faies no, Lief-
tenant. *Pugna pro patria*, we must too't yfaith and
seeke our portion amongst the scratcht faces.

Lorenzo within. Mistris, Mistris, is he gone?

Quint. Whoe's that cals there?

Innoc. I heard no body.

Quint. No? there was one cald Mistris: I say who
cald Mistris, s'blood I hope I am not drunke.

Fann. In truth sir I heard no body.

Quint. I tell thee I smelt a voice here in my

entry, s'fut Ile make it smell worfe and' cheare it againe.

Innoc. O me, hee'll draw vpon his owne shaddow in this humour, if it take the wall of him. Follow him *Fannio*, looke he doe no harme for God sake.

Lor. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Innoc. Name of God, what's there to doe? (*Enter Quintil. and Lorenzo.*)

Lor. Good Captaine doe not hurt me.

Quint. Sounds is hell broke loofe? why *Snaile*, though you can sing fongs and doe things *Snaile*, I must not allow yee to creepe into my wiues cole-house, what *Snaile* into my withdrawing chamber?

Lor. I beseech your worship heare me speake.

Quint. O *Snaile*, this is a hard case; no roome ferue your turne, but my wiues cole-house, and her other house of office annex to it? a priuy place for her selfe, and me sometimes, and will you vse it being a stranger? s'light how comes this about? vp sirha and call your Mistris.

Lor. A plague of all disguises. *Exit Fannio.*

Innoc. Alas poore *Snaile*, what didst thou make here?

Lor. I protest sir for no harme, my Mistris cald me in to sweepe her chimney, and because I did it not to her minde, she made me doe pennance in her cole-house.

Innoc. Search him Captaine and see, if he haue stolen nothing.

Lor. Kill me, hang me, if I haue.

Quint. Yes *Snaile*, and besides I heare complaints of you, y'are an old luxurious hummerer about wenches *Snaile*, does this become your grauity sir? Lieftenant, fetch me a cole-sacke, Ile put him in it and hang him vp for a signe.

Lor. I beseech your Worship be good to me.

Innoc. Good Captaine pardon him, since he has done nothing but swept your chimney worfe then my

Mistris would haue it swept, he will doe it better another time.

Quint. Well *Snail*, at this Gentlemans request, (to whom I can denie nothing) I release you for this once, but let me take you no more thus I aduise you.

Lor. Not while I liue good Captaine.

Quint. Hence, trudge you drudge, goe away.

Lor. A plague of all disguises. *Exit Lorenzo.*

(*Enter Fannio.*)

Fann. I haue look't about all the house for my Mistris sir, but I cannot finde her.

Quint. Goe then, looke all about the towne for her too ; come in Lieftenant, lets repose a little after our liquor. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aurelio and Emilia, aboue.

Aur. **D**Eare life, be resolute, that no respect
Heighted aboue the compasse of your
loue,

Depresse the equall comforts it retaines ;
For since it finds a firme consent in both,
And both our births and yeares agree so well,
If both our aged parents should refuse,
For any common obiect of the world,
To giue their hands to ours, let vs resolute
To liue together like our liues and foules.

Em. I am resolu'd my loue ; and yet alas,
So much affection to my fathers will
Conforts the true desires I beare to you,
That I would haue no sparke of our loue seene,
Till his consent be ask'd, and so your fathers.

Aur. So runnes the mutuall current of my wish,
And with such staide and circumspect respects,
We may so serue and gouerne our desires,

That till fit obseruation of our fathers,
 Preferre the motion to them ; we may loue
 Without their knowledge and the skill of any,
 Saue only of my true friend *Lodowicke*.

Em. I wonder where he is.

Aur. Not farre I know,
 For in some place, he watcheth to preuent
 The feared danger of your fathers prefence.

Enter Lorenzo and Angelo running.

Ang. SOUNDS stay for the loue of your honour
 fir.

Lor. A plague of all disguises *Angelo*.

Ang. What reason haue you to curse them ? has
 not one of them kept you safe from the shame of the
 world, as much as a poore disguise might doe ; but
 when your ridiculous feares will cast it off, euen while
 it is on, so running through the streets, that they rise
 all in an vprore after you ; alas what is the poore dis-
 guise to blame fir ?

Lor. Well then fortune is to blame, or some thing ;
 come as thou didst helpe to dawbe me, helpe to cleanse
 me, I prethee.

Ang. Let alone a while fir for Gods sake, Ile goe
 see whether the Captaine be gone from home or no.

Lor. Out vpon that course *Angelo* ; I am frighted
 out of it, come enter my house, enter.

Ang. What, will you enter your house fir afore you
 know who is in it : keepe your selfe clofe, and let me
 first enter and discouer.

Lor. I know there is no body.

Ang. You cannot know it fir, I heard euen now
 that diuers of the Senate were determin'd to come and
 sit in Counsell there.

Lor. A tale, a very tale *Angelo*, enter for the loue of heauen, enter and vnfinother me. *Exit.*

Ang. What shall I doe? my poore Master is berai'd, O that same faithlesse *Lodowicke*, that could drowne the swaggering Captaine no better in his drunkenesse; alas how should Ialue this? *Exit.*

(*Enter Lorenzo and after him Angelo.*)

Lor. How now? whom doe I see? my daughter and a yonker together? passion of death, hell and damnation, what lecherous capricorne raignes this vnhappy day? old and yong in a predicament? O fie of filthy sinne and concupiscence, I will conceale my rage a while that it may breake forth in fury; Ile shift me presently *Angelo*, and goe fetch the Prouost.

Ang. O vnspeakable madnesse, will you for euer dishonour your daughter, and in her your selfe sir?

Lor. Talke not to me, out vpon this abhominable concupiscence, the pride of the flesh, this witchcraft of the Diuell: talke not to me, iustice cries out an't in the streets, and I will see it punish't, come good *Angelo* to helpe to shift me.

Ang. Ile follow you Sir instantly; Master, Master.

Aur. *Angelo*? what newes?

Ang. Miserable Master, cast downe your ladder, and come downe instantly.

Æm. Alas, why, *Angelo* is my father comming.

Ang. Let vs not talke but come downe I say.

Aur. Deere life, farewell, wee'll shortly meete againe,

So parts the dying body from the foule;

As I depart from my *Æmilia*.

Æm. So enter frighted foules to the low world,

As my poore spirit vpon this foddaine doubt,

What may succeede this danger.

Ang. Come away, you'll be whipt anone for your amourosity, hast for shame hast, &c.

Æm. Once more and euer, fare my deere life well.

Exit Æmil.

Ang. Leaue your amorous congeis & get you in

Dame ; fir you and I will talke as 'twere betwixt the pales, now, get you and shift you of this sute presently.

Aur. Shift me *Angelo* ? why man ?

Ang. Aske me no questions, but goe home and shift you presently, and when I haue done a little businesse here within, Ile come and tell you my device : there hath more chanc't then you are aware of, and then I can stand to tell you ; away therefore presently goe home and shift you.

Aur. Very good fir, I will be rul'd by you, and after learne the misteries.

Exit Aurel.

Ang. Now will I let the little squire shift and cleanse himselfe without me, that he may be longer about fetching the Prouost, and in the meane time will I take my Masters sute (of which the little squire tooke note) and put it on my sweet heart *Francischina*, who shall presently come and supply my Masters place, with his Mistris ; for the little squire amaz'd with his late affrights and this suddaine offencefull spectacle of his daughter, tooke no certaine note who it was that accosted her ; for if he had, he would haue blam'd me for my Master, only the colour of his garment flicks in his fancie, which when he shall still see where he left it, he will still imagine the same person weares it, and thus shall his daughters honour and my Masters be preferu'd with the finest sugar of inuention. And when the little squire discouers my sweet heart, shee shall sweare, shee so disguised her selfe, to follow him, for her loue to him ; ha, ha, ha, O the wit of man when it has the winde of a woman.

Exit.

Enter Lodowico and Lucretia, with Rapiers fighting.

Lod. **H**Old, hold, I pre thee hold ; I yeeld my rapier,
Let my submission, my presumption value.

Lucr. Ignoble *Lodwicke*, should I take thy life,
It were amends too little for the wrong.

Lod. O the precious heauens :
How was I gul'd ? haud, hide thy selfe for shame.
And henceforth haue an eye before thy fingers.

Lucr. Well do not ieast it out, for I protest
If this disguise, which my inhumane fate
Puts on my proper sexe, be by thy meanes
Seene through, by any other then thy selfe,
The quarrell twixt vs shall be more then mortall,
And thy dishonour to a friendlesse stranger
(Exild his natiue cuntry, to remnine
Thrall to the mercy of such vnknowne miads
As fortune makes the rulers of my life)
Shall spread it selfe beyond my misery,

Lod. Nay, mixe not cause of mirth with passion,
Do me the grace t'vnfold thy name and state,
And tell me what my whole estate may doe,
To value this wrong vnwittingly I did thee ?
And set the plantife thoughts of thy hard fate
In such peace, as my friendship may procure :
And if I faile thee, let *Ioue* sayle my soule,
When most this earth makes it need help of heauē.

Lucr. In the more then temper my late rage
And show your vertues perfectly deriu'd
From the Venetian nobleffe ; for my name
It is *Lucretio*, which to fit this habit
I turn'd *Lucretia* : the rest that rests
To be related of my true estate,
He tell some other time : least now your presence
Might dumbly tell it (if it should be seene)
To all the world, or else make it suspect
My femall life of lightnesse : then with thanks

And vow of all true friendship, for th'amends
Your kindnesse makes me, take your sword againe,
And with it while I live the power of mine
In any honor'd use shall commaund.
Then till we meete, and may laugh at this error,
He once more trie the free peace of my chamber.

Exit.

Lod. Do so sweet friend : a plague of Gingerly !
Where is that stale and fulsome Gingerly,
She brought me to a fury, He be sworne
Rather then man or woman : a flat beating :
I found her suppos'd mistresse fast asleepe,
Put her to the touchstone, and she prou' a man,
He wak't, and with a more then manly spirit
Flew in my face, and gaue me such a dash
In steed of kissing, of these licorish lips
That still my teeth within them bled I sweare

(He spits.)

Gengerly, Gingerly, a plague a you. *(He spits againe.)*
But now how does my louers on the Tarraffe ?

Enter Aurelio with Angelo, shifting his Apparell.

Aur. **H**Old, take my dublet too, my hat and
all, and quickly hie thee to thy sweete.

Ang. S'ounds, see fir see, your proper Sentinell,
that when you needed him gaue you a slip.

Aur. Friend *Lodouico*, by my life, well welcome to
this my fathers backefide.

Lod. Well fir, well, I would I had kist almost your
fathers backefide so I had neuer knowne it.

Ang. A my life he faints extremely, he left you
euen now to purchase him the amorous enteruiew of
your fayre cuze *Lucretia* that lies heere.

Aur. Gods me, fweete friend, would'st thou vse
such a flight to any one that lay within my walke? who
was thy meane to her?

Ang. I lay my life, tame madam *Temperance*, the
notorious Pandar.

Aur. S'fust friend, wat a notorious ouersight was
that? and what a violent iniury vnto thy friend?

Lod. A plague vpon you both, you scuruy hinde,
haue you no gull but me to whet your wit vpon?

Aur. My friend a priuie loue? I'de haue sworne
Loue might spend all his shafts at butterflies
As well as at his bosome.

Ang. 'Twas your fault then,
For I haue noted a most faithfull league
Betwixt him and his barber now of late,
And all the world may see, he does not leaue
One haire on his smooth chinn, as who should say,
His haplesse loue was gone against the hayre.
Lod. S'bloud & these rogues knew how I was de-
ceiu'd,

They'd flout me into motley, by this light.

Ang. Well fir, I euer thought y'ad the best wit
Of any man in Venice next mine owne,
But now Ile lay the bucklers at your feete,

Lod. A poxe vpon thee, tame your bald hewed
tongue,

Or by the Lord of heauen Ile pull it out.

Aur. O my sweet friend, come Ile no more of
this,

And tell thee all our fortune, hence good *Angelo*.

Ang. O, if this man had patience to his braine,
A man might load him till he smart againe. *Exit Ang.*

Lod. Patience worthy friend, hee knowes you loue
him for his knauish wit. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonoro, Temperance and Lyonell.

Leo. **T**Hou shalt not stay sweet *Temperance*, tell vs the manner of our warre and wee'll leaue thee presently.

Temp. Why that perl's man *Lodowicke*, according to your appointment was iumpe at three with mee, iust, eene full at your hower; Muffled as I wild you, ee'ne your fashion and your very leg for all the earth, and followed me in so gingerly, that by my troth I must needs say, he was worthy the pleasuring; but in what a taking was I when I perceiued his voyce? & when I saw my mistresse & he together by the eares?

Leo. What did thy mistesse fight him?

Temp. O king a heauen, she ranne vpon his naked weapon the most finely that euer liu'd, and I ran away in a swoone for feare.

Leo. Has she a good courage?

Lio. It seemes she is too honest for our companies, a little more good *Temperance*.

Temp. And when he saw me, he call'd me punke, and pandor, and doxie, & the vilest nicknames as if I had ben an arrand naughty-packe.

Leo. 'Tis no matter *Temperance*, hee's knowne and thou art knowne.

Temp. I thanke heauen for it, and ther's al indeed, I can stay no longer. *Exit.*

Leo. Farewell honest *Temperance*, how was it possible, *Lodouico* should fit all these circumstances without the confederacy and trechery of this beldam? well *Lodouico* must satisfie this doubt when I see him.

Lio. That will be at the May night shew at Signior *Honorios*.

Leo. I would not meet him there, I shall offend him; but there I must needs be, and haue thee disguis'd like a woman.

Lio. Me sir?

Leo. No remedy, the Captain *Quintilliano* and

haue deu's'd it to gull his Lieutenant : for thou shalt dance with him, we will thrust him vpon thee, and then for his courting and gifts, which we will tell him he must win thee withall, I hope thou wilt haue wit enough to receiue the tone, and pay him againe with the tother, come *Lionell* let me see how naturally thou canst play the woman. *Exit.*

Lio. Better then you thinke for.

Enter Quintiliano and Innocentio.

Quint. Come Lieutenant, this nap has set a nap of sobriety vpon our braines, now lets sit heere & consult, what course were best for vs to take in this dangerous mansion of mans life.

Inno. I am for you yfaith Captaine & you go to consult once.

Quint. I know it Lieutenant, say then what think'st thou ? we talk't of employmēt, of action, of honor, of a cōpany & so forth.

Inno. Did we so Captaine ?

Quint. Did we so Affe ? S'fut, wert thou drunke afore thou went'st to the tauerne, that thou hast now forgotten it ?

Inno. Crie you mercy good Captaine, I remember I am your Lieutenant.

Quint. Well fir, and so thou shalt be called stil, and I Captaine, though we neuer leade other company then a fort of quart pots.

Inno. Shall we Captaine, bith masse then lets neuer haue other company in deed.

Quint. Why now th'art wise, and hast a minde transform'd with maine right, and to confirme thee, I

will compare the noble seruice of a feast with the honourable seruice of the field, and then put on thy hand to which thou wilt.

Inno. Thanke you good Captaine, but do you thinke that warre is naught fir?

Quint. Exceeding naught.

Inno. Why then fir take heede what you say, for 'tis dangerous speaking against any thing that is naught, I can tell you.

Quint. Thou saist wisely Lieutenant, I will not then vse the word naught, nor speake ill of eyther, but compare them both, and choose the better.

Inno. Take heede then good Captaine, there be some pricke-ear'd intelligencers conuaid into some wall or other about vs.

Quint. If there were I care not, for to say true, the first modell of a battell was taken from a banquet. And first touching the offices of both: for the generall of the field, there is the master of the feast, for the Lieutenant Generall, the mistresse, for the Sergeant Maior, the Steward, for the Gentleman vsier, the Marshall, for master oth' Ordinance the Sewer, and all other officers.

Inno. Yet y'are reasonabell well Captaine.

Quint. Then for the preparation, as in a field is all kinde of Artillery, your Cannon, your Demicannon, Culuerings, falkons, Sacres, minions, & such goodly ornaments of a field, I speake no hurt of em thou seest, Ile haue nothing to do do with 'am.

Inno. Hold you still there Captaine.

Quint. Besides other munition of powder and shot, and so for the feast, you haue your Court, cubbords planted with flagons, cannes, cups, beakers, bowles, goblets, basens and ewers: And more glorious shew I wisse then the tother, and yet I speake no hurt of the other.

Inno. No Ile be sworne Captaine.

Quint. Besides your munition of manchet, napery plats, spoons, glasses and so forth; Then for your

kitchen artillerie, there shall you see all your brasie peeeces mounted in order, as your beefe-pots, your chaldrons, your kettles, chafingdishes, ladles, spits, a more edifying spectacle then your Cannon & Culuer-ing, and yet I speake no hurt of them neither.

Inno. No Captaine, thus farre, I goe wee.

Quint. Then sir, as in the field the drumme, so to the feast the dreffer giues the Alarme, Ran tan tara, tan tan tantara tan.

Inno. O how it stirres my stomacke ?

Quint. First then sets forward a wing of light horse, as fallads, brothes, sauces, flew'd meats, and other kick-shores, and they giue a charge, then do the battell ioyne Captaine Capon in whitebrith, Lieutenant calues head.

Inno. Thats my place.

Quint. Ancient Surloigne, a man of a goodly prefence, and full of expectation, as you ancient ought to be bee, then haue you *Sergeant Piemeat, Corporall Conny, Lanceprizado Larke, Gentlemen, Panbakex, & all the species of a company.*

Inno. Would we might fall to the fight once.

Quint. Why now growes the fight hot man, now shall you see many a tall piece of beefe, many a tough capon go downe, and hee'rs the triall of a mans stomacke, all the while the Artillery playes on both hands, the Canons lay about them, the flagons go off, thicke and threefold, and many a tall man goes halting off, some quite ouerthrowne both horse and foote.

Inno. O my heart bleeds.

Quint. That is, thy teeth water. In conclusion, as the remnant of the feast, (I meane such dishes as scap't the fury of the fight) if they be seruiceable, are referu'd to furnish out another day, if they be maim'd or spoyld, they are sent abroad to relieue prisons and hospitals. So the remainder of the fight, if they be seruiceable, they are referu'd to supply a second field, for the fragments of the fight, viz. the maimd foldiers, they are sent like-

wife to furnish prisons and hospitals, how sayest thou now Lieutenant, shall we to the feast, or to the fight?

Inno. No fighting good Captain, to the feast for Gods sake.

Quint. Tha'rt a my mind right, and so will we presently march on to the 'sacke of the Emperours head, then to the May-night feast, and shew at Signior *Honorios*, and there will be a wench there boy, a delicate yong morfell, a kinswoman of Signior *Honorios*, and her fathers only child, he a mighty rich *Clarissimo*, and her shalt thou court, winne her and weare her, thou hast wit at will.

Inno. But shall that wench be her fathers sonne and heire Captaine?

Quint. Shee shall be his heire, a mine honestly.

Innoc. But shall not my Mistris your wife bee at that show?

Quint. Shee shall, and we could finde her; *Fannio* has beene abroad this houre to seeke her: the Affe is slept into some corner or other mourning for my absence. (*Enter Angelo and Francischina in disguise.*) See who comes here?

Ang. Come Cuze, march faire, me thinks thou becom'st a Page excellent naturally, cheere vp thy heart wench. *Kisse her.*

Franc. Fic for shame kisse in the streets?

Ang. Why not? truth seekes no corners, and 'twas a true louses kisse, and so is this.

Quint. Ware riot, do'st thou marke Lieftenant?

Franc. Gods pittie, my husband.

Excunt Franc. Ang.

Innoc. What were these Captaine?

Quint. Vpon my life the hindermost of them, is a wench in mans attire, didst thou not marke besides his flabbering about her, her bigge thighes and her splay feete.

Innoc. By the meskin me thought they were so indeede.

Quent. S'lfe, the hungry knaue her squire, could not hold in the open streets.

Innoc. What should thee be ?

Quint. The Doxie was muffeld in her cloake, I had but a glimpse of her ; but s'light I will know her, thee pass'es not so, come wee'll follow. Ile beate the Rogue and take away's whore from him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Angelo and Francischina.

Ang. Come courage Cuze, wee haue fail'd the man of Warre out of sight, and here wee must put into harbour. Hift, hawe *Amila* ?

Amil. O welcome good *Angelo*.

Ang. Here take in, goe, get vp lightly, away, take heed you slip not Cuze, remember y'are short heel'd.

Franc. Hold fast for Gods sake.

Ang. Nay hold you fast, you'll shame vs all elfe ; fo *Ioue* receiue thy foule ; I take away the ladder : Now till you haue deceiued the Prouost, farewell, remember your lesson Cuze. *Exit.*

Franc. I warrant you. (*Quintil. and Innocentio.*)

Quint. How vnhappily did we misse 'em ? they slipt into some vaulting house, I hold my life.

Innoc. Faith its good we mist 'em, she was some stale punke I warrant her.

Quint. Twenty to one shee is some honest mans wife of the Parish that steales abroad for a trimming, while he sits secure at home, little knowing, God knowes, what hangs ouer his head ; the poore Cuckold

esteeming her the most vertuous wife in the world. And shoude one tell him, he had seene her drest like a Page following a knaue thus, He lay my life he would not beleuee it.

Innoc. Why no Captaine, wiues take all the faith from their husbands. And that makes 'em do so many good workes as they doe.

Quint. Mercy for that yfaith Lieftenant, stand close. (*Enter Fannio and Giacono.*)

Fann. My Mistris in mans apparell faist thou?

Giac. Thy Mistris in mans apparell I assure thee, and attended by *Angelo*.

Fann. Would to heauen I had seene her, canst tell whither shee went.

Giac. Full butt into *Lorenzoes* house, and if thou knewst him, thou know'st wherefore, an ill-fauoured trimming is her errand.

Fann. 'Tis very well, shee trims my Captaine prettily, in the meane time his head paies for all, and yet alas poore hornestocke, he thinks her to haue no fault, but her too much dotage vpon him, well, my conscience will not let me keepe her counsaile, he shall know on't.

Giac. Why man if both of vs should tell him her fault he will not beleuee vs.

Fann. No, nor if he had seene it with his owne eyes I thinke, I shal neuer forget how the profound Cockatrice hung on his fleuee to day, and he shoude not from her sight, shee'd follow him into the warres, one day should make an end of both their loues and liues, and then to see him the wittall, my Captaine began to stroote, and batle the pride of his merits that so heightned her affection.

Giac. True, and how the foppasly his Lieftenant, slept in to perswade with her, to take it patiently, for friends must part, we came not all together, and we must not goe all together.

Fann. Well, 'twill not be for any man to follow him, if this were knowne once.

Giac. Lord how all the boyes in the town would flocke about him as he walks the streets, as 'twere about a bagge-pipe, and hoothe the poore Cuckold out of his hornecafe.

Fann. Well, and I were worthy to giue him counsaile, he should e'ne faire and well hang himselfe.

Giac. No, no, keepe it from him, and say thou found'st her at a womans labour.

Fann. A plague of her labour, the Captaines browes sweate while shee labours.

Giac. If I were in thy cafe, I should laugh out right when I saw him.

Fann. That dare not I doe, but as often as he turnes his backe to me, I shall be here V with him thats certaine : or when I follow him and his cheating stocke *Innocentio*, in the streets, I shall imagine still I am driuing an Oxe and an Asse before me, and cry phtroh, ho, pthrough.

Innoc. S'light Captaine take this and take all.

Quint. Not a word for the world, for if we should take notice of his words the flaue would denie all, leaue it to me to sift it in priuate. Now sir, what newes with you ? where's your Mistris, that you range thus at your pleasure ?

Fann. In health sir I trust.

Quint. Come forward you rogue you : come forward, whither creepe you behinde so ? where's your Mistris sir ?

Fann. At a poore womans labour sir.

Quint. Very well sir, come Lieftenant, goe you afore, and doe you follow him sir.

Fann. What afore my Captaine sir : you shall pardon me.


Quint. Afore you rogue, afore.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Honorio, Lorenzo, Gasparo and Angelo.

Hon.  Ignior *Lorenzo*, and *Gasparo*, y'are
very welcome, we shall haue good
company and sport to entertaine
you ere long I hope, shall we not
Angelo?

Ang. Yes sir, I haue enuited all you commanded
me.

Lor. This is the honest man indeede, that tooke
the paines to come for me.

Gaspar. And for me also.

Ang. No paines but pleasure sir, I was glad I had
such good meanes to be knowne to your Worship.

Lor. Nay, I haue knowne you before, to be the ser-
uant of Signior *Honorio* here, I take it.

Hon. Not my seruant Signior *Lorenzo*, but my
sonnes.

Lor. O, your sonne *Aurelios* seruant? beleue me
you or your sonne (in mine opinion, though I say it
before him) made good choice of him: for he hath a
good honest face, and to a man of iudgement (I tell
you) that's as good as a good surety for him. I will be
better acquainted with you sir, pray you giue me your
hand.

Ang. Both my hand and heart sir, shall be euer at
your seruice.

Lor. Thanks my good friend, Ile make thee laugh
anone *Angelo*.

Ang. I thanke your Worship, you haue done so often.

Hon. A notable wagge Signior *Gasparo*.

Gasp. How curiously *Lorenzo* thinks he carries the matter ?

Lor. How now Gentlemen, ist a merry secret, that you smile so ?

Hon. No secret Signior *Lorenzo*, but a merry conceipt we were thinking on, to furnish our show anone, if it had beene thought on in time.

Lor. What was that I pray ?

Hon. Marry fir, we had good sport to day with *Snayle* the chimney-fweeper.

Lor. Had you so fir ?

Gasp. That euer was.

Lor. Lord that I had beene amongst you, but what more of him fir ?

Hon. Marry fir, we were thinking how we might merrily deceaue our company that is to come, if we could haue gotten him some *Magnificoes* sute of the Citty, whom for his little stature and leane face he might resemble, that in that habit he might haue stolen some kind fauours from the Ladies, to make him amends and please him for the anger we put him in.

Lor. It would haue made excellent merriment.

Ang. You are his best Master fir, and if it please you to fend me for him by some token, Ile goe for him ; otherwise he will not come to these Gentlemen.

Lor. Shall he come Gentlemen ?

Amb. If you please fir.

Lor. Why then hearke thee *Angelo* ; not for the world.

Ang. Thinke you me such an Affe fir ?

Lor. Shall he haue one of my little brothers suites, and come in amongst the Dames for him ?

Hon. If you could, it would fit him exceedingly.

Lor. Much ; now laugh *Angelo* : what Gentleman was that I spi'd aloft with my daughter thinkst thou ?

Ang. I know not fir ; I beseech your Worship who was it ?

Lor. Franke, in mans apparell *Angelo*.

Ang. O wonderfull.

Lor. We cannot inueut a token, for my loue
Angelo.

Ang. O excellent.

Lor. We will hit it anone Gentlemen.

Amb. At your leasure fir.

Lor. The swaggerer her husband, had note of it by his Page, and yet the same Page hath perswaded him, since that 'twas but a gullery.

Ang. 'Tis a notable cracke; and his Master hath such a pure beleefe in his wife, that hee's apt to beleeeue any good of her.

Lor. True *Angelo*, enough for this time; thou shalt make as if thou went'st for *Snaile*, and returne without him, saying thou canst not finde him.

Ang. Agreed fir.

Lor. Now Gentlemen, we haue deuised a wile to bring *Snaile* amongst vs, and I haue giuen *Angelo* order for a fute for him, that is my little brothers, and him he shall counterfeit; goe *Angelo* seeke him out.

Ang. I will fir.

Exit Ang.

Hon. Thanke you for this good Signior *Lorenzo*.

Gasp. It will quicken the company well. (*Enter Emilia, Lionell, Francischina and another woman.*)

Lor. For their sakes and yours, I haue done it Gentlemen; and see the faire flocke come vpon vs.

Hon. Welcome faire Ladies, but especially you Lady, that are so meere a stranger, Signior *Lorenzo* you know yong *Leonoro*?

Lor. Very well fir, a gallant sparke.

Gasp. And I thinke you know his father.

Lor. Know him? I faith fir there was a reueller, I shall neuer see man doe his lofty tricks like him while I liue.

Hon. 'This Gentlewoman is his Neice fir.

Lor. His Niece? shee shall doe her selfe wrong not to be acquainted with her deere vnckles companion:

Kisse her.

Gasp. You know not this Gentlewoman fir?

Lor. Not very well fir indeede, but entertainment must be giuen, mercy *Franke* for thy mans apparell, a plague of all fwaggering husbands. Nay I must forth yfaith, Signior *Honorio*, this is for your sake, am I not a kinde helpe to your entertainment?

Hon. An exceeding kinde one fir, and I exceedingly thanke you. (*Enter Meffenger.*)

Meff. The maskers are come fir.

Hon. Doe you and your fellowes attend them in.

Meff. We will fir. *Exit Meff.*

Hon. Sit gētle Ladies till the maskers raife you to dance.

Enter Aurclio, Leonoro, Quintiliano, and Innocentio,
in a maske dancing.

Hon. **W**elcome Gallants, O the roome's too scant, a hall Gentlemen.

Lco. See how womanly my Boy lookes *Quintiliano*.

Quint. 'Twill be rare sport; Lieftenant, that sweet wench in the brancht gowne is the heire I told thee of.

Innoc. Gods me, Ile to her and kisse her.

Quint. O no, you must not vnmaske.

Innoc. No, no, Ile kisse her with my maske and all.

Lco. No Lieftenant, take her and court her first, and then kisse her.

Omnes. To her slaue.

Aur. There's thy wife too, *Quintiliano*.

Quint. True, little knowes shee I am so neere her; Ile fingle her out, and trie what entertainment a stranger may finde with her.

Aur. Doe so, and wee'll take vp the tother. (*Enter Angelo.*)
They dance.

Ang. I can by no meanes finde *Snaile* fir.

Hon. The worfe lucke, but what remedy?

Lor. Gramercy *Angelo*; but Signior *Lorenzo*, mee thinks I misse one flower in this femall garland.

Hon. VVhose that?

Lor. Your Neice *Lucretia*.

Hon. By my foule 'tis true; whats the reason *Angelo* *Lucretia* is not here?

Ang. I know no reason but her owne will fir.

Gasp. Ther's fomewhat in it certaine. *They dance againe.*

Inno. Did you see the play to day I pray?

Lio. No, but I see the foole in it here.

Inno. Doe you so forfooth? where is he pray?

Lio. Not farre from you fir, but we must not point at any body here.

Inno. Thats true indeede, cry mercy forfooth, doe you know me through my maske?

Lio. Not I fir, shee must haue better skill in bak't meats then I, that can discerne a woodcocke through the crust.

Inno. Thats true indeede, but yet I thought I'd try you. (*Enter Lodouico.*) *They dance.*

Lor. VVhat Nephew *Lodwicke*, I thought you had bene one of the maskers.

Lod. I vse no masking fir with my friends.

Hon. No signior *Lodowick*, but y'are a very truant in your schoole of friendship, that come so late to your friends.

Gasp. Somewhat has crost him sure.

Leo. Somewhat shall crosse him; *Lodouico* let me speake with you.

Lod. VVith me fir?

Leo. You are the man fir, I can scarfe say the Gentleman, for you haue done a wrong the credit of a Gentleman cannot answere.

Lod. VVould I might see his face, that durst say so much.

Leo. Obserue him well, he shes his face that will proue it when thou dar'st.

Aur. How now *Leonoro*, you forget your selfe too much, to grow outrageous in this company.

Leo. *Aurelio*, doe not wrong me, and your selfe, I vndertake your quarrell, this man hath dishonord your Kinswoman *Lucretia*, whom (if I might) I intended to marry.

Aur. Some error makes you mistake *Leonoro*, I assure my selfe.

Hon. VVhat interruption of our sport is this gentlemen?

Lor. Are not my Nephew and *Leonoro* friends?

Lod. He charges me with dishonoring his mistris *Lucretia*.

Hon. Birlady *Lodouico*, the charge touches you deeply, you must answere it.

Lod. I desire I may fir, and then will referre me to your censures.

Lor. VVell Nephew, well; will you neuer leaue this your haunt of fornication? I schoole him, and doe all I can, but all is lost.

Lod. Good Vnkle giue me leaue to answere my other accuser, and then Ile descend, and speake of your fornication, as the last branch of my diuision.

Lor. Very well, be briefe.

Lod. I will fir; The ground vpon which this man builds his false imagination, is his sight of me at *Honorios* backe gate, since dinner, where muffled in my cloke, kinde Madam Temperance, the attendant of *Lucretia*, from the Tarrasse, waisted me to her with her hand; taking me (as now I vnderstand) for this honest Gentleman, I not knowing what vse shee had to put me to, obaid the attraction of her signall, as gingerly as shee bad me, (A plague vpon her gingerly) till shee lockt me into *Lucretias* chamber, where *Lucretia* lying asleepe on her bed, I thought it rudenesse to wake her; and (imagining when shee wak't shee had something to say to me) attended her leasure at my ease, and lay downe softly by her; when (hauing chaster and simpler thoughts then *Leonoro* imagines) because he mea-

fures my waſt by his owne) in the very coldneſſe and dulneſſe of my ſpirit, I fell ſodainly a-ſleepe. In which my fancy preſented me with the ſtrangeſt dreame, that euer yet poſſeſt me.

Lor. Pray God you did but dreame Nephew.

Lod. You ſhall know that by knowing the euent of it.

Hon. Goe to, pray let vs heare it.

Lod. Me thought *Lucretia* and I were at mawe, a game Vnkle that you can well ſkill of.

Lor. Well ſir I can ſo.

Lod. You will the more muſe at my fortune ; or my ouerſights. For my game flood, me thought, vpon my laſt two tricks, when I made ſure of the ſet, and yet loſt it, hauing the varlet and the ſiue finger to make two tricks.

Lor. How had that beene poſſible ?

Hon. That had beene no miſfortune ſure but plaine ouerſight.

Gaſp. But what was the reaſon you thought you loſt it ſir ?

Lod. You ſhall heare ; ſhee had in her hand the Ace of Hearts, me thought, and a Coate-carde, ſhee led the bord with her coate, I plaid the varlet, and tooke vp her coate, and meaning to lay my ſiue finger vpon her Ace of hearts, vp ſtart a quite contrary card ; vp ſhee riſes withall, takes me a daſh a the mouth, drew a rapier he had lay by him, and out of dores we went together by the eares.

Hon. A rapier he had by him ?

Lor. What a ſhee turned to a he ? do'ſt thou not dreame all this while Nephew.

Lod. No nor that time neither, though I pretended it ; let him be fetcht, I warrant you he will ſhow as good cards as the beſt on you, to proue him an heire Male, if he be the eldeſt child of his father.

Hon. This is exceeding ſtrange : goc *Angelo*, fetch her and her hand-maide.

Ang. I will fir, if her valure be not too hot for my fingers. *Exit.*

Hon. Could fuch a difguife be made good all this while without my knowledge? to fay truth, fhee was a ftranger to me, her father being a Sicilian: fled thence for a difaufterous a^ct, and comming hither grew kindly acquainted with me, and called me brother. At his death committing his fupposed daughter to my care and protection, till fhe were reftor'd to her eftate in her natiue Country.

Lor. Was he in hope of it?

Hon. He was, and in neere poffibility of it himfelfe, had he liu'd but little longer.

(Enter Angelo and Lucretia.)

Ang. Here's the Gentlewoman you talkt of fir, nay you muft come forward too graue Miftris *Temperance.*

Lod. How now fir? who wants gentility now I befeech you?

Leo. VVho haue we here?

Lucr. Stand not amaz'd, nor difparage him: you fee fir, this habit truly doth fute my fexe, howfoeuer my hard fortunes haue made me a while reiect it.

Hon. VVhat hard fortunes?

Lucr. Thofe you know of my father fir: who feard my following of him in my natiue likenefse, to the hauen, where he by stealth embarqu't vs, and would haue difcouer'd him, his offence being the slaughter of a Gentleman, that would haue flaine him.

Hono. But did you not tell me you were betroth'd before this misfortune hapned, to a yong Gentleman of Sicily, call'd *Theagines*?

Lucr. I told you I was betroth'd to one *Theagine*, not *Theagines*, who indeed was a woman.

Leo. And yet whofoeuer had feene that *Theagine* fince might haue taken him for a man.

Lucr. Do you know her Gentlewoman?

Lio. It feemes you will not know her.

Leo. Hearke how my boy plaies the knaue with her.

Quint. A noble rogue, S'fut Lieutenant, wilt thou suffer thy nose to be wipt of this great heire?

Inno. S'light fir you are no handkercher are you?

Lucr. Pre thee forbear, more happy then vnlookt for is this deere accident: adopted and noble father, this is the Gentlewoman to whom I told you I was betroth'd, the happy newes she had to relate to me, made her a traueiler, the more search of her passage made her a Page, and her good fortune obtained her ——— this honest Gentleman to her Master, who I thanke him, being (as he supposed me) lou'd me, accept vs both for your children.

Hono. Most gladly and with no lesse care, then mine owne protect you.

Quint. S'fut, how now *Leonora*? new fireworkes?

Lod. New fir, who wants gentility? this is a gentlemanly part of you to keepe a wench in a Pages furniture?

Leo. It was more then I knew Sir, but this shall be a warning to me while I liue, how I iudge of the instrument by the case againe.

Lucr. Nay it is you friend *Lodouico* that are most to blame, that holding the whole feminine sexe in such contempt, would yet play the pickpurse, and steale a poore maids maidenhead out of her pocket sleeping.

Leo. 'Twas but to couzen mee.

Aur. And to be before me in loue.

Lor. And to laugh at me.

Lod. Nay, ieaft not at me sweete Gentles, I v'd plaine and mannerly dealing, I neither v'd the brokage of any, as you know who did *Leonora*, nor the help of a ladder to creep in at a wenches chamber window (as you know who did *Aurelio*.) Nor did I case my selfe in buckrame, and crie chimney sweepe (where are you vncke?) but I was train'd to it by this honest matron here.

Temp. Meddle not with me fir.

Lucr. I am beholding to her, she was loth to haue me leade apes in hell.

Quint. Looke that you keepe promise with me
Ladie, when will thy husband be from home ?

Fran. Not so soone as I would wish him, but
whensoever you shall be welcome.

Quint. I very kindly thanke you Lady.

Fran. Gods me, I tooke you for Signior *Placentio*.

Quint. S'fut, thou liest in thy throte, thou knewst
me as well as my selfe.

Hono. What, Signior *Quintilian*, and friend *Inno-*
centio ? I look't not for you here, & y'are much the
better welcome.

Quin. Thanks dad *Honorio*, and liues my little
squire ? when shall I see thee at my house lad ?

Lor. A plague a your house, I was there too lately.

Lod. See Lordings, her's two will not let go till
they haue your consents to be made furer.

Lor. By my foule, and because old *Gasparo* heere
has bene so cold in his loue sute, if she be better pleas'd
with *Aurelio*, and his father with her, heauen giue
abundance of good with him.

Hono. So you stand not too much vpon goods, I
fay, Amen.

Lor. Faith vse him as your sonne and heire, and I
desire no more.

Hono. So will I of mine honour, are you agreed
youths ?

Ambo. And most humbly gratulate your high
faours.

Gaspr. Faith & *Ioue* giue 'em ioy together for my
part.

Lod. Yet is heere another nayle to be driuen,
heer's a vertuous Matron, Madam *Temperance*, that is
able to doe much good in a commonwealth, a woman
of good parts, fells complexion, helps maids to seruices,
restores maidenheads, brings women to bed, and men
to their bedfides.

Temp. By my faith, but faue votre grace fir.

Lod. Hath drinks for loue, and giues the diet.

Temp. Birladie, and thats not amisse for you fir.

Lod. For me, with a plague tee ?

Temp. No nor for any man thats not found I meane fir.

Lod. S'fut masters these be good parts in the old wench, wilt thou haue her Lieutenant? sheele be a good stay to the rest of thy liuing, the gallants will all honour thee at thy house I warrant thee.

Inno. Fore God Captaine I care not if I haue.

Temp. Well yong Gentleman, perhaps it should not be the worst for you.

Quint. Why law, thy vertues haue won her at first sight, thee shall not come to thee emptie, for Ile promise thee that Ile make her able to bid any Gentleman welcome to a peece of mutton and rabbit at all times.

Lor. Birladie, a good Ordinarie.

Quint. Thow't visit sometimes *Dad.*

Lor. That I will yfaith boy in authority wise.

Quint. Why then strike hands, and if the rest be pleas'd,

Let all hands strike as these haue strucke afore,
And with round Ecchoes make the welken rore.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quinti & ultimi.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 3.

Prologue to BUSSY D'AMBOIS.

—Field is gone

Whose action first did giue it name—

It appears from an account of the English Stage by Chalmers, that Field was originally one of the children of the Chapel, and played a principal part both in *Cynthia's Revels* and the *Poetaster* of Ben Jonson, and that he was alive in 1632, between which period and 1641 (when the present Prologue was first prefixed to the play) he must have died. He wrote two dramatic pieces, and assisted Massinger in *The Fatal Dowry*.

PAGE 4.

a third man with his best

Of care and paines, defends our interest.

The third man here alluded to was probably Hart, who performed the part of D'Ambois with great applause, and who accepted a military commission under King Charles I. soon after the time that this Prologue was spoken; and was a lieutenant of horse. He returned to the stage after the Restoration,

and continued to perform with the highest approbation till the year 1682, when he retired. His performance of the character of Buffy D'Ambois is spoken of with the greatest enthusiasm by D'Urfey, who alludes to "the graceful action of that eternally renowned and best of actors."

PAGE 6.

To put a Girdle round about the world.

Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, says :

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

PAGE 10.

Table, Chefbord, and Tapers, behind the Arras.

This stage direction has no apparent allusion to anything which passes in the present scene, and was most probably meant to be introduced in the next, where it seems certain that the King and the Duke of Guise play at cheffs.

PAGE 12.

(beside your chaine

And velvet Jacket)

The stewards of noblemen and gentlemen wore a chain of gold, accompanied, it seems probable from the text, by a velvet jacket. See also Middleton's "A Mad World, my Masters :"

"That's my grandfire's chief gentleman i' the chain of gold.
That he should live to be a pander, and yet look upon *his chain*
and *his velvet jacket*."

PAGE 12.

I feare his wooden dagger.

In the old "Mysteries" the devil was the source of entertainment to the vulgar : when the Moralities were introduced, his office was filled by the Vice ; this latter had a dress peculiar to himself, and a *wooden dagger* was used by him in belabouring the actors. Shakespeare alludes to this instrument in the first part of *Henry IV.*, and in *Twelfth Night* ; and Ben Jonson in his *Staple of News* :

"Here is never a friend to carry him away : besides he has never a *wooden dagger*. I'd not give a ruff for a Vice that hath not a *wooden dagger* to snap at every one he meets."

PAGE 16.

come I le enfeame thee.

Enfeam seems to mean here, to enter amongst the number of intimate friends. The word occurs in the fourth book of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and means there simply to enclose :

"Bounteous Trent, that in himself enfeams
Both thirty ferts of fish, and thirty fundry streams."

PAGE 17.

*good Accius Nænius, doe as much with your tongue as he
did with a Razor.*

The person mentioned was a famous augur, who being asked by Tarquinius Priscus, then King of Rome, whether that which he was thinking of might be effected, answered that it might. "I was thinking," replied the King, "whether this whetstone might be cut in pieces with a razor ; upon which the augur is reported to have taken a razor and cut the whetstone in pieces in the King's presence.

PAGE 23.

*That the n'ere-shutting wounds, they needes must open,
Might as they open'd, shut and neuer kill.*

"One can hardly believe" (says Charles Lamb) "but that these lines were written after Milton had described his warring angels."

PAGE 85.

Terror of darknesse: O thou King of Flames, &c.

"This calling upon Light and Darkness for information," says

Charles Lamb, "but above all, the description of the spirit — 'Threw his changed countenance headlong into clouds'—is tremendous, to the curdling of the blood. I know nothing in poetry like it."

PAGE 93.

*Looke up and see thy spirit made a star,
Joine flames with Hercules.*

Here the original edition supplies us with the correct text : in the edition of 1641, we find the nonsensical misprint, "*Jove* flames with *her* rules." The Editor of *Old English Plays* (Lond., 1814), in the third volume of which the text of 1641 is reprinted, has given some of the more important original readings of 1607 in footnote form. Towards the end of the play, however, he seems to have tired of his work of collation, for in the above passage he adopts the corrupt reading of the posthumous edition, without apparently being aware of any other, and thus ingeniously endeavours (p. 339.) to elucidate its obscurity:—"The word *Jove* is probably here used to denote the visible heavens."

PAGE 113.

*The splenative Philosopher that euer
Laught at them all.*

The splenative Philosopher was Democritus, and the twenty lines that follow are paraphrased from a passage in Juvenal's Tenth Satire (l. 33-55), beginning :—

"Perpetuo rifu pulmonem agitare solebat
Democritus," &c.

PAGE 142.

When Homer made Achilles passionate, &c.

These twelve lines, headed "Of Great Men," appear, with a few unimportant verbal differences, among the Epigrams printed at the end of Chapman's Petrarch, in 1612, a year before *The Revenge of Buffy D'Ambois* was published.

PAGE 179.

The Conspiracie and Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron.

The historical facts on which these two plays are founded are thus related in the History of France by Eyre Evans Crowe, (Lond., 1863, III. 353—357) :—"Accustomed to a century of

anarchy and licence, the restless spirits of the noblesse could not at once reconcile themselves to the authority, the order, and above all, the strict economy of Henry's government. None chafed more under the curb thus applied to unquiet and ambitious chiefs than the Maréchal Biron, son of the veteran, who had so long led the armies of Henry, he himself the successful leader of so many fights. He formed, like his father, an overweening estimate of his own services, which, though he was duke, marshal, and governor of Burgundy, he thought not sufficiently recompensed. Sent to Brussels to witness the ceremony of the archduke swearing to the treaty of Vervins, Biron had been swayed from his allegiance by the flattery and insinuations of that court. He had subsequently come in contact with the Duke of Savoy, and that arch-tempter had held out to him the prospect of a marriage with his third daughter, and the support of Spain towards his retaining Burgundy in his own right provided he joined a league of Spain and Savoy against France. Biron's consequent lukewarmness in conducting the war against the Duke of Savoy in La Bresse, had produced remarks and remonstrances from the king; and Biron, seeing how easily the Duke of Savoy had been reduced and destroyed, and fearing betrayal in that quarter, made a clean breast of it to Henry and asked pardon. He had obtained it nominally, but soon perceived that he could never again aspire to the full confidence of the king. A short time after the same causes of discontent which affected him also manifested themselves in the noblesse south of the Loire. Biron's aim in associating the Duke of Bouillon in his plot was not only to unite Huguenot and Catholic malcontents against Henry, but also to make use of De Bouillon's influence at the Court of England and of Protestant Germany. When Biron was despatched from Calais to England by Henry, he was accompanied in secret by the Count d'Auvergne, his associate in conspiracy, and no doubt they hoped to find encouragement in England for their disaffection. In this they were altogether disappointed, Elizabeth taking the opportunity to read Biron a lecture on the shame of disloyalty and the perilous consequences of treason.

Little profiting by this lesson, Biron continued his intrigues with Spain and Savoy. His chief confidant, De Luz, had the imprudence first to employ, and then offend, a person named La Fin, who had been entrusted with a confidential mission on his

part to Milan and Turin. It was indeed the Count de Fuentes who conceived suspicion of him, and recommended his being made away with. La Fin discerned his danger, saw that he was suspected, and looked to turn his former knowledge to profit by disclosing it to the court. Henry caused him to be brought to Fontainebleau, where he not only gave proofs by word of mouth of Biron's intelligence with the enemies of the country, but produced letters and documents in support of his revelations.

Biron was then enticed from his government of Burgundy, and from the towns which he held there, and came at length, in the course of 1602, believing that nothing perilous was known, and that by showing a bold face he would confound his enemies. La Fin contributed to lull him in this fatal security by his assurance that nothing important had been discovered. Receiving the traitor blandly, the king showed him familiarly the buildings and improvements of his palace, and took the opportunity of pressing him to own frankly aught hostile to his crown that Biron might have been engaged in. The marshal shrunk from repeating the same confession, and asking the same pardon, as those which he had made and obtained at Lyons. He declared he had nothing to confess, and merely desired to be confronted with his enemies. Henry allowed a day to pass; again had a conversation with Biron, and again counselled him to be frank. The king consulted his council, which recommended the arrest and punishment of so dangerous a chief. Still he employed Sully and the Count of Soissons to bend the marshal to submission. But the latter was so confident and defiant, that in a conversation respecting the hopes of the King of Spain, he observed that Philip entertained no fear of the French monarch. Henry himself made a last attempt to induce his proud noble to confess, without, however, warning him that he was in possession of the proofs of his guilt, and finding him obstinate, departed with the words, "Adieu, Baron de Biron;" thus depriving him in a word of the titles and honours he had gained. In a few minutes after he was arrested with the Count d'Auvergne and conducted by Sully to the Bastille. The parliament instantly proceeded with his trial, and the evidence was such that, without hesitation, they condemned Biron to death.

"To order the execution of a capital sentence upon one, who had so long fought by his side, and rendered him important ser-

vice, was not in the nature of Henry, or, indeed, in the habits of the age. But the king felt it requisite for the pacification of his kingdom, and the reduction of his high-noblesse to sentiments of loyalty and allegiance. And he, moreover, feared to allow so dangerous a personage to survive him, and be at liberty to recommence his intrigues during his successor's minority. The friends of the marshal, especially Caumont, Duke de la Force, his brother-in-law, besought Henry to show mercy, and Biron himself, in a touching appeal, pleaded his thirty-two wounds, and prayed to be allowed to go in exile to Hungary. But he was too dangerous to be let loose. Still the unhappy man could not believe to the last in the reality of his fate. He quarrelled with the executioner; uttered wild threats of resistance to the guards and witnesses of the scene; accused the king of cowardice, and thus, spending his last moments in imprecations, delayed the final stroke a whole day, and at last, in an access of rage and uncertainty rather than resignation, his head was severed from his body."

PAGE 228.

*There is no danger to a man, that knows
What life and death is: there's not any law,
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawfull
That he should stoop to any other lawe.*

These are the lines now memorable and consecrated as having been chosen by Shelley as a motto for the Dedication of his *Revolt of Islam*.

PAGE 275.

*The faithfull servant right in holy writ;
That said he would not come and yet he came.*

Matthew, xxi. 29. There is also an allusion to the story of the Prodigal Son at the bottom of the page.

PAGE 288.

*Trust that deceives our selves in treachery,
And Truth that truth conceales an open lie.*

There can be very little doubt that for "in" we should read *is* in the first of these two lines; but we have adhered to our rule of introducing no conjectural emendations into the text.

PAGE 288.

All this my Lord to me is misery.

Here again is a palpable corruption of the text. It is not "misery" but *mystery* that the King promises in the next line to make plain enough.

PAGE 325.

a deft dapper personage.

Deft is a word still in use in the northern counties, and means, in the text, "neat and well looking." It is used in Brome's *Northern Lasse* in the same sense: "He said I were a *deft* las, but there he feign'd."

PAGE 330.

to fold up thy selfe like an Vrchine.

"An urchin," i.e. the common hedge-hog,

PAGE 331.

A purse of twenty pound in gold.

The insertion of this marginal notice is a very conclusive evidence that this play was originally printed from the theatre copy, as it was evidently a direction to the property-man to furnish Innocentio with such a purse.

PAGE 334.

*while men of seruice sit at home, and feede their hunger
with the blood of red lattices.*

A quibble on the words "lettuce" and "lattice." Ale-houses were formerly known by red lattices at the doors and windows.

PAGE 335.

INNOC. *Sfut, that I am I hope, I am sure my father has
been twise Warden on's company.*

QUINT. *Thats not a pearre matter man."*

It is perhaps needless to say that a pun is here intended. The *warden* was a species of *pear* well known in our author's time. A "warden tree" is mentioned in the Second Part of Dekker's *Honest Whore*: and "warden pies" in the *Winter's Tale*: they are also spoken of by Beaumont and Fletcher in *Cupid's Revenge*; and Ben Jonson makes the same use of the word as Chapman, and

talks of "a deputy tart, a church-warden pyc," in his *Musque of Gyphes Metamorphosed*.

PAGE 339.

His breath smells like the butt end of a shoo-makers horne.

In allusion to the rancid greafe kept by shoe-makers in a horn.

PAGE 350.

Beware of an old colt while you liue.

A former editor of this play suggests that we should read "cock" instead of *colt*, in order to make the speech that follows intelligible.

PAGE 353.

Salted there to be colted here.

"Colted," i.e. cheated, tricked. So Bellamore, in the *Wit without Money* of Beaumont and Fletcher, says,

"He shall be hang'd before he colt us safely."

And Falstaff, in the First Part of *Henry IV*.

"What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus."

PAGE 355.

Are not you the tassell of a Gander?

The tassell or tiercel is said by Steevens, in a note on *Romco and Juliet*, to be male of the goffhawk. By the tassell of a *gander*, therefore, is probably meant a goose. Quintiliano expresses his astonishment at the simplicity of Giovenelle, who, fresh from Padua; presumed they could only drink healths on their knees, because their legs would not bear them. It was, however, very common among the swaggerers of our poet's age, and is frequently, with other of their ceremonies, alluded to by the dramatic writers. So in the *Coxcomb* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Act. I. Scen. V., when the drawer brings in the wine, Uberto says:—

"——— every man on's knees,

And betake himself to his faint: Here's to your wench signior."

And in *Westward Ho* by Dekker and Webster: "My master and Sir Goffin are guzzling: they are dabbling together fathom

deep. The knight has drank so much healths to the gentleman yonder, *on his knees*, that he hath almost lost the use of his legs."

PAGE 361.

Kisse the Paxe.

The pax or pix was a box in which the consecrated wafers were kept.

PAGE 373.

Come, be not retrograde to our desires.

This phrase is from *Hamlet*, which was published eight years before Chapman's comedy of *May-Day*. Claudius says to Hamlet (Act I. sc. 2) :

"for your intent
In going back to school at Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire."

PAGE 374.

S'fut, winesucker, what have you fild vs heere, baldredash? taste Leonoro.

"Balderdash" means a strange mixture of liquors. So Petruccio in *The Woman's Prize* of Fletcher (act iv. sc. 5) describing his wife, says :—

"—— mine is such a drench of balderdash," &c.

PAGE 377.

INNOC. *I hope by this time shee remembers her promise sir.*

This speech seems properly to belong to Lionell; and to have been attributed to Innocentio by an error of the prefs.

PAGE 378.

*Fill red cheek't Bacchus, let the Burdeaux grape
Skip like la voltos to their swelling vines.*

This is composed from a bombastic passage in the Second Part of *Antonio and Mellida*, act v. sc. 4 :

"Why then Iö to Hymen, mount a lustie note :
Fill red-cheekt Bacchus, let Lycus flote
In burnisht gobblets. Force the plumpe-lipt god,
Skip light lavoltaes in your full fapt veines," &c.

PAGE 386.

But now Ile lay the bucklers at your feet.

A similar phrase occurs in Shakespeare, (*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act V. Sc. 2.), upon which Johnson observes, "I suppose that to 'give the bucklers' is to *yield*, or to *lay by all thoughts of defence*, so *clypeum abjicere*." Steevens in a note on the same passage adduces, in addition to the above from Chapman, four or five other instances of the use of a similar expression in this sense by the Elizabethan writers.

PAGE 387.

Why that pert's man Lodowicke, according to your appointment, was iumpe at three with mee.

"*Jump at three*," i.e. exactly at three. It occurs commonly in the writers of the time. So in *The Prophets* of Fletcher (act I. sc. 3):

"They are a *jump* and squared out to his nature."

PAGE 387.

as if I had ben an arrand naughty-packe.

Naughty-pack is yet in use in our northern counties. It found in the *Roaring Girl* of Middleton and Dekker, and applied to the character who gives the name to that piece.

PAGE 390.

*As in the field the drumme, so to the feast the dresser
gives the Alarme.*

Innumerable passages in the old dramas show, that formerly when dinner was ready, the servants were summoned by the cook's knocking on the dresser to attend and carry it to table. So in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat* (act III. sc. 1.)

When the *dresser*, the *cook's drum*, thunders, come on !"

PAGE 405.

And with round Echoes make the welken rore.

Compare Marlowe's *Dido Queen of Carthage*, act iv.

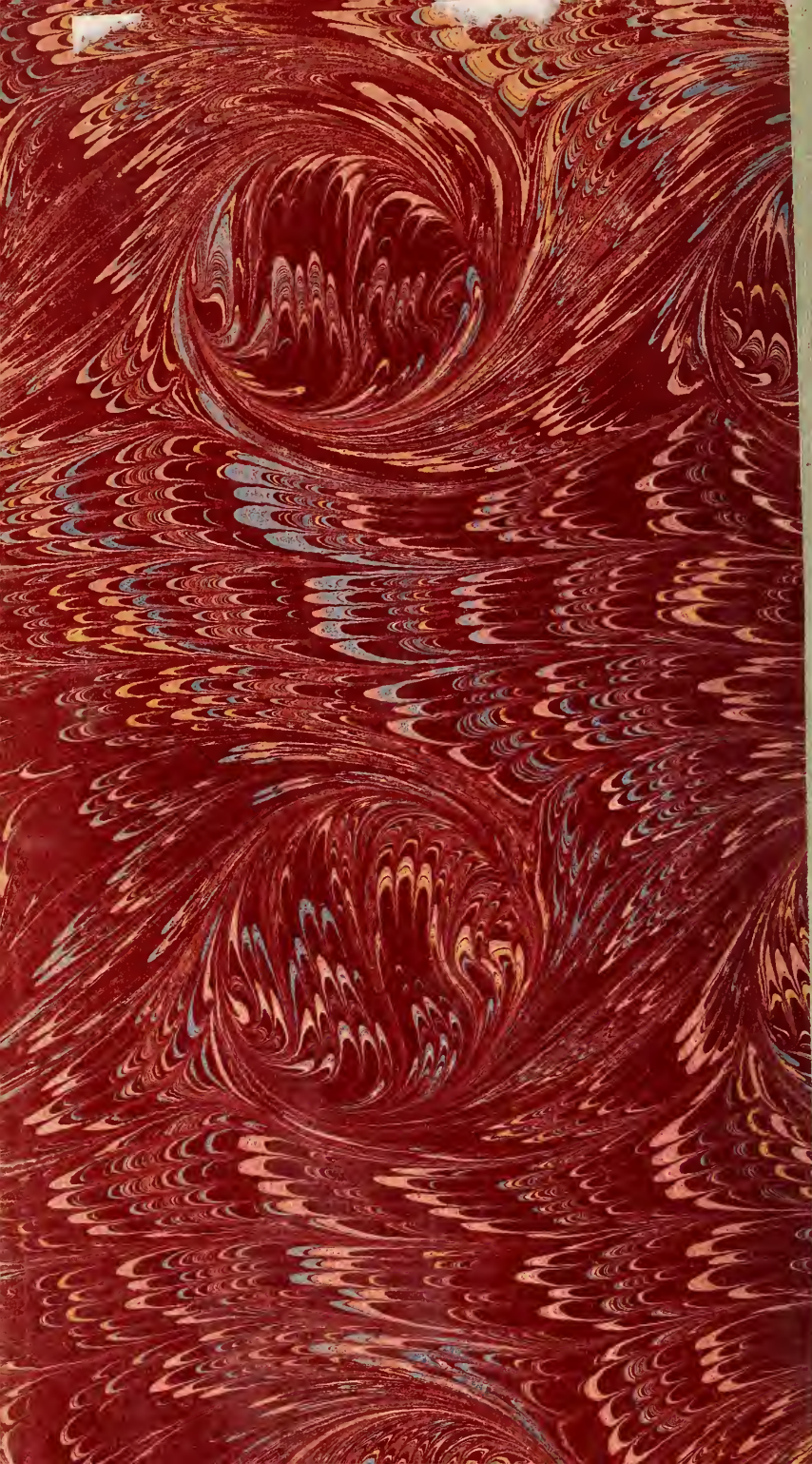
"Whose hideous echoes make the welkin howl."

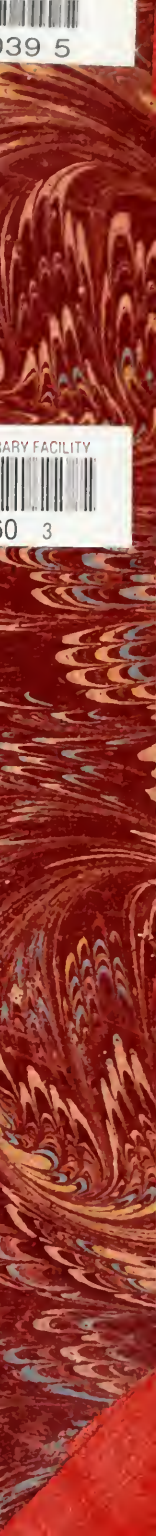













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